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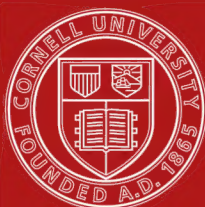


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My Wife
My Genl U. S. A.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WAR OF THE REBELLION

ADDRESSES DELIVERED BEFORE THE COMMANDERY
OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, MILITARY ORDER
OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

THIRD SERIES

EDITED BY
A. NOEL BLAKEMAN



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

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PREFACE

WHILE this volume contains a good deal of valuable historic material relating to the War of the Rebellion, the reading of the several papers at our regular meetings has likewise contributed in no small measure to the pleasure and enjoyment of the evenings we have spent around the banquet table. As they are for the most part "Personal Recollections" they have naturally commanded interest and attention, especially from the participants in the great struggle whose recollection of events grows brighter and more vivid as they themselves grow older. The lapse of more than forty years since the close of the War has in a measure softened if not wholly obliterated the feelings of hostility as well as the jealousies that were very naturally engendered on both sides during so long and so heated a contest, and hence the veteran writer of the present day is apt to look back with kindlier sympathy and calmer judgment upon the scenes through which he passed as well as upon the conduct of the men under whom he served. Not that fair criticism ever will be or should be eliminated, but the events and results of the War can now be viewed from a broader and more elevated platform and measured with more fairness since the investigator is better equipped by the far more abundant and reliable information that has become available during these forty-odd years.

For this very reason it is well to keep alive and perpetuate the recollection of the struggle that, while it cost the country so dear in lives and treasure, resulted in welding together a nation that in the present day has become a world power. Sectionalism that preceded the War has not only lost its

significance but is rapidly fading from view, to be replaced in the hearts of the people by the love and honor that is now so generally and patriotically displayed for the star-spangled banner that in truth doth in these days wave

“o’er the land of the free and the home of the brave.”

The following verses written by Companion John E. Norcross of this Commandery appear to sum up the views expressed above:

These are the stories of the days of strife,
Told by the men who did a soldier’s part,
Who came from workshop, farm, or busy mart,
With patriotic zeal and fervor rife:
The bugles blared, before them thrilled the fife,
While from the foe’s gray line the death shots dart;
They bore the brunt of battle, stout of heart,
To give the land they loved enduring life.

Some swept with Sherman to the sea, and some
Marched through the Wilderness with blood red-wet,
Till Grant at Appomattox hushed the drum,
And in eclipse Rebellion’s sun had set.
Now strife and war at end, the Comrades come,
They do forgive, but they do not forget.

In view of the fact that the literature of the War of the Rebellion has become voluminous, comprising as it does to-day over twelve thousand volumes and that the end is not yet, it might be claimed that the story has been exhausted and that any further contributions are in the nature of a work of supererogation, but while it is quite true that the official data are with but few exceptions all in print and the more serious history whether of corps, division, brigade, regiment, or company has found its way to the book-shelf, it is also quite true that it has remained for these later days to add to the general fund of information just such personal incidents, together with the calmer and more mature review of events that are recited in these carefully prepared papers. They are calculated to awaken a new interest in the stirring events of 1861-1865, as has

been accomplished also within the past few years by the appearance of the historic novel, and many who could scarcely be induced to wade through the dry, technical, and somewhat difficult details of the campaign or battle, now read with interest and avidity the more popular romance based upon, and into which are woven the true incidents and historic facts of the War. In this way the people of our land to-day, who to a very great extent are removed at least a generation from the historic period that in reality gave new birth to this nation, are being brought back to a knowledge of what the soldiers and sailors of the Army and Navy did and dared during the great crisis of the Republic. These papers serve a still further purpose because they are calculated to inform and inspire the Inheritance and Second-Class members of the Commandery who in time will carry down and perpetuate the traditions of the Order. For all these Companions it is a privilege as well as a benediction to have heard these words from the mouths of such men as Howard, Dodge, Chamberlain, Brooke, and Porter.

Since these papers were read before the Commandery, Generals Martin T. McMahon, and Geo. W. Baird, and Captain Wm. L. Heermance have died, but with these exceptions the writers of the other papers are not only still in the flesh but continue to enjoy the assembling of the surviving "Saints of the War."

The portrait of General Schofield that introduces this volume is a reproduction in steel of the photograph preserved in the album of the Commandery, and taken during the later years of his life. It is a faithful and excellent likeness as well as a fine specimen of the engraver's art and was executed by a veteran who served all through the War of the Rebellion in a New York regiment. It finds an appropriate place here not only because he was for four terms the Commander of the New York Commandery but was likewise for two terms the Commander-in-Chief of the Order. The Commandery honored his memory by devoting the evening of October 10, 1906, when the Commandery-

in-Chief was present as our guests, to the memorial addresses that appear in this volume and that form a fitting tribute to his distinguished services as a soldier, statesman, and diplomat.

A. N. B.

This third volume published by the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States (Edited by the Recorder of the Commandery) makes a most valued addition to the Commandery's series of War Papers. The portrait of General Schofield, Commander-in-Chief of the Order, 1899-1903, and Commander of the New York Commandery, 1887-1889, has been chosen as the most characteristic of that officer. The Library Committee is greatly indebted to Acting Assistant Paymaster Blakeman for his valued services in editing this volume.

AARON VANDERBILT, Acting Ensign, U. S. N.

WILLIAM R. MATTISON, Major, U. S. V.

EDWARD TRENCHARD, In Succession.

Library Committee.

NEW YORK, March, 1907.

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Personal Recollections of the Rebellion

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER, NORTH
CAROLINA, JANUARY 15, 1865.

READ BY BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL ADELBERT AMES, LATE
U. S. ARMY, FEBRUARY 3, 1897.

ABOUT the first of December, 1864, when in command of the 2d Division, Twenty-fourth Corps, of the Army of the James, then before Richmond, Va., I was notified I had been selected to lead my division in a movement by sea, against some point of the Confederacy on the Atlantic coast.

At that time Wilmington, N. C., was the port through which the Confederacy received a large part of its munitions of war, and whence was shipped to England, in payment therefor, much of its cotton and tobacco. Wilmington was situated on the east bank of the Cape Fear River, thirty miles from its mouth, which was guarded by Fort Fisher.

Our Navy was untiring in its efforts to blockade that port, but was not successful.

The order from General Butler to General Weitzel relative to the expedition December 6th, 1864, was:

“The Major-General commanding has entrusted you with the command of the expedition about to embark for the North Carolina coast. It will consist of 6500 infantry, two batteries,

and fifty cavalry. The effective men of General Ames's division of the Twenty-fourth Corps will furnish the infantry force. General Paine is under your orders, and General Ames will be ordered to report to you in person immediately."

My division, of three brigades, was composed of New Hampshire, New York, Pennsylvania, and Indiana troops, about 3300 in number. General Paine had a division of colored troops.

We embarked at Bermuda Hundreds, Va., December 8th, and our transports reached the place of rendezvous off New Inlet, N. C., Thursday the 15th. Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, we awaited the coming of the Navy.

Admiral Porter, commanding our fleet, arrived Sunday evening the 18th. The next day the water was too rough to make a landing on the ocean beach. Towards evening, a northeast gale coming up, the transports were sent to Beaufort for coal and water, as the ten days' supply had run short, where they were delayed by the weather and the difficulty of getting coal, until Saturday the 24th.

I did not go to Beaufort, as my ship, on which I had one of my brigades, was well prepared for such an emergency.

General Butler, followed by his fleet of transports, returned to New Inlet on Saturday the 24th of December, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon.

The powder boat, which played such a notorious part in this expedition, had been exploded at about two o'clock on the morning of the same day.

The idea of the powder boat was General Butler's, but it was approved of and adopted by the Navy, which furnished the vessel and its share of the 215 tons of gunpowder used. The Navy held control of this experiment from first to last.

The explosion was untimely, and a failure. Commodore Jeffers of the Navy reports: "A part of the programme required that the vessel should be grounded, which appears not to have been the case."

Commander Rhind writes: "That, owing to the want of confinement and insufficient fusing of the mass, much

of the powder was blown away before ignition and its effect lost."

Admiral Porter reports: "That the powder was finally exploded from the effects of a fire kindled in the forecandle. No results of value were to be expected from this mode. It was proposed only as a final resort, in order to prevent the vessel, in any contingency, from falling into the hands of the enemy."

Commander James Parker, U. S. Navy, stated to the New York Loyal Legion, October 5, 1892: "We all believed in it [the powder boat] from the Admiral down, but when it proved so laughable a failure we, of the Navy, laid its paternity upon General Butler."

Colonel Lamb, in command, describes Fort Fisher as follows:

"At the land-face of Fort Fisher the peninsula was about half a mile wide, Cape Fear River being on one side and the Atlantic Ocean on the other. This face commenced about a hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea-face. The work was built to withstand the heaviest artillery fire. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berm to the top of the parapet, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was sodded with marsh grass, which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was not less than twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches high, from the floor of the gun chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted in barbette, Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Between the gun chambers, containing one or two guns each (there were twenty heavy guns on the land-face), there were (some eighteen) heavy traverses, exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended out some twelve feet on the parapet, running back thirty feet or more. The gun chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bomb-proof, the latter ventilated by an air-chamber. Passageways penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs of the guns.

"The sea-face was a mile long, and for a hundred yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land-face.

"As a defence against infantry there was a system of subterre torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land-face and so disconnected that an explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berm of the work, extending from the river bank to the seashore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry, and so laid out as to have an enfilading fire on the centre, where there was a redoubt guarding a sally-port from which two Napoleons were run out as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge, the entrance on the river road into the fort; commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in rear of the land-face."

This strong work had, at the time of our first expedition, a garrison of 1400 men, 900 of whom were veterans.

Colonel Lamb had been incited to the utmost by General Lee, who had sent him word that he "must hold the fort or he could not subsist his army."

On the morning of the 24th the fleet of Admiral Porter moved in towards New Inlet and opened fire on the fort. The character of this bombardment and the demands made by the Admiral on his ships and sailors I will let him tell.

In his letter to the Secretary of the Navy of the 24th of December, 1864, he says:

"I have the honor to inform you that I attacked the forts at the mouth of the Cape Fear River to-day at 12.30. . . . After getting the ships in position we silenced it in about an hour and a half, there being no troops here to take possession. I am merely firing now to keep up practice. The forts are nearly demolished, and as soon as troops come we can take possession. We have set them on fire, blown some of them up, and all that is wanted now is troops to land and go into them."

The Admiral failed to mention, in his letter, the fact that I had offered 1000 men and co-operation, although, in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of

the War, he said: "General Ames had a thousand men there, and he sent on board and told me he was ready to land."

In his letter of the 26th he says, referring to the bombardment of the 24th:

"In an hour and fifteen minutes after the first shot was fired not a shot came from the fort. Finding that the batteries were silenced completely I directed the ships to keep up a moderate fire in hopes of attracting the attention of the transports and bringing them in."

In this same letter of December 26th Admiral Porter says, speaking of the bombardment of the forts on December 25th:

"The firing this day was slow, only sufficient to amuse the enemy while the army landed. In the bombardment of the 25th the men were engaged firing slowly for seven hours. . . . Everything was coolly done throughout the day, and I witnessed some beautiful practice."

In a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, December 29th, after the fleet had left and the transports had gone back to Hampton Roads, he writes:

"At no time did I permit the vessels to open on them with all their batteries, limiting some of them to about two shots a minute, and permitting the large vessels to fight only one division of guns at a time; and the bombardment cost only a certain amount of shells, which I would expend in a month's target practice anyhow."

Such are the salient features of the reports of Admiral Porter.

General Whiting, who was in the fort, and who commanded that military district, says the slight damage done by this cannonading was repaired at night, and that "the garrison was in no instance driven from its guns, the palisade was in perfect order, and the mines the same, the wires not having been cut."

General Weitzel testified before the Committee on the

Conduct of the War: "I made a reconnoissance of the fort and saw that the work, as a defensive work, was not injured at all, except that one gun about midway of the land-face was dismounted. I did not see a single opening in the row of palisades that was in front of the ditch; it seemed to be perfectly intact." All in the fort agree that Admiral Porter was mistaken as to the effects of the cannonading.

So much as to the condition of the fort.

On the morning of the 25th all our transports anchored near the shore some two or three miles north of the fort, and the troops immediately began to land.

I had been selected to storm the fort with my division.

My report on December 28th is as follows:

"Brevet Brig. Gen. Curtis and 500 of his brigade were the first to land, and were taken towards the fort by Gen Weitzel for a reconnoissance. . . . It was dusk when I reached the front. I then heard that the First Brigade was to remain where it was until further orders, and that if any attack was made the responsibility would rest with the officer in immediate command. At this time I did not know that it had been decided not to attack the fort. Upon the report of Curtis that he could take the fort I sent his brigade forward to make the attempt."

In his report Curtis says:

"On my arrival at this point I received orders from Gen. Ames to return and re-establish my lines as they were, and, if possible, to occupy the fort, and I at once ordered my skirmishers forward, etc. . . . The enemy, having cover of the darkness, opened on the skirmishers as they advanced with musketry and canister, but did not prevent their establishing the line in its former position, with the reserves in close proximity."

Curtis made no further effort to take the fort, as I had ordered him to do, but sent word to me that he was "occupying his former position." Why he failed to assault the fort after I assumed the responsibility and gave the order I have never known. At this time an order reached me to return to our ships, which we did, and the first expedition ended.

An incident occurred which had much to do in giving an erroneous idea of the condition of the fort and garrison.

One of our lieutenants approached the fort and captured its flag, which had been shot away by the Navy, and which had fallen with the flagstaff on the outer slope of the parapet to the ditch.

On this point General Weitzel testifies:

"I sent for Lieut. Walling and questioned him about it, and he told me that a shell had knocked the flagstaff outside and on top of the parapet, and the flag hung over into or outside of the ditch. Thinking that probably the rebels had not observed it, he crept up on his hands and knees to the palisading, found a hole in it that one of the shells had made, crept through the hole and up to the flag, and got it and got away with it without being observed."

Let us see why our expedition terminated thus abruptly.

Weitzel had been ordered by Butler to land and make a reconnoissance. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War he gave his experience during the war in charging and defending field works, and continuing, said:

"After that experience, with the information I had obtained from reading and study—for before this war I was an instructor at the Military Academy for three years under Professor Mahan, on those very subjects—remembering well the remarks of the Lieutenant-General commanding, that it was his intention I should command that expedition, because another officer selected by the War Department had once shown timidity, and in face of the fact that I had been appointed a Major-General only twenty days before, and needed confirmation; notwithstanding all this, I went back to Gen. Butler, and told him I considered it would be murder to order an attack on that work with that force."

Colonel Lamb says, in reference to the loss of his flag:

"I had no fear of an assault, and because, during a bombardment which rendered an assault impossible, I covered my men, and a few straggling skirmishers, too few to attract attention, got near the fort, and some gallant officers thought they could

have carried the work, it does not follow that they would not have paid dearly for their temerity if they had made the attempt."

General Whiting speaks to the same effect.

Now, who is to say that Weitzel, Whiting, and Lamb were mistaken as to the situation that day? Is it the brave soldier, who crept unseen through a hole in the palisade to the parapet and took a flag from a staff which had been shot away?

Is it Admiral Porter, who wrote to the Secretary of the Navy January 17, 1865:

"I have since visited Fort Fisher and the adjoining works, and find their strength greatly beyond what I had conceived. An engineer might be excusable in saying they could not be captured except by regular siege. I wonder, even now, how it was done. The work, as I said before, is really stronger than the Malakoff tower, which defied so long the combined power of France and England."

In a letter of the 16th of January to the Secretary of the Navy, he says: "I was in Fort Malakoff a few days after it surrendered to the French and English; the combined armies of the two nations were many months capturing that stronghold, and it won't compare, either in size or strength, to Fort Fisher."

I have no hesitancy in saying that they were not mistaken, though it is true that without personal knowledge of the character of the fort, and, for the time, believing Curtis, I ordered him to take it on his assertion that he could do so.

What was not possible December 25th, was made possible January 15th, through an efficient bombardment on the part of the Navy and the co-operation of 2000 sailors and marines and an additional force of 1400 infantry.

January 1, 1865, Grant wrote to Secretary Stanton: "The fact is, there are but two ways of taking Fort Fisher, operating from the water: one to surprise them whilst there is but a small garrison defending the place; the other is for the Navy to send a portion of their fleet into Cape Fear

River. . . ." He continues: "In the three days of good weather which elapsed after the Army had reached the scene of action, before the Navy appeared, our troops had the chance of capturing Fort Fisher whilst it had an insufficient garrison to hold it. The delay gave the enemy time to accumulate a force. . . . The failure before was the result of delays by the Navy."

So, of Grant's two ways of taking the fort, one, by surprise, failed, as he said, because of the delay of the Navy, and as to the other, Colonel Comstock reports to Grant, January 9th: "There is no hope, at least at present, of the Admiral's trying to run by Fort Fisher."

Grant ordered and intended that Weitzel should have command of the expedition. North Carolina was in Butler's military department. His order retained Weitzel as his subordinate.

Though Grant may have intended and ordered certain action on the part of our expedition in December, 1864, on the first of January, 1865, he wrote the Secretary of War, as just quoted, that there were but two ways to take the fort—by surprise or by the occupancy of the river by the Navy. There was no surprise, the Navy was not in the river, the bombardment of the fort was ineffectual, Weitzel decided against an assault, Butler acquiesced and ordered the expedition back to Virginia, saying to Weitzel at the same time that he, Butler, would assume all responsibility, as he could stand the blame better than could Weitzel, the professional soldier.

The Committee on the Conduct of the War was composed of the leading men in Congress at that time. Much experience in the investigation of military affairs had made them, to say the least, fairly capable judges. They could command any witness, they were critical and severe in their examinations, and their conclusions were reached without fear or favor. Honest Ben Wade was their Chairman. This is their decision:

"In conclusion, your Committee would say, from all the testimony before them, that the determination of

General Butler not to assault the fort seems to have been fully justified by all facts and circumstances then known or afterwards ascertained."

Few can comprehend the penalty General Butler had to pay for his action on this occasion. The war was within a few months of its end, and he had hoped for a share of the honors conferred on those who served faithfully and well, but he was sent home, and the whole nation condemned him for the failure. General Weitzel, one of the best of men, and one of our ablest generals, was humbled in spirit before the storm of censure and ridicule. But all that came after the capture of the fort on our second expedition.

The second expedition was started without delay. January 2, 1865, Gen. A. H. Terry was put in command. On the 3d we left camp, began re-embarkation on the 4th, and completed it on the 5th.

I had 3300 picked men in my division. General Paine had the same number in his. There were added a brigade of 1400 men under Col. J. G. Abbott and two batteries of light artillery of three and six guns each. Colonel Comstock, who represented Grant on our first expedition, returned with us on the second.

The transports put to sea on the morning of the 6th. A severe storm drove them into Beaufort.

The troops were landed on the 13th, some two miles north of the fort.

Upon landing, the first work on hand was to establish a line of breastworks from the ocean beach to the river to keep the enemy in the direction of Wilmington from interfering with our operations.

A reconnoissance was made. Terry reports:

"As a result of this reconnoissance, and in view of the extreme difficulty which might be expected in landing supplies and the materials for a siege on the often tempestuous beach, it was decided to attempt an assault the next day, provided that, in the mean time, the fire of the Navy should so far destroy the palisades as to make one practicable. This decision was communicated to Admiral Porter, who at once placed a division of

his vessels in a position to accomplish this last-named object, It was arranged, in consultation with him, that a heavy bombardment from all the vessels should commence early in the morning and continue up to the moment of the assault, and that even then it should not cease, but should be diverted from the points of attack to the other parts of the work. It was decided that the assault should be made at 3 P.M., that the army should attack on the western half of the land-face, and that a column of sailors and marines should assault the northeast bastion. The fire of the Navy continued during the night. At 8 A.M. of the 13th all of the vessels, except a division left to aid in the defence of our northern line, moved into position, and a fire, magnificent alike for its power and accuracy, was opened,"

and continued all day Saturday, Saturday night, and Sunday, till 3.30 P. M. "Ames's division had been selected for the assault. . . . At 3.25 P. M. all the preparations were completed, the order to move forward was given to Ames, and a concerted signal was made to Admiral Porter to change the direction of his fire."

The situation at this time was as follows: Some two miles north of the fort General Paine had established a line of breastworks, from ocean to river, facing north, with his own division on the left and Colonel Abbott's brigade on the right. On the sea beach, about half a mile from the fort, were 2000 sailors and marines under command of Fleet Capt. K. R. Breese. On the east were sixty-four ships of war, under Admiral Porter, cannonading the fort. My three brigades were in line, one behind the other, ranging from three to five hundred yards from the fort; the left of each line nearly opposite the middle of the land-face of the fort, the right near the river. A body of sharpshooters were pushed forward, and the whole division was covered from the fire of the enemy, as far as possible, by the inequalities of the ground and slight pits formed by throwing up the sand.

Terry, Comstock, and I were in a small advanced outwork about half a mile from the fort. My able and gallant Adjutant-General, Gen. Chas. A. Carleton, has made the following record: "General Terry turned to General Ames

and said: 'General Ames, the signal agreed upon for the assault has been given.' General Ames asked: 'Have you any special orders to give?' General Terry replied: 'No, you understand the situation and what is desired to be accomplished. I leave everything to your discretion.'" Thus was given me the unrestricted command of the fighting forces.

At once I directed Captain Lawrence of my staff to order Curtis, commanding the First Brigade, to charge, striking the parapet at the end nearest the river. The palisade had been sufficiently broken and shot away by the fire of the Navy to permit the passage of the troops. As I approached the fort I watched with anxious eyes the charge of the First Brigade.

Captain Lawrence heroically led the charge of that part of the brigade which advanced at this time. He was the first through the palisade, and while reaching for a guidon to plant on the first traverse, his hand was shot away and he was dangerously wounded in the neck, but with this lodgment on the first traverse, the force of the charge was spent. I quickly ordered Colonel Pennypacker's brigade, which was close at hand, to charge and sweep down the parapet to the ocean.

I will not attempt a description of the battle. It was a charge of my brigades, one after the other, followed by desperate fighting at close quarters over the parapet and traverses and in and through the covered ways. All the time we were exposed to the musketry and artillery of the enemy, while our own Navy was thundering away, occasionally making us the victims of its fire.

The official reports of my officers give no adequate idea of their gallant deeds, but they must supply the form and coloring of the warlike scenes of that eventful Sunday.

Colonel Daggett, in command of the First Brigade, January 17th, reports:

"At about 3 P.M., General Curtis having received orders to that effect from Gen. Ames, through Capt. Lawrence, the brigade advanced to the charge, so as to strike the sally-port, that having

been deemed the only vulnerable point of the work, and, after a desperate struggle, the advance of the brigade reached the parapet of the fort and scaled it to the first traverse, where the guidon of the 117th New York was planted—the first colors on the fort.”

Major O. P. Harding, who came out of the fight in command of the Second Brigade, reports:

“The brigade was ordered to assault the fort, which was done in a gallant manner and under a heavy fire of grape and musketry, and entered the fort through a sally-port near the river. The 203d Pennsylvania, commanded by Col. J. W. Moore, was the first to enter the fort, closely followed by the 97th Pennsylvania, commanded by First Lieutenant John Wainwright. The colors of each of those regiments reached the parapet about the same time, those of the 97th borne by Col. Pennypacker, and of the 203d by Col. Moore. Col. Pennypacker was seriously wounded while planting his colors on the third traverse, and Col. Moore fell dead while passing the second traverse, waving his colors and commanding his men to follow. After entering the fort the brigade became somewhat broken up; nevertheless, both officers and men behaved gallantly until its capture.

“After the fall of Lieut. Col. Lyman, 203d Pennsylvania, who fell on the sixth traverse, I commanded the regiment until about 5 P.M., when ordered by General Ames to take command of the brigade, which I immediately organized.”

Capt. H. B. Essington, commanding 203d Pennsylvania, reports:

“The regiment charged on the right of the Second Brigade, and was the first regiment of the brigade to enter the fort, going in with the First (Curtis’s) Brigade. After having assisted in capturing the first two mounds, a portion of the regiment went to the right and stationed themselves behind a bank in the open field south of the fort. The latter portion then charged across the plain, by order of the commanding general (Gen. Ames), until opposite the seventh or eighth traverse, where they threw up an embankment with their tin plates and shovels, which they held until the fort surrendered, keeping up a steady fire on the enemy.”

Let me say, in passing, that Colonel Pennypacker's conduct in leading his brigade with the colors of his own regiment placed him second to none for gallantry that day. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of his example to his brigade.

Entering the fort and passing to the rear of the parapet at the west end, I made an examination of it from that position, and decided to use my third brigade, Colonel Bell's, with its left by the parapet, right extended south and west inside the fort, and charge into the angle formed by the land- and sea-faces. I ordered Bell forward with his brigade to report to me. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, commanding the Third Brigade, January 19th, reports: "Colonel Bell was ordered by General Ames to remain near him for the purpose of receiving orders." Unfortunately Colonel Bell was killed in the advance, gallantly leading his brigade. The part of his brigade which reached me was in a somewhat disorganized condition. I formed it as best I could for the charge. Owing to the obstructions of the demolished quarters of the garrison and the fire of the enemy from the front (the angle had been partially filled in and was protected by a curtain) and from the right, as well as the fire of our Navy, the advance was checked. The men were in a very exposed position, and as no advantage could be gained there I ordered them to join the other troops in pushing seaward on the land-face of the fort. Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson further reports: "The brigade entered the fort conjointly with a portion of the First (Curtis's) Brigade, at the left bastion, a portion moving along the terre-plain and a portion on the ramparts, parapets, and slopes, some of the officers and men in the advance with officers and men of other brigades, all vying with each other."

Owing to the contracted space in which the fighting was done, brigade and regimental formations were impossible. What was accomplished was through the heroic efforts of small bodies of officers and men.

From time to time I sent to Terry, who was in the earth-

work half a mile away, reports of the progress I was making.

I had previously learned that the sailors and marines who had made an attack on the sea angle had been quickly repulsed.

As the sun sank to the horizon, the ardor of the assault abated. Our advance was but slow. Ten of my officers had been killed, forty-seven wounded, and about 500 men were killed and wounded. Among the killed was one brigade commander, the other two were wounded and disabled. I now requested Terry to join me in the fort. It was dark before he and Comstock arrived. I explained the situation.

Colonel Abbott's brigade, which had been relieved from its position in the line facing Wilmington, by the defeated sailors and marines, had been ordered to report to me.

I decided to make my chief effort with the re-enforcements by moving the troops by the flank between the palisade and the foot of the fort until the head of the column should reach the northeast angle by the ocean, then face to the right and rush the men up and over the parapet; and at the same time continue the struggle for the traverses. Col. J. C. Abbott, commanding Second Brigade, 1st Division, in his report of January 15th, says:

"Reaching the fort about dark I reported to Gen. Ames. By order of Gen. Ames I first threw the 3d New Hampshire Volunteers, Capt. Trickey commanding, along the portion of the north face of the work already occupied by his troops and relieved them; also by Gen. Ames's order, I threw out the 7th Connecticut Volunteers, Capt. Marble commanding, as a picket in rear of the work, the right of the line resting on Cape Fear River. During this time the enemy occupied all the eastern and about one-third the northern face of the work. At about 9 o'clock, by order of Gen. Ames, I then proceeded to dislodge the enemy from the remainder of the fort. I then advanced the 7th New Hampshire, Lieut. Col. Rollins commanding. They at once and gallantly charged up the slope enveloping the sea angle of the work, meeting a sharp fire from the enemy, who were stationed behind the parapets, and in rear of the main work."

Captain William H. Trickey, commanding 3d New Hampshire Regiment, reports January 18th:

"I was directed by Col. Abbott, commanding Brigade, to move my regiment to the extreme advance held by the second division and open fire upon the enemy; was thus engaged for nearly an hour, having, to a great extent, silenced the enemy's fire, was then directed by Col. Abbott to take and hold, with twenty men, the next traverse in front, the remainder of my command being left in several traverses to keep up the fire upon the enemy. We took the traverse, as directed, driving the enemy out. Thinking we could go farther, we charged and took the next two, with a like result. After taking the third traverse, having met with considerable resistance, I did not deem it prudent to go farther with so few men, and opened a vigorous fire upon the enemy, who was rallying for the recapture of the traverses; we held the enemy in check until the arrival of the 7th New Hampshire and 6th Connecticut, who charged and took the remainder of the work."

Lieutenant Colonel Rollins reports:

"At 10 P.M. moved my regiment inside the fort, and was ordered by Gen. Ames to take two traverses, and three, if possible, the number not then taken. I moved over the third traverse of the fort, and advanced rapidly inside the stockade until I reached the battery on the northeast angle of the fort, where I formed the right wing of the regiment, leaving the left in support. I then ordered a charge and captured the three remaining traverses and batteries, then pushed on by the right flank, and by so doing cut off the angle of the fort, moved to the right, and, by a rapid and determined advance, captured the remaining traverses and batteries of the fort proper."

Thus, after some seven hours' fighting, more than five of which were after dark, the land-face of the fort was occupied and all resistance ceased. The enemy fled to the shelter of Battery Buchanan, at the end of the point, two miles away. Terry took Abbott and a part of his brigade and marched to Battery Buchanan. Abbott reports: "I was met by the Adjutant-General of the General commanding the enemy's forces, who tendered the

surrender of the battery, upon which I referred to General Terry, who would soon arrive. . . . General Terry having arrived, received the surrender of the work and the force."

Colonel Abbott was mistaken. Terry was too late. Captain Lockwood of my staff had already received the surrender.

It was after ten o'clock. The task set for us at half-past three was finished. Our work was done.

The statement of their achievement is the highest eulogy that can be passed upon our soldiers.

A grievous accident occurred early the next morning, which killed and wounded one hundred and thirty of our gallant heroes. It was the explosion of the magazine of the fort. A board of enquiry was organized and found

"that the following are the main facts, viz.: 1, immediately after the capture of the fort, Gen. Ames gave orders to Lieut. Col. Samuel M. Zent to place guards on all the magazines and bomb-proofs. 2, Lieut. Col. Zent commenced on the northwest corner of the fort, next the river, following the traverses round, and placed guards on thirty-one entrances under the traverses. The main magazine, which afterwards exploded, being in the rear of the traverses, escaped his notice, and, consequently, had no guards from his regiment or any other."

General Bragg reports that the defenders of the fort numbered, all told, about 110 commissioned officers and 2500 men—their casualties being over 400. A few escaped across the river, in boats, under cover of the darkness; the rest became our prisoners.

Mr. Stanton, the Secretary of War, had been visiting Sherman at Savannah after his march through Georgia, and on his way north called at Fort Fisher, where he had an interview with Terry.

Upon Stanton's arrival at Fortress Monroe, Va., he sent a dispatch to President Lincoln marked "official," dated Tuesday, 10 A. M., January 17, 1865. In this dispatch Stanton mentions Terry, my brigade commanders, and some

regimental commanders, but omits my name altogether. Among other things he says: "The assault on the other and most difficult side of the fort was made by a column of 3000 troops of the old Tenth Corps, led by Colonel Curtis, under the immediate supervision of General Terry."

This is not true, as the official reports show, in any other sense than that Curtis's brigade first reached the fort under my immediate orders, with Terry half a mile away. An earlier attempt to make public these facts has been impracticable, as the volume of the War Records covering this event was not published till 1894.

With this as a preface I will add to the extracts of the reports of some of my subordinate officers already given, the report of General Terry, who was my only superior officer. He says: "Of General Ames I have already spoken in a letter recommending his promotion. He commanded all the troops engaged and was constantly under fire. His great coolness, good judgment, and skill were never more conspicuous than in this assault."

These official reports show, as Terry says, that I "commanded all the troops engaged" from the first act, when my aide, Capt. A. G. Lawrence, led the first brigade into the fort, to the last act, when the garrison surrendered to my aide, Capt. H. C. Lockwood.

The sailors and marines who assaulted in column the northeast angle of the fort along the sea beach were a body of 2000 men, made up of detachments from different ships. Naturally enough, Captain Breese found it, as has been stated, an unwieldy mass. The 1600 sailors were armed only with pistols and cutlasses. They were quickly repulsed. Few reached the parapet. Once checked, they turned and fled, losing 300 in killed and wounded. Admiral Porter testified: "I suppose the whole thing was over in fifteen minutes, as far as the sailors were concerned, for they were cut down like sheep."

Later, this force was sent to the line of entrenchments facing Wilmington, relieving Colonel Abbott's brigade, which reported to me. Of course Admiral Porter expected

his sailors to carry the fort, but, alas! he had been deceived as to its defensive capabilities, which deception resulted in the apparently needless sacrifice of his gallant sailors.

Our Navy, in its ships and armament, was the most powerful that ever existed up to that time. In officers and men it never had its equal, and never will till an equally enlightened, powerful, and liberty-loving people again rise, in their might, in a struggle for self-preservation.

As to the effect on the fort of the second bombardment, Colonel Lamb writes:

"The land armament, with palisades and torpedoes, had been destroyed. For the first time in the history of sieges the land defences of the works were destroyed, not by the act of the besieging army, but by the concentrated fire, direct and enfilading, of an immense fleet, poured upon them without intermission, until torpedo wires were cut, palisades breached so that they actually afforded cover for assailants, and the slopes of the work were rendered practicable for assault."

Why the first expedition was a failure and the second a success has never been rightly understood. The military situations have been obscured by the contention between General Butler and Admiral Porter, though the most amicable relations existed between the Army and Navy.

It has been believed that the fort was in the same condition on both occasions, and that it was but poorly garrisoned on the first. Those who so held were in error in both particulars.

According to Badeau, Grant's historian: "Curtis declared that the fort could have been carried on the first expedition, and that at the moment when they were recalled they virtually had possession." This declaration has been accepted as the truth.

We can examine the facts, now that the official reports have been published, and form our own opinions on this point, which has been the pivot of the whole controversy.

It appears from Curtis's report that he had "pushed the right of his skirmishers to within 75 paces of the fort and had sent back to his reserves for 200 men with which to

possess the fort, but his messenger was there informed that orders from the department commander bade him retire," which he did.

Let us see what these 200 men would have had to do to make what Curtis calls a "virtual," an actual possession of the fort.

Colonel Lamb had a force of 1400 men, 900 of whom were veterans. Whiting, Lamb, and other officers commend the discipline, skill, and gallantry of the garrison. I will not take time to quote from their reports. They all show that the officers of the fort were keenly alive to our movements. Colonel Lamb states that he intentionally kept his men hidden from view. He was perfectly familiar with the surroundings, both within and without the fort.

Now, the one question to decide is, could those 200 men, sent for by Curtis, have taken possession of that palisaded Malakoff fortress, with its garrison of 1400 men?

Lieutenant Colonel Barney, who commanded our forces behind the picket line, nowhere intimates that we had any kind of possession of the fort.

Even Curtis reports, officially, that his skirmishers were met with musketry and canister, and that he retired under a heavy fire.

In making a decision, Lamb's report must not be overlooked. He reports:

"That it was dark at 5.30, when the fleet ceased firing. No assault could be made while the fleet was firing. When the firing ceased, the parapets (which were 20 feet high) were at once manned and half of the garrison (700 men) were stationed outside the work behind the palisade, which was 9 feet high and pierced for musketry."

What soldier will say we had "virtual" possession of the fort under such circumstances?

The second expedition took this question from the realm of speculation.

Three weeks after the first attempt we were back again before the fort, which, because of the efficient bombardment

of the Navy, was far less capable of resistance. A column of 2000 sailors and marines were to make a gallant assault on the sea angle simultaneously with ours, thereby to create a diversion greatly to our advantage.

Curtis had in his brigade, now forming the first line, more than twice as many men as he had before the fort on the first expedition. Again I gave him the order to take the fort. Did he take it? No. His brigade, led by Captain Lawrence, made a lodgment on one corner of it—a lodgment so uncertain that I immediately ordered up Colonel Pennypacker's brigade, which, inspired and led by him and Colonel Moore, reached the third traverse and made our foothold secure. Such are the official records of the battle.

I wish to touch one other point. Badeau writes in this same history :

"The fighting was continued from traverse to traverse, until at 9 o'clock the troops had nearly reached the bastion. Bell had been killed and Pennypacker wounded, and Curtis now sent back for re-enforcements. The advance party was in imminent peril, for the guns from both bastions and the mound batteries were turned upon them. At this crisis a staff officer brought orders from Terry to stop fighting and begin intrenching. Curtis was inflamed with the magnificent rage of battle, and fairly roared at this command: "Then we shall lose whatever we have gained. The enemy will drive us from here in the morning." While he spoke he was struck by a shell, and fell senseless to the earth. The hero of Fort Fisher had fallen, and the fort was not yet carried. Ames, who was near him, sent an officer to Terry to report that Curtis was killed, and that his dying request was that the fighting might go on. It was also Ames's opinion that the battle should proceed. Terry caught the contagion, and determined to continue the assault, even if it became necessary to abandon the line of defence towards Wilmington. Abbott's re-enforcements were at once ordered forward, and as they entered the fort the rebels on the bastion gave way and Fort Fisher was carried."

It is due to Badeau to state that he says in a note that he "obtained the account of this assault from a paper written by an aide-de-camp to General Curtis."

This remarkable statement deserves a moment's consideration. If it be true, then all the chief honors must fall on one head. But it is not true. If Terry gave orders to stop fighting and begin intrenching, who can believe that it was through the "contagion caught" by him from Curtis that the fight continued, or that he would "abandon the line towards Wilmington" to try uncertainties at the fort?

Terry reports:

"When Bell's brigade was ordered into action I foresaw that more troops would probably be needed, and sent an order for Abbott's brigade to move down from the north line, at the same time requesting Captain Breese to replace them with his sailors and marines. I also directed General Paine to send me one of the strongest regiments of his own division; these troops arrived at dusk and reported to General Ames."

This treatment of Terry and the ignoring of division, brigade, and regimental commanders find no justification in the facts. Terry is entitled to every honor due his position. Pennypacker and Bell can not be swept aside so lightly, nor the regimental commanders, whose names I need not give here.

I would say specifically to that reference to myself, that I did not send any request, "dying" or other, from Curtis to Terry that the fighting might go on.

If Terry intended my division to stop fighting and begin intrenching he did not send the order to Curtis, one of my brigade commanders, nor would Terry send re-enforcements to Curtis over my head.

According to this aide, Curtis was wounded at 9 o'clock while criticising Terry's order to stop fighting and begin intrenching. I say in my report that Curtis was wounded "a short time before dark" on that brief winter's day.

I saw him in, and emerge from, a covered way at the west end of the parapet. He approached me and began to speak; almost at the same time a shot struck him down. Colonel Daggett, who succeeded to the command of Curtis's brigade, reports two days after: "Curtis was seriously

wounded about 4.30." General Carleton, who was with me at the time, and picked up his sword as he fell, says Curtis was shot at about 4.30.

And yet Badeau would have us believe that Curtis was wounded while criticising Terry's order to stop fighting and begin intrenching, at 9 o'clock, some four hours after Curtis fell senseless at my feet.

In fact, he was wounded before dark, about an hour and a half after the battle began, and some four hours before the fort was taken. The exact minute is of no importance. Participants in a battle are poor judges of passing time.

In this instance it is fixed accurately enough in the official reports of Daggett, Abbott, and myself, as well as Carleton's statement of his recollections.

General Terry says in his official report of the battle:

"Brigadier General Curtis and Colonels Pennypacker, Bell, and Abbott, the brigade commanders, led them with the utmost gallantry. Curtis was wounded after fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand; Pennypacker, while carrying the standard of one of his regiments, the first man in a charge over a traverse; Bell was mortally wounded near the palisade."

This is all, literally all, Terry says of exceptional services by Curtis. "Fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand," is most commendable under the circumstances, but it does not in itself justify claims for exceptional honors.

My report says:

"The conduct of the officers and men of this division was most gallant. . . . Where the name of every officer and man engaged in this desperate conflict should be submitted, I shall at present only be able to give a few of those most conspicuous. It is hoped all may be properly rewarded.

"Brevet Brig.-Gen. N. M. Curtis, commanding First Brigade, was prominent throughout the day for his bravery, coolness, and judgment. His services can not be overestimated. He fell a short time before dark, seriously wounded in the head by a canister shot.

"Colonel Pennypacker, commanding the Second Brigade, was seriously wounded while planting his colors on the third traverse

of the work. This officer was surpassed by none, and his absence during the day was most deeply felt and seriously regretted.

"Col. L. Bell, commanding Third Brigade, was mortally wounded while crossing the bridge in advance of the palisading. He was an able and efficient officer; one not easily replaced.

"Col. J. W. Moore, 203d Pennsylvania Volunteers, behaved with the most distinguished gallantry. He was killed while passing the second traverse of the fort, in advance of his regiment, waving his colors. Few equalled, none surpassed, this brave officer."

My report on Curtis is not less generous than Terry's; but it was not intended to, and I doubt if it does, sustain his pretensions of this day.

The official records, written thirty-two years ago, must be the foundation for all claims of honor and distinction. Nothing can now be added to them or taken from them. By them we all must be judged.

Misrepresentations greatly injured General Butler, and deeply humiliated General Weitzel. Truth has been outraged—truth overslow in the pursuit of falsehood, not always the most agreeable company.

In this paper I have attempted to right a wrong. I have given few opinions of my own. I have called up the actors themselves, and have let them speak in their own words—sometimes under oath—always under a sense of grave responsibility.

Authorities.

Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War, vol. ii., Fort Fisher Expedition. *War of the Rebellion Records*, vol. xlii., part 1. *War Records*, vol. xlii., part 1. *War Records*, vol. xlii., part 2. The Century Company's *War Books*, vol. iv. Letter of Col. Wm. Lamb, dated Norfolk, Va.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY BY
BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL NEWTON MARTIN CURTIS, U. S. V.,
MAY 5, 1897.

DESCRIPTION OF THE FORT.

COLONEL LAMB took command of the fort, July 4, 1862; he found it a quadrilateral work with six guns, flanked north and south by five detached batteries carrying eleven guns, four of which were casemated. Only one of the seventeen guns was of modern ordnance. He stated that the frigate *Minnesota* could have destroyed the works and driven them out in a few hours. During his occupation of the fort he made it the largest and best equipped fortification constructed by the Confederates, as shown in his description of it as it stood before the attack.

"At the land-face of Fort Fisher, five miles from the intrenched camp at Sugar Loaf, the peninsula was about half a mile wide. This face commenced about a hundred feet from the river with a half bastion, and extended with a heavy curtain to a full bastion on the ocean side, where it joined the sea-face without moat, scarp, or counterscarp. The outer slope was twenty feet high from the berm to the top of the parapet, at an angle of 45°, and was sodded with marsh grass which grew luxuriantly. The parapet was twenty-five feet thick, with an inclination of only one foot. The revetment was five feet nine inches from the floor of the gun-chambers, and these were some twelve feet or more from the interior plane. The guns were all mounted en barbette on Columbiad carriages; there was not a single casemated gun in the fort. Between the gun-chambers,

containing one or two guns each (there were twenty heavy guns on the land-face), were heavy traverses, exceeding in size any known to engineers, to protect from an enfilading fire. They extended twelve feet on the parapet and were twelve feet in height above the parapet, running back thirty feet. The gun-chambers were reached from the rear by steps. In each traverse was an alternate magazine or bomb-proof, the latter ventilated by an air-chamber. Passageways penetrated the traverses in the interior of the work, forming additional bomb-proofs for the reliefs for the guns.

“The sea-face for a hundred yards from the northeast bastion was of the same massive character as the land-face. A crescent battery intended for four guns adjoined this. A series of batteries extended for three-quarters of a mile along the sea, connected by an infantry curtain. These batteries had heavy traverses ten or twelve feet high above the top of the parapets. On this line was a bomb-proof electric battery connected with a system of submarine torpedoes. Farther along a mound battery sixty feet high was erected, with two heavy guns which had a plunging fire on the channel; this was connected with the battery north of it by a light curtain. Following the line of the works it was one mile from the angle of the sea- and land-faces to the mound, and upon this line twenty-four heavy guns were mounted. From the mound for nearly a mile to the end of the point was a level sand plain scarcely three feet above high tide, and much of it was submerged during gales. At the point Battery Buchanan, four guns, in the shape of an ellipse, commanded the inlet, its two 11-inch guns covering the approach by land. An advanced redoubt with a 24-pounder was added after the first expedition. A wharf for large steamers was in close proximity to these works. As a defence against infantry there was a system of subterra torpedoes extending across the peninsula, five to six hundred feet from the land-face, and so disconnected that the explosion of one would not affect the others; inside the torpedoes, about fifty feet from the berm of the work,

extending from river bank to sea-shore, was a heavy palisade of sharpened logs nine feet high, pierced for musketry. There was a redoubt guarding the sally-port, from which two Napoleons were run out, as occasion required. At the river end of the palisade was a deep and muddy slough, across which was a bridge over which the river road entered the fort. Commanding this bridge was a Napoleon gun. There were three mortars in rear of the land-face."

ITS IMPORTANCE TO THE CONFEDERACY.

Thomas E. Taylor, an English merchant, one of the most active and successful blockade-runners during the war, says in his book, *Running the Blockade*, page 139:

"That morning (in Richmond, Va., December, 1864) I had an appointment with the Commissary General, who divulged to me under promise of secrecy that Lee's army was in terrible straits, and had in fact rations for only thirty days. He asked me if I could help him. I said I would do my best, and after some negotiations he undertook to pay me a profit of 350 per cent. upon any provisions and meat I could bring in within the next three weeks. . . . Although it was a hard trip it paid well, as we had on board coming out a most magnificent cargo, a great deal of sea-island cotton, the profits upon which and the provisions I had taken in amounted to over eighty-five thousand pounds—not bad work for about twenty days."

January 15, 1865, the day of the capture of Fort Fisher, Mr. Taylor wrote from Nassau to his partners in Liverpool, England:

"General Lee told me the other day that if they did not keep Wilmington they could not save Richmond. They nearly had Fort Fisher—they were within sixty yards of it, and had they pushed on as they ought to have done could have taken it. It was a terrific bombardment; they estimated that about 40,000 shells were sent into it. Colonel Lamb behaved like a brick—splendidly. I got the last of the Whitworths in, and they are now at the fort. They are very hard up for food in the field, but the Banshee has this time 600 barrels of pork and 1500 boxes of meat—enough to feed Lee's army for a month."

Alexander H. Stephens said of the capture of Fort Fisher in his book, *The War between the States*, vol. ii., page 619:

"The fall of this fort was one of the greatest disasters which had befallen our cause from the beginning of the war—not excepting the loss of Vicksburg or Atlanta. Forts Fisher and Caswell guarded the entrance to the Cape Fear River, and prevented the complete blockade of the port of Wilmington, through which a limited foreign commerce had been carried on during the whole time. It was by means of what cotton could thus be carried out, that we had been enabled to get along financially as well as we had; and at this point also a considerable number of arms and various munitions of war, as well as large supplies of subsistence, had been introduced. All other ports, except Wilmington, had long since been closed by naval siege."

General Grant, in the 61st chapter of the 2d volume of his *Personal Memoirs*, refers to Fort Fisher in the following words:

"Up to January, 1865, the enemy occupied Fort Fisher, at the mouth of Cape Fear River and below the city of Wilmington. This port was of immense importance to the Confederates, because it formed their principal inlet for blockade-runners, by means of which they brought in from abroad such supplies and munitions of war as they could not procure at home. It was equally important to us to get possession of it, not only because it was desirable to cut off their supplies so as to insure a speedy termination of the war, but also because foreign governments particularly the British Government, were constantly threatening that unless ours could maintain the blockade off that coast they should cease to recognize any blockade. For these reasons I determined, with the concurrence of the Navy Department, in December, to send an expedition against Fort Fisher for the purpose of capturing it."

THE FIRST JOINT EXPEDITION.

On the 6th of December, 1864, General Grant issued written instructions to General Butler specifying that

"the object of the expedition under General Weitzel is to close to the enemy the port of Wilmington. . . . This will

be gained by effecting a landing on the mainland between the Cape Fear River and the Atlantic north of the north entrance to the river. Should this landing be effected whilst the enemy still hold Fort Fisher and the batteries guarding the entrance to the river, then the troops should entrench themselves, and by co-operating with the Navy effect the reduction and capture of those places."

The 2d Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps, under the command of Brigadier-General Adelbert Ames, and the 1st Division of the Twenty-fifth Corps, under the command of Brigadier-General C. J. Paine, came to Hampton Roads on the 8th of December, 1864, and were transferred to ocean transports; on the 13th the transports sailed, and on the 15th rendezvoused off Masonborough Inlet, North Carolina. The steamer *Louisiana*, loaded with 215 tons of powder, had been sent forward under convoy of the Navy. On the 24th of December the *Louisiana* was sent inshore to a point 850 yards north of the fort and exploded by Commander Rhind 250 yards from the shore at 1.30 A. M. The only effect of the explosion was the awakening of a part of the garrison. Admiral Porter kept the fort under a continuous fire from his fleet from the morning of December 24th until the evening of December 25th, only slackening the fire from dark to daylight. At 1 o'clock P. M. on the 25th the troops began landing under the protection of the naval division commanded by Captain O. S. Glisson. Five hundred of my brigade were put into row-boats, furnished by the transports and the Navy, and in a single line moved to the shore. I preceded the line in Captain Glisson's gig, in charge of Lieutenant Farquhar, and on landing carried the Captain's flag and raised it on a sand dune to indicate where the troops should land. Before the men reached the shore General Weitzel landed and directed me to at once form my troops in line as they came from the boats and marched down the beach, throwing out flankers as we proceeded. A company of Confederates in a small earthwork, half a mile south, raised a white flag; the Navy sent boats ashore and took off as prisoners two officers and sixty-five men. Con-

tinuing the march south we halted at a small earthwork, which General Weitzel thought was 800 yards north of Fort Fisher, but later measurements showed it to have been 2200 yards. Here an examination of the fort was made by a field-glass and it appeared to have sustained no injury from the naval fire beyond the displacing of a single gun and the breaking of a few piles of the stockade. General Weitzel left me at this point to return to General Butler, directing me to take command of the troops as they arrived but not to bring on an engagement, and to report to General Butler any matters of importance, stating that he would leave a signal sergeant to transmit any reports I might wish to make. The sergeant did not appear. About half of the men first landed had been sent out as flankers. I sent forward forty men toward the left salient of the fort, leaving the remainder with orders to retain at that point all troops that might come forward. I followed the skirmish line, and when we were within fifty yards of the parapet the staff carrying the garrison flag was shot away by the Navy, and Capt. W. H. Walling, 142d N. Y., went through the ditch and stockade and up the parapet and brought it away at 4.20 P. M. About the same time Lieutenant George Simpson, 142d N. Y., of my staff climbed a telegraph pole and cut the wire, breaking telegraphic connection between the fort and Wilmington. Having no means of promptly communicating with headquarters, I went to the beach with two men carrying the captured flag and exhibited it at a point about 150 yards north of the east salient of the fort. Before starting to carry the flag to the beach, I had sent an order to Lieutenant Colonel Barney, 142d N. Y., to bring forward to Battery Holland, an earthwork half a mile north of the west salient of the fort, all the troops which had arrived at the reserve. No movement of the troops had been made when I reached the beach, and I walked up the beach to ascertain why my order to advance had not been obeyed, and on arriving at the reserve learned that a short time before the receipt of my order to go forward, General Butler had ordered the

troops to retire from the front of the fort. Feeling confident that General Butler had issued his order without knowing the condition of the fort, I sent an officer with this message:

"Your order to retire is held in abeyance that you may know of the true condition of the fort: the garrison has offered no resistance; the flagstaff of the fort was cut by a naval shot and one of my officers brought from the parapet the garrison flag; another officer cut the telegraph wire connecting the fort with Wilmington; my skirmishers are now at the parapet."

I marched all the troops which had come forward to Battery Holland, and sent the 117th N. Y. to advance along the river and establish pickets north of Craig's Landing and extend them from the river to the beach. In this movement a Confederate major surrendered a battalion of Junior Reserves of North Carolina to an officer and two men. About thirty escaped, but 227 were brought in and carried north on the return of the expedition. A second order was brought me to retire, which I answered as before, adding my later operations. I did this under the impression that my former report had not been received, which I learned later was the case.

Soon after sending my second report, Colonels Comstock and Jackson came to Battery Holland, closely followed by General Ames. To these officers I fully explained the condition of the garrison and my captures, and informed them that the Navy was able to keep the garrison in the bomb-proofs, and that after an hour's cannonading the fort could be successfully assaulted, and urged them to communicate this information to General Butler. But they did not regard the proposed attack as feasible, and moreover did not wish to assume any responsibility for my disobedience of orders. They left, and soon after I received the third order to retire, with the information that all the troops had re-embarked except those at the front. I then drew in my pickets and marched up the beach to the point of landing with my prisoners and sent the captured officers to General Butler's ship, after which the

surf prevented the further re-embarkation of troops. With between 600 and 700 men of my brigade and 220 prisoners we remained on the beach without fresh water, provisions, or blankets in a sleet storm until Tuesday afternoon, the 27th. We were finally taken off through a heavy surf by a life-boat, which passed between a transport and the beach by means of a rope extending from the transport to a stake on shore. When the last load had entered the boat I cut the line near the stake and taking hold of the end was dragged through the breakers and aboard the transport; then all vessels carrying troops turned their prows to the north and steamed for Hampton Roads. While at breakfast in the restaurant at Fort Monroe, on the morning of the 29th, Colonel Babcock brought me word that General Grant desired to see me on his boat then at the wharf.

In reply to the General's questions I related all that had been done on the expedition and what I had seen. Our interview was interrupted by the arrival of an officer from General Sherman, and I was informed that I would be questioned later. The same day I received a telegram from General Weitzel ordering me to City Point, and there I related to him all I had learned about Fort Fisher, and repeated my opinion that it might have been captured had an attempt been made. My statement and those of three officers and three men of my brigade who had been on or at the base of the parapet of the fort were taken down by a staff-officer and sent to Colonel Comstock of General Grant's staff, and were forwarded by him to the Secretary of War to be filed with General Butler's report.

When General Butler gave the order for the troops to re-embark he had received no report from the troops at the front, and fully three-fourths of his command were then on the beach. It required more time to re-embark the troops on the beach than it would have required to have landed those still on the transports with a full supply of provisions and ammunition.

The Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the

War made an exhaustive investigation of subjects not covered by General Butler's orders and approved his conduct in regard to speculative matters not mentioned in his orders. The findings of the committee did not show that the failure of the expedition was wholly due to the fact that General Grant's specific instructions had been disregarded.

THE SECOND EXPEDITION TO FORT FISHER AND ITS CAPTURE.

The second expedition was composed of the troops which had returned from the first expedition not disabled, and Colonel J. C. Abbott's brigade of the 1st Division of the Twenty-fourth Corps. Before the landing of troops General Henry L. Abbot joined the force with Companies A, B, G, and L of the 1st Connecticut Artillery, Myrick's Battery E, 3d U. S. Artillery, Capt. R. H. Lee's 16th New York Light Battery, Major F. W. Prince's battalion, 16th New York Heavy Artillery, and Companies A and I of the 15th New York Engineers. General Ames joined the expedition at the same time from a hospital boat which left Hampton Roads one day after the expedition sailed. On coming on board the *Atlantic* he addressed me with bitter and insulting words, alleging that I had been guilty of a "shabby trick" in sailing from Hampton Roads without him. He apparently failed to consider that he had not been on the ship during the ten hours when my troops and all his staff had been on board, that his staff were informed of the sailing orders as soon as they came into my hands, fully seven hours before the ship moved out of the Roads, and that his entire staff believed, at the hour of going to breakfast as the ship was passing the Capes, that he was on board. His words were resented and their withdrawal demanded, which was done within the next hour, but his subsequent conduct compelled me from that time to refuse all intercourse with him not required by the strictest official duties.

On Friday morning, January 13th, the transports moved up to the place where our previous landing had been effected,

and under cover of the naval vessels the troops began to disembark; although in a heavy surf all were landed, together with extra rations, ammunition, and intrenching tools, at 3 o'clock. The troops were at once put to work constructing a line of breastworks from the beach to the Cape Fear River, which was completed before daylight on the morning of the 14th. General Ames's division was then withdrawn from the works and General Paine was directed to hold the line with his division and Abbott's brigade.

Then for the third time since General Ames had rejoined his command after his unexplained absence he requested General Terry to promise him that he would not detail any officer or organization of his division by name to perform any special duty. When this request was denied he set forth his grievances, stating that "General Curtis had ignored him in consulting Generals Grant and Weitzel, had not communicated to him the orders for sailing, and so thoroughly did he distrust General Curtis and his brigade that he would not be held responsible for anything they might be directed to do." General Terry replied "that he would direct General Curtis to report to him and thereafter he would receive from him all instructions until the work in hand was disposed of." These facts were given to me by General Terry in Richmond, Virginia, when I was serving as his chief of staff in the Department of Virginia.

In notifying me that I should report to him until further orders, General Terry directed me to accompany him and Colonel Comstock with my brigade down the peninsula that he might examine the enemy's fortifications. While we were marching down, the Confederate gunboat *Chickamauga*, lying in the Cape Fear River, fired on us and one shell seriously wounded Capt. James H. Reeves and three men of his regiment, the 3d New York.

After General Terry had completed his examination of the fort and its approaches he asked: "Do you still believe the fort can be carried by an assault with such force as I can spare from the line established last night, the

holding of which is of the first importance?" I replied that I believed the three brigades already withdrawn from the line could capture the fort by an assault if the dispositions were properly made, and if the Navy should support the troops from start to finish. He said: "It has already been decided that in case an assault is ordered you will make it. I will see Admiral Porter this evening and we will determine what course to pursue."

General Terry and Colonel Comstock then left for the reserve, having directed me to report any incidents I might think it important for him to know.

The ground in front of the west third of the parapet was swampy, in parts of it water was two or more feet deep, and opposite the gate, at the west end, was a bridge from which the enemy had removed the floor, leaving only the stringers. At the eastern third the ground was much higher and served as a natural glacis so that an assaulting force would be kept under fire from its start until it reached the parapet, but an attacking force approaching the left end of the parapet would pass under the plane of fire at some distance from the parapet. As soon as it was dark I deployed two lines of skirmishers, one with guns and the other with shovels, at a distance of five paces. The line with muskets advanced twenty paces before the line with shovels and stood on guard, while the men with shovels threw up breastworks high enough to protect a man lying on his face; then the rear line advanced, exchanging shovels for muskets as it passed the front line, which threw up breastworks in turn while the former shovellers stood guard in their front. In this manner the troops advanced close to the wet ground, having constructed four parallel lines of breastworks, which were later strengthened by fatigue parties. In advance of the last line of the newly constructed breastworks and to the left, where the ground was higher and dry, a much higher and heavier breastwork was built, in which forty men selected on account of their skill as marksmen were stationed. They were to remain in this position until the next night or until an assault should

be made. In the event of an assault they were to join in it, and before the advance should be made they were to prevent the loading of the eight- and ten-inch Columbiads which pointed toward our line of approach. This work was completed before dawn and my men, except a small guard, slept upon their arms.

Before noon of the 15th, General Terry with Colonel Comstock came to Battery Holland and informed me that it had been agreed between Admiral Porter and himself that an assault upon the fort should be made at 3 o'clock; that 1600 sailors and 400 marines should attack the east end of the parapet and that my brigade should attack the left and be followed by the brigades of Pennypacker and Bell. He approved the work I had performed during the night, and sent sixty men of the 13th Indiana to join the forty from my brigade left in advance, placing them under the command of Lieut. S. M. Zent. Up to the advance of the attacking party these men performed important service and they joined in with the first line going to the parapet.

General Terry said to me: "You stated yesterday that you thought an assault would be successful 'if the dispositions were properly made.' Your brigade is to lead, and I would like to know your views as to the formation." I replied that I wished to advance in line, brigade front, to make advances from one rifle-pit to the next, all lying down at each, every movement to be governed by the action of the enemy in coming to the parapet, and the final rush to be made when the enemy showed an intention to remain on the parapet. As I advanced, the enemy's infantry would doubtless mount the parapet. We would then lie down while the Navy drove them back; then we would advance to the next rifle-pit and so repeat until the enemy's infantry refused to leave the parapet, when we would make the final rush and get under the plane of fire before a second volley could be fired upon us. General Terry said: "Do you not wish to strike them in column with a hammer-head?" I replied: "A single line can advance

with little loss, but a column would be severely punished from the start; my right regiment will go straight to the left salient, and the three other regiments will oblique to the right and at the parapet will be in column for about one-third of the advancing line." The subject was discussed with Colonel Comstock, who approved my plan, which General Terry then accepted and ordered its execution. I then said to General Terry: "The final rush will be made when you see me rise in the middle of my line and hear me call aloud; soon after the brigade will pass through the stockade up the parapet, and when I raise my hat send Pennypacker's brigade." He replied: "With your brigade on the parapet I shall feel certain of success; a lodgment there assures victory." About noon Pennypacker's and Bell's brigades, under command of General Ames, came to the front and halted in rear of my command.

A short time before advancing to the place from which the real movement was to be made, a naval officer, Lieutenant Porter I believe, came to me and said: "General Terry informs me that you lead in the assault, and I desire to learn your plans that the sailors and marines on the beach may move at the same time you do." I explained the plan already stated, and concluded with expressing my regret that the Navy forces were not differently formed; they were then closely massed. He replied: "I am sorry Army officers find fault with the Navy. We are trying to help them on their own ground and they ought to be satisfied." I stated:

"We want your help very much, both your guns on the ships and your men on shore; but your formation is bad, your front is too narrow for the depth of your column, and going into action as your men are now formed you will get fearfully punished and no good will be rendered except that much of the fire directed to your forces will be saved from my line. I condemn your formation as a landsman; I would not criticise nautical matters."

Two thousand men from the Navy, from sixty ships, unacquainted with one another or with the service they

were to undertake, were brought together on the beach to perform a most hazardous work. The number of officers was small—entirely too few for the number of men engaged. As before stated, the force was too compact. Their first line should have been longer and thinner, and their main body kept out of the fire until the first line had reached the fort. Such a plan requires good men—veterans; it is, however, the way to assault fortifications with the least loss of life, almost the only plan by which to achieve success.

Before advancing to the first line every officer and man had been instructed as to his movements and the order in which they would take place, and that the point of attack would be between the first and the second traverses.

Just before the preliminary movements were begun Capt. A. G. Lawrence, of General Ames's staff, came to me and asked if he could go with my brigade. I replied that he could if he would not interfere with its movements, and sent him to Lieut.-Col. F. X. Meyer, commanding the 117th New York, at the right of the line. Captain Lawrence understood that I was not under the command of his chief, and that he could not accompany my brigade without my permission. He did not go as the representative of another, nor did he make the slightest attempt to direct the movements of the men. He fell at the stockade, seriously wounded, the victim of a valor which he conspicuously exhibited in every battle in which he participated.

The preliminary advances were made in a succession of thin lines, number one of the first line going forward to a rifle-pit, followed by number two; the rear rank advancing in the same manner. By this method only one-fourth of the line was exposed to the enemy's fire.

Three short advances were made. During each the garrison came to the parapet; when the line halted the garrison returned to the bomb-proofs, each time remaining longer on the parapet and suffering greater damage from the naval fire. When the enemy seemed determined to remain on the parapet the final rush was made. I arose

from the middle of the line and called out "Forward," advancing as I arose from the ground. Each officer and man had been instructed to run as he got up, and to go forward in silence. Cheering was positively forbidden, the object being to keep the men from expending their breath needlessly, and it was all-important to save it for the final rush up the parapet. We were fifteen paces to the front before we reached the usual height of a running man, which is about one-third less than his height when standing. The result of this movement was to cause the first volley to pass over our heads with but little damage. Had the order been given, "Attention; first battalion, guide right; second, third, and fourth battalions, oblique to the right," many in the line would have been shot down before a start was made.

The naval fire had made many openings in the stockade, but not enough to allow speedy passage through it. One hundred axes which had been distributed in the brigade were vigorously used, under a galling fire, in making openings for the men. The first forty or fifty through the stockade climbed up the parapet and met the enemy between the first and the second traverses. In this space were two Columbiads, one disabled, the enemy loading the other. The charge had been sent home, but the ramrod not withdrawn, when we overpowered the gunners. The man at the breech put out his hand with a primer to discharge the piece, after his surrender had been demanded. A sharp blow from my sabre on his outstretched hand quickly dissuaded him, and the charge remained until the captors had leisure to withdraw it.

The first battle-flag to come up was a marker of the 117th New York, which was promptly placed on the second traverse. Its right to remain there was tested in a hand-to-hand contest with swords and bayonets, in which the Yankees won.

We then went down to the floor of the fort and secured the men serving a Napoleon gun at the gate and a number of infantry posted at the stockade west of the gate. These

men were sent to the rear without escort. Their capture removed the chief obstacle to an approach by the road. At this time the Second Brigade began to enter the fort, some through the gate and others over the parapet. Upon returning to the parapet I found that a large number of my brigade had succeeded in getting through the stockade, and were advancing to the place first captured, where they were being rapidly joined by men of the Second Brigade.

At the time we made the grand rush for the left of the parapet, the naval column moved in mass upon the sea bastion. The enemy believing this to be the main attack turned upon them all the guns which could sweep the beach, and massed more than half of his infantry behind the right of the parapet to repel the attack. Colonel Lamb conducted this defence of the sea bastion in person. The enemy's fire upon the naval column was terribly effective, spreading death and disorder. Except a few who reached the stockade those not disabled soon retired.

General Whiting occupied a position on the parapet midway between the sea bastion and the sally-port. The repulse of the naval column caused the troops under Colonel Lamb and General Whiting to cheer vigorously, the cheers being heard above the roar of the cannon; but their exultation was short, for upon looking to the west they saw two United States flags on the left of the parapet—their comrades unable to remove them. General Whiting hurried with the troops near him to the left of the line, and joined in the contest which we were making for the third traverse. In this hand-to-hand conflict he received a mortal wound and was carried to a bomb-proof. Colonel Pennypacker, commanding the Second Brigade, was severely wounded while placing the colors of his regiment on this traverse, and Colonel Moore, 203d Pennsylvania, was killed while advancing with the colors of his regiment to the same position. Lieutenant-Colonel Barney and Major Jones, 142d New York, were wounded here, but soon after re-entered the contest. Here Captain Thomas, 117th New York, was killed. Lieutenant-Colonel Meyer and Major Bagg,

117th New York, both wounded, and many officers of the Second Brigade, whose names I cannot give, came to the front and joined in the contest until our possession of the traverse was undisputed. Our killed and wounded on the parapet impeded our advance to the fourth traverse so that we were scarcely able to go forward without treading upon them. Colonel Lamb then came up with troops to meet us at the fourth traverse, bringing into action a larger number than we had met at the third. Our numbers were also increased by those who joined us as they came upon the parapet. The struggle for the fourth traverse was the hottest and most prolonged single contest of the day. The loss of life was great on both sides. The killed and wounded were set aside to make room for their comrades who came impetuously forward to support the respective sides. In this contest Colonel Lamb was seriously wounded and was taken to the same bomb-proof occupied by General Whiting. Our success in this fearful struggle turned the tide, the enemy's defence became less spirited and effective, and each succeeding traverse was taken with less difficulty.

The naval fire throughout the day had been delivered with singular accuracy, at the rate of two or three shells per second, in front of the assaulting forces; but at the fifth traverse a shot went wide of its mark and killed or disabled all but four men in our front line. Fearing that a slackening of our fire would invite a countercharge, I myself discharged the guns of the killed and disabled men until reinforcements were brought forward. A sudden emergency compelled this action. It was not done to encourage the soldiers—no such efforts were needed to quicken their zeal. Men unable to stand and fire their pieces handed up the guns of their dead and helpless comrades, and when given back reloaded them again and again, exhibiting a frenzied zeal and unselfish devotion that seemingly nothing but death could chill. Within twenty minutes I found wounded men dead who had thus handed me their guns.

While we were capturing these traverses, others on the

floor of the fort fought the enemy in bomb-proofs and behind obstructions near the parapet, keeping pace with us. Lieutenant-Colonel Lyman, 203d Pennsylvania, was killed while actively urging this line forward. Several company officers were in this detachment, and vigorously conducted these operations after his death, among them Captain William H. Walling, 142d New York Volunteers, who on the first expedition had captured the garrison flag of the fort. Captain R. D. Morehouse, 142d New York Volunteers, in charge of a party captured a large number of Confederates in the sally-port, from which they had energetically opposed the advance of our forces on the floor of the fort; but our progress on the parapet rendered their position untenable, and by a skilful movement he captured them before they could retire to other defences. His skill and bravery were as conspicuous then as his modest dignity is noticeable among his companions of the Loyal Legion. This capture was considered by the Confederates a dishonorable surrender. They did not know then that their men had been compelled to surrender only when retreat was impossible.

Progress was more easily and steadily made until we gained possession of the seventh traverse at 4.45 P. M., where it was found that our best marksmen could drive the gunners from the Columbiad on the sea bastion, with which the enemy had enfiladed the ditch and given the assailants more trouble than with any other piece in the fort. When it was discovered that this gun could be silenced, the project of marching up the ditch and capturing the sea bastion was decided upon, and men at the west end of the fort were summoned to undertake it. I sent Corporal Jones, of the color-guard of the 117th New York, to the west end of the fort to bring these men forward. He came back, and stated that General Ames had directed him to return and say that men could not be sent, but spades to fortify would be furnished. My orderly A. D. Knight was next sent to obtain men, and directed to state the object of the movement to be made. He soon returned

and stated that General Ames had ordered him to say that the men were exhausted and no further advance would be attempted until reinforcements arrived in the morning; that we should hold the ground occupied, if possible, and that intrenching tools would be sent to us. I directed Orderly Knight to go back and request officers under my rank to collect men and bring them forward, so that the attack could be made before dark; to say that the resistance of the enemy was less than at the beginning of the battle, and that the capture of the bastion would compel an early surrender. Knight soon returned with an armful of spades which General Ames had ordered him to carry to me that I might fortify and hold our position until fresh troops came into the fort. I threw the spades over the traverse to the Confederates. Being convinced that General Ames intended to suspend operations until reinforcements came in, I directed Silas W. Kempton, Mate U. S. Navy, who had reported to me early in the engagement and volunteered to serve in whatever capacity he might be useful, to go for the second time to General Terry, now to urge him to have the troops then engaged in throwing up fortifications in rear of the left end of the parapet to join in a general advance, and take possession of the fort before reinforcements could be sent in by the enemy. I instructed Kempton to state that the enemy were offering slight resistance, and that a bold push would secure a victory already substantially won. This young sailor had previously been sent to General Terry, after we had won possession of the fourth traverse, to ask him to have the naval fire in front of our advancing lines increased, if possible, and to have the fuses cut shorter, so as to cause the explosion of the shells nearer the parapet. Many had passed beyond the fort and were lost by exploding in the marsh and river. The zeal and intelligence of Mr. Kempton commanded my warmest admiration.

I then directed Capt. David B. Magill, 117th New York, to take the next traverse with the first men who should come up, and went to the west end of the parapet

and to the floor of the fort in rear of it, to obtain men to march up the ditch to the sea bastion. While collecting them on the floor of the fort in rear of the first and second traverses, General Ames addressed me, for the first time since the movement on the fort had begun, and said: "I have two or three times sent you word to fortify your position and hold it until reinforcements can be sent to aid us; the men are exhausted, and I will not order them to go forward." I directed his attention to two steamboats in the Cape Fear River loaded with Confederate troops waiting for darkness to enable them to land, which they could not do while it was light because of the naval fire, and said: "Should they succeed in landing they may be able to drive us out; therefore, the fort should be captured before fresh troops come to the enemy." I informed him that the garrison was resisting with less spirit than earlier in the day, and asserted that complete victory was within our grasp if we aroused ourselves and pushed the advantage we surely had, and that I intended to conduct the movement up the ditch to the sea bastion if I could get but fifty men. Several said, "We will go." At this time the sun was just disappearing, at 5.15 P.M.,—as stated by the Navy Department, two hours and five minutes after the opening of the battle.

While the volunteers were assembling I went farther into the fort, and had ascended a magazine or sand dune for the purpose of looking into the angle of the bastion I intended to attack, when I was struck and disabled by two fragments of a shell, one destroying the left eye and the other carrying away a portion of the frontal bone. I was unconscious for several hours.

From official and other trustworthy sources it is learned that after sundown no efforts were made to advance our lines, except the capture of an additional traverse by the troops left under command of Captain Magill when I started out to collect men to go up the ditch. About 8 o'clock a regiment of colored troops from General Paine's line was sent to General Ames to assist in taking possession

of the fort. He directed them to stack arms outside the fort and join the men in the rear of the left end of the parapet in throwing up breastworks to protect the assailants from a countercharge by the garrison. Late in the afternoon the sailors and marines had been withdrawn from the beach and sent to relieve Abbott's brigade which was brought down to the fort. The 3d New Hampshire was placed on the right of Abbott's brigade, and when Major Trickey in command of it was directed by General Abbott to take the traverse on that part of the parapet where the greatest resistance was expected to be made, the Major called his attention to the fact that he had less than eighty men in his command, and that a greater number might be needed to carry the traverses. General Abbott informed him he would be supported and that his regiment was specially named by General Terry for that duty. The fact that the regiment was armed with repeating rifles may have influenced General Terry in making the selection. The order for the placing of the 3d New Hampshire as stated by General Abbott shows that General Terry kept in close touch with the several brigades, and gave personal attention to their movements throughout the battle. When Abbott's brigade reached the unoccupied portion of the parapet the enemy received it with a volley, but not heavy enough to check its progress. It marched over the parapet, across the floor of the fort, parallel to the sea-face, and southward to Battery Buchanan, where the garrison of Fort Fisher was found unarmed and demoralized. These operations of Abbott's brigade were successfully carried out with the loss of four men killed and twenty-three wounded. At dark General Whiting and Colonel Lamb were carried to Battery Buchanan, the former mortally and the latter seriously wounded. It was proposed to send them across the river in small boats, as many had been, but they determined to remain and share the fate of the garrison.

The troops entered the fort without hesitation and vied one with another, officers and men alike, for possession of

the work. The loss in the early part of the engagement of Colonel Bell, commanding Third Brigade, and Colonel Smith, 112th New York, both mortally wounded before reaching the work, and of Colonel Moore, killed soon after mounting the parapet, was sorely felt throughout the day. They were soldiers of marked ability, veterans who had won distinction in every campaign in which the army to which they belonged had been engaged. Colonel Pennypacker, commanding Second Brigade, was seriously wounded early in the engagement. This distinguished officer had put his brigade into position and given it an impulse which continued throughout the day. The loss of no officer could have been greater. At the end of the first hour several officers and men were disabled or bearing wounds that would have justified their retirement from an ordinary engagement, and a suspension of hostilities would have followed had not the troops been of the highest grade. Nine-tenths of them were veterans who had served in the campaigns in Virginia and the Carolinas, and had fought in every battle from Drury's Farm and Cold Harbor to the last battle in the campaign before Petersburg and Richmond. There was not an officer or man in the four brigades who did not merit the highest commendation for unyielding persistency, courage, and devotion. While the First and the Second Brigades were the first to enter the fort and contended together without distinction for possession of the parapet, it is not my intention to claim that either brigade was superior. Circumstances to a large degree, no doubt, influenced the selection as to the order in which the troops attacked the fort. My brigade had been near it on the first expedition, had taken its flag and a battalion of prisoners, and all its members believed that it could have been captured then. The knowledge of this fact undoubtedly had much weight in influencing the commanding general to select that brigade to lead the assaulting forces. Each brigade took the position assigned to it, and performed its duties in a most courageous and efficient manner.

The crisis was passed soon after four o'clock, and

success was assured when the First and Second Brigades had mounted the parapet and demonstrated their ability not only to hold their ground but to make steady progress from traverse to traverse. It was a soldiers' fight, and had Ames and Curtis both been killed or disabled at the time Pennypacker was wounded, the battle would have proceeded successfully under the command of field and company officers. When the battle was well begun, skill and generalship consisted in physical blows, and to every one who struck them honor is due.

Admiral Porter wanted success no less than General Terry, and was ready to take any steps in the line of his profession to win it. He knew, as all did, that a naval column would divert the garrison, and asked the Navy to furnish men to form it. In pursuit of victory desperate chances were often taken. Never did men undertake a more difficult or hazardous task, and never did men offer themselves in their country's service with more zeal, courage, or unselfish devotion than did the officers and men of the Navy and the Marines on the beach at Fort Fisher. Their action contributed to the progress of the Army—whether the gain justified the losses we shall never know. The naval column was important as a diversion, but its value was slight in comparison with the fire of the six hundred guns of the ships trained on the fort. The fleet maintained an uninterrupted fire for two days, exceeding in effectiveness any bombardment recorded in the annals of war. To Admiral Porter's fleet the army was indebted for its uncontested landing, its uninterrupted approach to within charging distance of the fort, and the well directed fire in front of the assaulting forces without which success would have been impossible.

It will not be out of place to refer to the enemy and their defence of the fort. The constant fire of the Navy for two days deprived the garrison of opportunity to rest or prepare food. They suffered but little from this bombardment until brought out of their bomb-proofs to contest the advance of the assaulting forces; then they came under

the hottest fire men ever encountered. Colonel Lamb skillfully conducted the defence, aided by General Whiting, who had volunteered his services on entering the fort. They protected their men until the decisive moment and then led them with conspicuous gallantry.

The left of the parapet was in charge of a junior officer whose mistake, that of a moment only, was in failing to mount the parapet and contest our advance from the ditch. The men serving the piece of artillery covering the road west of the parapet were so intent in performing their duty that they were unconscious of our approach until ordered to surrender by men of the 117th New York, who went down from the parapet after capturing the second traverse.

General Bragg, in his report of the capture of the fort, says of our assaulting line: "His army column, preceded by a single regiment, approached along the river and entered the work on that flank almost unopposed." This does a great injustice to the men guarding the left, who made it fatal to approach by the road; and not until their capture, in active defence of the work, was the road made a safer line of approach than over the parapet. The Confederate garrison of Fort Fisher might well resent this aspersion of their most stubborn defence and justly complain of the indifference of General Bragg, who had six thousand men within striking distance of our defensive line—more than twice the number of men holding that line,—in not vigorously attacking it. General Bragg reported to General Lee that "at 4 P.M., when the enemy's infantry advanced to the assault, our troops were making a heavy demonstration against the enemy's rear." Although General Bragg expended a large amount of ammunition in making this so-called "heavy demonstration," General Paine's line was maintained without the loss or injury of a single Union soldier.

I have said that the enemy plainly showed signs of weakening before 5 P.M., and that full possession of the fort only awaited the advance of the Federal troops. This

statement is supported by the report of General Whiting, who says:

"The fall both of the general and the colonel commanding the fort, one about 4 and the other about 4.30 P.M., had a perceptible effect upon the men, and no doubt hastened greatly the result, but we were overpowered, and no skill or gallantry could have saved the place, after he effected a lodgment, except attack in the rear."

"The Abstract from Return of the Expeditionary Forces, Bvet. Maj.-Gen. Alfred H. Terry, U. S. Army, Commanding, for January 10, 1865," states the aggregate of the four brigades engaged in reducing the fort, five days before the assault, to have been two hundred and fifty-seven officers and five thousand one hundred and seventy-two men. Of this number probably thirty-seven hundred took part in the assault, and at 9 o'clock P.M. thirteen hundred men under Abbott and three hundred colored troops entered the fort substantially unopposed, to secure a victory actually won four hours before. There are no records in the War Department giving the number of officers and men in the brigades commanded respectively by Curtis, Pennypacker, and Bell, or the number of men taken into action. It is estimated that the First (Curtis's) Brigade numbered nine hundred officers and men; the Second (Pennypacker's), seventeen hundred officers and men; the Third (Bell's), eleven hundred officers and men; Abbott's brigade, thirteen hundred officers and men.

The return of the casualties indicates the actual resistance met by the several brigades, which I give in the order they respectively entered the fort. Curtis's brigade, two officers and thirty-seven men killed; eighteen officers and one hundred and sixty-six men wounded; five missing: 25.33 per cent. Pennypacker's brigade, six officers and forty-five men killed; six officers and two hundred and eleven men wounded; two missing: 16.47 per cent. Bell's brigade, two officers and fourteen men killed; six officers and ninety-one men wounded; two missing: 10.04 per cent. Abbott's brigade, four men killed; two officers and twenty-one men

wounded; four missing: 2.33 per cent. The missing includes those injured beyond recognition and those buried in the sand by the explosion of a magazine after the capture.

In bestowing honors for the victory at Fort Fisher we should prominently mention the Secretary of the Navy, and the officers and men of the North Atlantic blockading squadron, who for three years had continually urged the sending of an army force to join the navy in an expedition to reduce the defences at the mouth of the Cape Fear River. Nor should we neglect prominently to associate General Grant with its capture. He organized the military force, and in spite of the first failure adhered to his purpose with unyielding persistency until the end was accomplished. The skill and labors of Admiral Porter and General Terry were fully acknowledged by the Administration and Congress, which all serving under them heartily approve.

Whatever may be the opinion of military men as to the wisdom of employing troops in throwing up breastworks inside the fort, using a greater number of men than were engaged with the enemy in close action on the parapet and the floor of the fort near the parapet—instead of sending them across the floor of the fort to the sea-face, which movement would have ended the contest in half an hour, certain it is all will acknowledge that General Ames, under whose directions these engineering operations were carried on, bore himself with coolness and courage.

The services of the gentleman who went on both expeditions in an advisory capacity, although on the first the most important action—the withdrawal of the troops from the beach—was determined upon without his opinion being asked, were briefly stated by General Terry:

“To Bvt. Brig.-Gen. C. B. Comstock, Aide-de-Camp on the staff of the Lieutenant General, I am under the deepest obligations. At every step of our progress I received from him the most valuable assistance. For the final success of our part of the operations the country is more indebted to him than to me.”

It would be unjust, as it would be ungenerous, to with-

hold from the field and company officers the warmest praise for their watchfulness in detecting every advantage afforded by the enemy and for their irresistible impetuosity and valor, which overcame obstacles as great as human skill and stubborn devotion could create, or to fail gratefully to acknowledge the services of the men in the ranks. Their steadiness, fortitude, and bravery were surpassed by no one exercising command over them. Certainly our great commander did not neglect to commend every member of the military force composing the expedition, irrespective of rank or grade, in one of the most extraordinary documents ever filed with the archives of the War Department, wherein he recommended their commander for a high position in the regular army, based solely on their services, and independent of the promotions given to Terry, Ames, Pennypacker, and Curtis in acknowledgment of their personal services.

CITY POINT, VA., January 17, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

As a substantial recognition of the bravery of both officers and men in the capture of Fort Fisher, and the important service thereby rendered to their country, I do most respectfully recommend Bvt. Maj. Alfred H. Terry, U. S. Volunteers, their commanding officer, for appointment as Brigadier General in the Regular Army.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.

A BOY AT SHILOH.

READ BY CAPTAIN CHARLES MORTON, U. S. ARMY,
OCTOBER 6, 1897.

THE battle of Shiloh was not only the first great battle in the late great war but one of the greatest in our history, and it stands second to none in modern history for its fierceness and persistent determination. It was fought without generals and, it may be said, almost without soldiers. It was armed Americans against Americans, terribly in earnest and full of fight, enfuried by a hatred that had grown out of fifty years of bitter political strife that was to be settled by a physical contest with arms. Both sides believed that upon the turn of this battle, in great measure, hung the general final result. And who, to-day, can doubt that there would have been a more speedy termination of the war, on much different terms, had our army met on this occasion total defeat, or had its victory been promptly and vigorously followed up? Though the passion and hatred that then obtained, gradually, and before the end of the war almost entirely disappeared, the battle has been fought over and over again since, in not always entirely dispassionate and harmless ink. Indeed, it has been written up from so many different standpoints, that it seems there is nothing left untold; and in such masterly ways, that any account by me would prove weak and insipid. Yet there are a few facts relating to the battle, that came under my personal observation or to my knowledge at the time, that have been barely touched upon, or not at all, in any of the numerous descriptions I have read. They seem to me all-important facts for truthful history and a better understanding of the battle.

The proper limits of a paper to be read here preclude the

possibility, were I inclined to give a full account of the battle. So, taking for granted that all of you are familiar with the general features of the engagement, I confine myself to the points on which history is silent. I have preferred to do this in a simple narrative of some of my own experience immediately preceding and during the engagement, and I desire it to be understood that I am not fully persuaded that I fought that great battle all alone on our side, nor that I can convince you now that it is to be greatly regretted that I was not in supreme command at the time. And I further trust that I will be exempt from any accusation of an egotistical desire to parade my personal prowess in the battle, when I tell you frankly in advance that the most prominent feature of my conduct was the tall running I did; and if the pronouns *I* and *we* seem conspicuous, let it be understood that it is merely for convenience of brief expression. I further take for granted that your familiarity with the battle, with what I have to say, renders unnecessary any maps or diagrams, or tiresome statistics that you will not remember.

It is necessary to commence with some preliminary details. I was a private in Company I, 25th Missouri Volunteer Infantry. It was organized immediately after the fall of Fort Sumter, as a Home Guard company, to protect Union men from oppression by secessionists, and guarded for several months the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. It was composed of Union men and boys of the southern part of Daviess and northern part of Caldwell counties of the State mentioned, and became a part of the 13th Missouri Infantry on the 25th of July 1861,—the number of the regiment being subsequently changed.

My captain was Geo. K. Donnelly, a practising physician of Kidder, Mo. He was a man of marked intelligence, great determination and energy, and a thorough, practical soldier, having served many years in the 4th U. S. Artillery, which service included the campaign from Vera Cruz to the fall of the city of Mexico, than which there is none more daring, brilliant, and successful recorded in history.

He carried the scars of five or six gunshot wounds and of a bayonet, received on the then greatest field-day of our Army, the four sweeping victories at Contreras, Churubusco, San Antonio, and the Bridge-head. These wounds took him from the service, by resignation, soon after the battle of Shiloh. He had filled every non-commissioned grade in the regular regiment, besides being a drummer and hospital steward, and he was the life and spirit in the organization and discipline of our own.

The colonel was Everett Peabody, a strikingly handsome man of massive build and commanding presence, a native of Massachusetts, a graduate from Harvard, and a civil engineer by profession, in which he had risen to considerable prominence.

Our major was James E. Powell, a captain of the 1st U. S. Infantry, a modest, cool-headed, capable, brave officer, who endeared himself to the hearts of all during the few days he was with us.

I entered the service with the company by being rated a musician, and although I was not then, and have never been since, able to torture from any instrument a musical note, I had to perform for several months the orderly duty of a musician, and thus became familiar with officers and what was transpiring at regimental headquarters. Then for some time I was in charge of collecting and distributing the mail of the regiment, and came in contact, and became pretty well acquainted, with nearly every officer and man in it. The life was new to me, and intensely interesting; the events were thrilling; I was young, and my mind was susceptible of deep and lasting impressions. Nearly every man of the original company who did not fall in battle, die of wounds or disease, or was not discharged for disability received a commission. Thus it was decimated or scattered. Soon after my discharge I was practically imprisoned for four years at West Point, and then at once ordered to New Mexico, and until recent years I have served almost continuously beyond the western frontier and have had but little or no opportunity to talk over with comrades the

incidents of this battle. Soon after I commenced to read the post-bellum accounts of it, I wrote out my own experience, and the incidents I recount to-night are taken from that narrative. Since then I have met my three brothers who were in the regiment and battle, and I asked each in turn to give me his version on certain points; and they differed materially in nothing that is in this paper. Now I have no axe to grind here, and I would detract not one iota from the name, fame, or laurels of any man. My experience has been that about all do their very best in battle; and I have no sympathy with fireside military critics, after the fact. I took the humble and insignificant part of a private soldier in the great battle, and am content with that honor, but I would like to see a full and correct account of it recorded in history.

You know that it is generally understood that our Army was completely surprised, and that the advance, or 6th Division, commanded by Gen'l Benj. M. Prentiss, fled from their beds before the enemy and most of them were captured. This is entirely incorrect. A few years since I met Col. R. T. Van Horn, Member of the House of the last Congress, and since the war editor-in-chief of the *Kansas City Journal of Commerce*. I asked him why as a literary man he did not write a detailed account of the attack and battle. He said he made his report as commander of the regiment immediately after the battle, and that it was on file in Washington. In that city, later, I asked Colonel Scott, in charge of the publication of the Rebellion Records, to let me read the report. In a large hand it covered less than a sheet of paper, written in a sacked camp, when all were tired and exhausted and the numbers of killed, wounded, and missing were not accurately known,—and it gave very few details.

The regiment was reorganized after being paroled at the siege of Lexington, and was at Benton Barracks, near St. Louis, drilling vigorously, when the news of the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson and the battle of Pea Ridge in rapid succession reached us, creating intense enthusiasm

and a burning desire on the part of all to have a hand in the work of war, so favorably begun after the long weary months of waiting—in fact, discouraging inactivity. Indeed, they were about the first substantial successes of the Union arms. None who lived at the North at the commencement of the war, surrounded by patriotic influences, can understand what the loyal people of the border slave States had to undergo and endure for their loyalty at the hands of secessionists. Our surrender at Lexington after the long and trying siege, though honorable and creditable in the eyes of the government and the people, was humiliating to the regiment itself, and it longed, not only from hatred caused by persecution, but also from a feeling of revenge, to meet the enemy in a more equal contest.

So great joy and hilarity ran through the regiment when orders came for it to move, though the men knew not whither. March 26th it was escorted by several regiments and a band through the streets of St. Louis, and boarded the steamer *Continental*. At Cairo we turned up the Ohio, and all began to smell our course and probable destination. A short stop was made at Paducah and General Prentiss and staff came on board. When we turned up the Tennessee, all knew we were bound for the heart of Dixie's land, and that song, modified to more appropriate words, was a constant refrain. When the recent captured works of Fort Henry, built to bar any such invasion, hove in sight, a prolonged and general shout rent the air. We viewed with much satisfaction the Union soldiers manning the guns as we sped by, and we gave them cheer after cheer. On we ploughed up the beautiful river, halting briefly at Savannah, the headquarters of the assembling Army, for General Prentiss and our colonel to report to Gen. C. F. Smith, for, be it remembered, that the Council of War that placed General Grant in command was not held until April 2d, practically but three days before the battle. Eight miles above we stopped at Pittsburg Landing, just at dark, March 28th. The 29th we disembarked, and Sunday, the 30th, just one week before the battle, the regiment marched

past the camps of the other troops, towards Corinth, some four miles from the Landing, and went into camp perpendicularly to the road. Within three or four days other regiments arrived, extending the line to the left, forming two brigades of the 6th Division, leaving my regiment on the right, and therefore, the first of the First Brigade. Our colonel, Peabody, commanded this brigade, and my captain, Donnelly, was detail acting assistant adjutant-general. As our first lieutenant was acting regimental quartermaster temporarily and the second lieutenant was an inexperienced boy, the Captain exercised also supervision of the company, and kept it busy in camp instruction, even giving it target practice. And, it was said, he urged that rifle-pits be made and the camp prepared for defence.

On Wednesday the 2d, a part of the regiment was sent out one-and-a-half or two miles in the direction of Corinth, on picket duty. Keeping vigilance that night I saw the heavens illuminated by the Confederate camp-fires. We were astounded at the proximity and apparently great numbers of the enemy. Our men, visiting the farm-houses near by, were warned that they ran great risk of capture, that the Confederate cavalry was scouring the neighborhood. It was thought at first that this was simply said to keep them away; but they were warned at every house.

That afternoon, Thursday, we were relieved by another detail; but the men who returned to camp on Friday afternoon, reported that no detail had relieved them, and that there was no picket whatever on that road between us and the enemy. If we were not aware of the dense ignorance of all, at that time, on military matters, particularly of practical soldiering, we could attribute this neglect only to traitorous design. There was considerable cavalry in the command, why was it not screening our camp, and even feeling the enemy in his own? Simply ignorance. We had no generals but in rank and authority. I say this not in disparagement of any who were there, but as a fact. When they learned their business, in the only school for generals, the great practical school of war, many of them won a place

among the very greatest generals the world has ever produced. The Grant and Sherman of 1864 would have relieved for utter inefficiency generals of no more skill than the Grant and Sherman at Shiloh.

On Saturday afternoon the whole 6th Division, but the camp guard, was reviewed in a field near General Prentiss's headquarters; and the rumor, afterwards confirmed, went through the camp that night that a detachment of Confederate cavalry rode up to the edge of the field and witnessed the review. At retreat, Captain Donnelly, though adjutant of the brigade, came to the company and said that the enemy was marching on the camp in force, and was within fourteen miles; there would be a battle, and he wanted to see I Company ready. He inspected the arms, equipments, and ammunition carefully, and gave instruction and advice. We were required to lie, I will not say sleep, on our arms. Whence came this information I do not know. There was no secrecy, the whole regiment anticipated a battle. Some of the officers sat up late, and others remained up all night. Among the latter was Colonel Peabody, who communicated with General Prentiss that evening, and expressed his belief that preparations should be made for an energetic defence. So accurate was his information, or correct his conviction, that during the night he ordered the two reliefs of the brigade guard not on post to patrol the front under Major Powell, field officer of the day. This developed a force believed to be the enemy's picket. As a vigilant commander, the Colonel upon getting the information sent out three companies of the regiment under Powell: B, Captain Joseph Schmitz, and E, Captain Simon S. Evans, the two companies that stormed the hospital building at Lexington; and H, Captain Hamilton Dill, a soldier of the Mexican War. They drove in the enemy's picket, and developed his main force about one and a half miles from our camp. The Colonel then sent out a part of the 21st Missouri Infantry to reinforce Major Powell's command, and in the engagement that followed Colonel Moore lost a leg.

At daybreak wounded were being brought into camp, and the companies were formed in their streets prepared for battle. No orders coming from division headquarters, Colonel Peabody ordered the "long roll" beaten, and the regiment formed in line. The alarm was taken up by regiment after regiment and spread throughout the Army. Shortly General Prentiss came riding rapidly down the line to our Colonel, jerked up his horse, and with great earnestness, if not great anger, exclaimed: "Colonel Peabody, I will hold you personally responsible for bringing on this engagement." The Colonel, with severe dignity and illy concealed contempt, answered in his clear, strong voice: "General Prentiss, I am personally responsible for all my official acts." This stormy interview was seen, if the words were not heard, by hundreds of men; and my brother Marcus, later a lieutenant of the regiment and captain in the 43d Missouri Infantry, was orderly for the Colonel at the time, and both heard and saw what occurred.

Each regiment of the brigade moved at once directly to the front to support Colonel Moore and meet the enemy in advance of our camp. The line was an echelon led by my regiment, which halted between half and three quarters of a mile out, a little in rear but considerably to the right of Colonel Moore's skirmish line.

I will digress to say that the guns of the only battery in the division had not arrived. The personnel and horses were camped on the right of the brigade. Some three fourths of a mile to the right of this gunless battery was the left of Sherman's division, its right somewhat advanced. Opposite this interval, to the front but nearer Sherman's left, was Shiloh church, a mere log country meeting-house.

To resume: The regiment was standing at rest. The skirmishing and the fact that the next regiment came up overlapping our left, causing some confusion, diverted attention in that direction. Looking to the front again, I saw, coming down a gentle slope within easy range the Confederates massed many lines deep. Reflect for one moment upon the profound ignorance of war,—two hostile

armies hunting each other without a skirmish line or advance of any kind. Lieut. Col. R. T. Van Horn, our regimental commander, gave the commands: "Attention, battalion—ready—aim—fire!" The moving mass was decimated and staggered. Its heavy loss, its very density, prevented a vigorous reply. A heavy fire was poured upon them in their deployment. But soon our men commenced to fall thick and fast. Then we sought the shelter of the trees for we were in heavy oak timber, pretty free from underbrush. This position was held until our unsupported right and left were being turned when we fell back from tree to tree, to avert being enveloped. Every step was stubbornly disputed. Our men were mostly hunters who would have scorned shooting a squirrel or wild turkey but through the head, and were cool. The "Johnnies" yelled vociferously "Bull Run, Bull Run!" and our men shouted back defiance—"Why don't you come on?" Indeed the withering fire they received at first, made them chary of pressing us, and we could hear and see the efforts of their officers urging them on. These were among the first casualties on the field, and doubtlessly the wounded and many of the killed were carried off, but the number of dead found here after the battle was appalling.

Thus we resisted the advance of the enemy until our color-line was reached. With all that was at stake before, now we had our camp to defend. Here we had had our daily dress-parades and pomp of war; now had come the circumstance. Colonel Peabody, always electrifying, was doubly so now. We were not whipped, but simply outnumbered. With a look of mortified pride but great determination on his handsome face he conjured the men to hold their ground. Pointing to the words in golden letters on our flag, he cried out: "Lexington, men; Lexington; remember Lexington!"

How long we held the enemy at bay at this line I cannot say; it is beyond the range of human skill to estimate accurately the flight of time in battle. Behind trees in the company streets, and simply tents that screened us from

sight, we kept up a constant fire. The enemy could not dislodge us. He dared not charge over the comparatively open ground between us, and for the same reason, as well as because of our disorganized condition and his vastly superior numbers, we could not charge him; but we held him at musket range, and expected momentarily support. We thought we had him permanently checked and would soon drive him back. Since the battle was on, the entire Army could have assembled on our line had it followed the simple maxim of war: "In the absence of orders, march to the sound of battle." And we longed for field guns to start him back and lamented they did not come. There was a perceptible lull in the roar of musketry at the left, and my attention was diverted from the front by a rifle-ball striking a tree and filling the right side of my neck with small pieces of oak bark. Stung by the sharp pain and enthused by seeing a dun-horse battery coming from the left at full run, I exclaimed; "We will give them hell now, a battery is coming!" My brother William had hardly finished chiding me for using such language, when it whirled into battery about two hundred yards away and opened upon us with grape and canister. Horror of horrors! Even ahead of the deafening reports of the gun came a storm of missiles screaming and shrieking through the air, ripping through tents, smashing tentpoles, knocking from the trees limbs that rained upon us, tearing up the ground, and raising a blinding dust. Crash—crash—came in rapid succession the showers of iron hail. A solid shot plunged through a tree and a shell burst in a mud bake-oven and covered us with a cloud of dust and beat us with clods and splinters. We could n't help it, we had to let go.

Could these be the guns whose reports carried the first tidings of the battle to Grant, at the breakfast-table at Savannah, twelve miles away?

Just in the rear of the line of field officers' tents, a knot of us made another stand. Here Colonel Peabody's horse passed us, riderless and stirrups flapping in the air. We knew our brave and noble Colonel had fallen. His body

was found near by after the battle, and subsequently it was sent to Springfield, Massachusetts. In the cemetery there, a monument, draped with his country's flag, bearing the words—"Lexington, Shiloh, 25th Mo. Vol. Inf'y"—all cut in marble, marks his grave—the grave of *the* hero of Shiloh,—the man whose devotion cost him his life, whose vigilance, energy, and bravery saved the Army from utter surprise and defeat and the Union cause from all the far-reaching consequences. Probably no man of our Armies, in our entire history, rendered his country at one time more valuable service, and yet, outside the few survivors of his regiment, his name is hardly known, and is unhonored and unsung.

Here this paper should properly end, for its main object is to give some of the circumstances attending the attack and shoving back of the 6th Division. But as I desire to make a few comments on, I will not say criticise, the battle, and as my story proper is not long, I will continue to presume upon your patience.

Our little party was soon approached by Captain Donnelly, the brigade adjutant, who demanded with some asperity to know why we had not obeyed the order to retire, directed us to do so, and pointed to the rear, towards Hurlbut's division, as where our division was forming. We had simply heard no orders. We soon came to an open field, and as both flanks had been turned, to turn to the right or left meant certain death or capture. We must cross the open ground. A few rods out, and whiz—whiz—whiz!—the bullets cut the air. Zip—zip—zip!—they ricocheted by our sides to the front. None hit me, but they excited wonderfully my power of propulsion, and I believe my fortune would be assured as a sprinter now, if I could only find some equally effective promoter of locomotion.

Behind a high rail fence, on low ground in dense underbrush, we found the remnants of the regiment and brigade assembled in line. Soon a terrific artillery duel commenced, from the enemy trying to shell us from the position, and we were supporting a 20-pounder battery always referred to by

the men as the "black-gun" battery (probably Welker's of the 1st Missouri). Its manipulation and manœuvring were truly marvelous, and brought forth time and again cheers that sounded above the roar of battle. As a battery or deployed by platoons, section, or pieces, it would deliver fire; and the limbers, drawn by eight strong horses, would seem to bound to the rear, cannoneers spring to their places, and fly away at breakneck speed, regardless of trees, logs, or other obstacles, to a new position. Hardly would they leave the firing point, when a grist of shot or shell would come screaming through the air to find them gone. These projectiles usually went high, playing havoc with limbs and tree-tops that showered upon us, once completely enveloping a number of men, who crawled from under amidst the laughter of all near. I saw one of the enemy's guns end-up and keel-over and other confusion caused by our guns. Meanwhile we had changed position several times, and the enemy unseen, had massed an enormous force close by. We occupied for a time a sunken road that traversed a ridge, but finally moved straight to the front in line, the centre in a dim road, Major Powell commanding, in advance of the colors but walking backwards. We were soon upon the enemy, formed in such close order as to appear simply a vast multitude. Note again no skirmishers in advance. The Major, turning to the front, saw the enemy, and realizing the critical situation, waved his sword and commanded "To the rear—march!" falling, as did also the color-bearer, from the volley we received. Sergeant Simmons rushed out and grabbed up the flag, and four or five of us dragged Major Powell away. A few hundred yards to the rear we put him in an ambulance. He enjoined us to return to the firing line and do our best, that every man was needed. He was shot in the side, and died that night, patriotic, cool, and brave to the last.

We found the firing line in the sunken road mentioned, which was about fifteen inches or more deep, affording excellent cover and good rest while firing. For a short distance to the front there was an undergrowth of hickory

and oak, not yet leaved out, so we could see and aim through it, but so dense as to conceal our line at a few yards. We held this position for hours, pouring a deadly fire upon the enemy and repulsing every attempt to dislodge us. The underbrush became wooden stubble, gnawed off by bullets. The road-bed after the battle had a carpet of paper from the cartridges we had bitten off. At the front one could walk on the enemy's dead for acres. This is literally true; and a large portion of the ground bore but charred remains, from a fire that had swept over it. Before the position was taken and many of the line captured, my ammunition being about exhausted, I found there was not in sight a face I knew. A feeling came over me I cannot describe, a dread that if I were killed no one would know what had become of me, not even my brothers or parents. I deliberately walked away. A few rods to the rear I saw the first evidence of general supervision of the battle, a wagon-load of ammunition piled by the roadside. But none of it fitted my musket. Soon I met my brother John N. also hunting the regiment, which we found a little farther on, in line across the road. It was now nearly sunset.

To show in part the desperate fighting the enemy experienced in carrying the sunken road, I will give a few extracts from the account written by Preston Johnston, son and aide-de-camp to the Confederate commanding general, who lost his life in the last charge.

"When the Confederate army reached Hurlbut's division and that of W. H. L. Wallace's, with a fragment of Prentiss's a gigantic contest began. . . . Hurlbut's men were massed in a position so impregnable and thronged with such fierce defenders, that it won from the Confederates the title of 'The Hornets' Nest.' Here, behind a dense thicket on the crest of a hill, was posted a strong force of hardy troops as ever fought. . . . For five hours brigade after brigade was led against it. Hindman's brigades, which earlier in the day had swept everything before them, were now reduced to fragments and paralyzed for the rest of the day. A. P. Stuart's regiments made fruitless assaults. Gibson's brigade was ordered by Bragg to the assault,

and made a gallant charge, but like the others recoiled and fell back with very heavy loss. Bragg ordered them again to the charge, and again they suffered a bloody repulse. This bloody affray lasted till nearly 4 o'clock P.M. without making any visible impression upon the Federal centre. . . . When General Johnston came up and saw the situation, he said to his staff; 'They are offering stubborn resistance here. I shall have to put the bayonets to them.' . . . His hat was off. His presence was inspiring as he sat on his thoroughbred bay. His voice was persuasive; his words were few. He said: 'Men, they are stubborn. We must use the bayonet.' When he reached the centre of the line he turned and said, 'I will lead you,' and moved toward the Federal lines. With a mighty shout the line moved forward at a charge. A sheet of flame and a mighty roar burst from the Federal stronghold. The Confederate line withered, but there was not an instant's pause. The crest was gained. Gen. Johnston had his horse shot in four places; his clothing was pierced with bullets and his boot-sole was cut by a minie-ball. The Federal soldiers kept up a continuous fire as they fell back on their reserves, and delivered volley after volley as they sullenly retired. A minie-ball from one of these did its fatal work. As he sat there after his wound . . . Gov. Harris returned, and finding him very pale, asked him, 'General, are you wounded?' He answered in a very deliberate and emphatic tone: 'Yes; and I fear seriously.' These were his last words."

About dark the head of Buell's army led by a brass band playing merrily patriotic airs marched upon this field of carnage. This made a deep impression upon all. After dark our shattered battalion was marched for rations inside the intrenchment constructed by Colonel Webster, and then marched out again. We had had nothing to eat all day. Though exhausted from fatigue, rain and the firing of the gunboats at short intervals all night, made sleep without shelter or blankets impossible. At dawn we were in the midst of the slain, and learned for the first time how far the enemy had turned our left, how near he had approached the Landing, and how desperate and bloody had been the contest near our base. Many of us sat upon dead horses

while we ate our breakfast of hard bread and raw bacon. Near us were six Confederate dead, killed by a single cannon-ball that had plunged through a tree.

The Army had been assembled during the night, but there was some delay in adjusting the lines. From the beginning of the battle to the finish there was an incessant booming of artillery and simply a constant roar of musketry that varied only in intensity; and our Army made continuous progress. During the first part of the day my regiment was in the second line, which was more trying than we had ever found the first. The contest was very severe about 11 o'clock, and we were hugging the ground closely, bullets cutting the brush just over us, when an officer, whose coolness and bravery excited our admiration, rode up and spoke to some of the officers. My brother William, then a sergeant, came to me and handing me his canteen, said: "Go back to the ravine and fill this and your own; and don't you come back without water." I found no water directly in the rear, and had to follow the ravine a long distance. When I returned, the regiment was gone. I simply wandered and followed the lines, making fruitless inquiries till our sacked and plundered camp was reached, late in the afternoon. In 1889, 27 years after the battle, my brother explained to me for the first time, that he overheard the officer ask what regiment it was, and say to the reply, it was just the one he wanted, that he wanted to drive the enemy from a certain position, etc. "Not believing I would live through the rush," said my brother, "nor seeing how anyone could, I thought I would try to save you." What followed this order, though interesting, is no part of this paper.

Our regimental quartermaster was in arrest for having secured in his zeal another complete uniform for the regiment, under the misunderstanding that it had none. The enormous pile of boxes (here in the field) had been emptied by our friends, the enemy. Old shoes covered the ground for a radius of a hundred yards. Not a blanket or stitch of clothing was left in our tents. I then and there

formed the resolution to wear thereafter my best clothes in battle.

The vigilance of Colonel Peabody saved the Union Army from utter surprise. He was inspired, no doubt, by his energetic adjutant, Captain Donnelly, and guided by him and Major Powell, both men of military experience. Peabody and Donnelly, like all my regiment, having lived in a slave State, and served in one nearly a year, understood the spirit, energy, enterprise, and terrible earnestness of the secessionists. When our Government resorted to war to save the Union, the South knew that failure meant the death-knell of slavery. A proud-spirited, fiery, warlike people, they threw their whole souls into the contest, and were willing to sacrifice their property and if need be their lives. The fall of Forts Henry and Donelson, and the concentration of an army at Pittsburg Landing, was turning the impregnable position of Columbus—"The Gibraltar of America," that blocked the Mississippi. It was a wedge splitting in twain the Confederacy, and lopping off the great source of supplies of its armies and people. It caused the greatest consternation and alarm and called for a spontaneous and unanimous effort of the people to hurl the invaders back, or all would be lost. A proclamation was issued to governors of states, who, in turn made passionate appeals to the people, who bent every effort in response. The invading army should be met before strengthened by the arrival of Buell. Military organizations of whatever name or nature rushed to the rescue, some of their governors accompanying them, to urge them on to victory. The Confederate generals were overwhelmed, and could not handle and organize the hordes that came pouring in, and delayed the start.

On the other hand, our Army was only a rapidly concentrated, badly organized aggregation of armed raw material. The battles at Forts Henry and Donelson had been won more by superb fighting qualities than from generalship or military skill. The necessity that placed General Grant in command on the eve of battle, was

“swapping horses in the middle of the stream,” and gave him no time to compass the situation. The almost absolute necessity that no battle should be fought before the arrival of Buell’s army seemed to forbid scouting or anything that might appear aggressive. Ignorance of the resources, energy, and enterprise of the enemy lulled our commanders into fancied security. The day before the battle, the day the enemy arrived within two-and-a-half miles of camp and delayed attack till morning only to have more daylight, General Grant sent this official report: “I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, but will be prepared should such a thing take place.”

The regiments to compose this Army had not all arrived. Prentiss’s Third Brigade was still on the steamers. Divisions were not camped within supporting distance; and there were wide gaps in the same line. Our left, due in part to the non-arrival of Prentiss’s other brigade, was too far from the river and unsupported. Indeed, it was never expected that a battle would be fought at Shiloh. The concentration of troops had been so rapid that officers were entirely unacquainted and did not know what regiments were to the right or left. Many regiments wore uniforms furnished by their State; and some of them were mistaken in the battle for the enemy, and *vice versa*. There was a great variety of small-arms and artillery; and troops became paralyzed from want of proper ammunition alone; and some regiments had never loaded their arms before the battle. In fact, there had been no proper training, and there was no system. The only soldierly quality present was a desire to fight.

The battle was simply a series of fierce combats. So many brigade and regimental commanders fell, and their successors knew so little as to what orders had been received, or whence they came, that the reports simply defy a tangible connection for an accurate account of the struggle. The Confederate Army with its great bulk at the front, struck our short lines and enveloped them, so they had to give way or be captured.

But they would not yield a step without determined

resistance. They would then fall back upon fresh troops, or take a strong position and repulse assault after assault, and the ground was particularly favorable for such fighting. The enemy fought to conquer or to fall; and they fell by thousands. As the strength of the Confederate forces will never be known, from their very conglomeration, and lack of returns, so, too, will never be known the number of their countless dead upon that sanguinary field. The number must have been largely in excess of our own, which, God knows, was horrible enough. Companions, no people can be true to themselves who send untrained the flower of their youth to such wanton slaughter. Had our Government maintained at moderate expense a reasonably-sized army, it could have reinforced promptly the garrison at Fort Sumter, and other points, and nipped the rebellion in the bud. Our political questions would have been settled without bloodshed and thousands of millions of treasure and half a million of lives would have been saved; and incalculable suffering and misery averted. None like the old soldier, knows the real cost and horrors of war. Then let us, a band of old soldiers and patriots devoted to our country, keep impressed upon the people that if we would avert the cost and horrors of war, we simply have to be always prepared for one.

AT THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM WITH THE EIGHTH OHIO INFANTRY.

READ BEFORE THE COMMANDERY BY FIRST LIEUTENANT
THOMAS F. DE BURGH GALWEY, U. S. VOLS.,
DECEMBER 1, 1897.

I INTEND in this paper to relate only that which fell within the range of my own personal experience or observation at the battle of Antietam, and I have prepared it chiefly because I deem it a duty for every active participant in important events of the Civil War to put on record what he remembers that may be of value to the future historians of that struggle.

Considered without regard to the strategy of the campaign of which it formed a part, the Battle of Antietam was a drawn battle; but considered merely as a fight it was one of the fiercest and most persistent of modern times, and one of the fairest of the whole war. For the numbers really opposed were altogether practically about even, and as to advantages of position there was not on the whole much preponderance on either side. When I speak of the numbers I am aware that it is easy to misunderstand the battle, if one follows some of the written accounts, because of the queer arithmetic, or vanity, or whatever motive, or means, it may be, that has, in some of these accounts, juggled with the estimate of numbers engaged. I say *engaged*, and it is just as well to keep in mind the simple fact that, ordinarily speaking, battles are fought not by those who are merely *present* at the fight but that are *present in* the fight. Now, at Antietam, though our army was probably more numerous than the Confederate army, there were thousands of our troops who were within range of the Confederate artillery

and yet did not fire a shot in all that long day. I am not criticising the battle; merely describing what I saw. The men who did not fight, or a large proportion of them, would have fought as well as those that did, but, through no fault of theirs, they were not taken into the fight, or history might have had to be differently written.

The 8th Ohio Infantry was a part of Kimball's brigade, of French's division, of Sumner's Second Corps. Generally this brigade consisted of four regiments that began their field service in July, 1861, in the West Virginia campaign of that summer, the 4th Ohio, 8th Ohio, 14th Indiana, and 7th (West) Virginia. Their first brigade commander was General B. F. Kelley (a native West Virginian). Under him, in October, 1861, they assaulted Romney, a mountain fastness, and captured it, with many prisoners, twelve pieces of artillery, and the entire wagon-train of the enemy, an achievement that met recognition in a congratulatory order from General Winfield Scott, said to have been the old man's last official order. Then they became the First Brigade of that newly organized division, which, under General Lander, made the famous retreat from Romney in January, 1862, in the midst of a dreadful storm, alternating between snow and rain and frost, in which Stonewall Jackson was outwitted, and many of his men perished with the cold. Lander being then succeeded by General James Shields, the command of the brigade fell to Nathan Kimball, Colonel of the 14th Indiana, and afterwards brigadier-general. It was Shields's division which at Kearntown, near Winchester, in March, 1862, inflicted upon Stonewall Jackson a square and unmistakable defeat, the only defeat in genuine fight ever suffered by the great Confederate, who was pursued after the battle and attacked by Shields day after day without respite, until the Washington people, believing Jackson to have been driven beyond need of further attention, sent Shields with the division to Fredericksburg to join McDowell, there, still ragged and barefoot from their long and arduous campaigning, to pass in review before President Lincoln, in

humorous contrast with the tailor-made uniforms and varnished bootees of McDowell's other divisions; only to be sent back in hot haste, still in rags and unshod, to meet Jackson again, now victorious over Banks, and to begin once more the work of hunting the Virginian up the Shenandoah Valley. That done, for some mysterious reason, never fully or satisfactorily explained, Shields was retired from the command, the division was broken up, and Kimball's brigade was sent to the Peninsula to join the main body of the Army of the Potomac, and shortly was attached to the Second Corps and there remained to the end. At the Battle of Antietam the 4th Ohio was absent, but a new regiment, that had never been under fire, the 132d Pennsylvania, was attached to the brigade.

The Second Corps became engaged between eight and nine o'clock on the morning of September 17th. It had been in bivouac on the eastern side of Antietam Creek, near the Keedysville road, since the 15th, when it had come from Turner's Gap in the South Mountain range, the day after the battle there. But the whole corps did not go in at once. During the night orders were received in my regiment to be under arms at three o'clock ready to move, but we did not move until seven, and by that time the fighting seemed already to be well under way beyond the high ground north of Sharpsburg. French's division in column of fours—or, as we used to say then, in "four ranks,"—Max Weber's brigade leading, then Morris's, then Kimball's marched back on the Keedysville road and then filed off to the left down-hill to the creek and forded it, waist-deep just where Sedgwick's division had crossed before us.

As second-sergeant of the left company of the regiment I was the last of my regiment on this short march to the creek. Just behind came the 132d Pennsylvania, and its colonel's horse was close upon my heels. That colonel himself was discussing in a serious way with his adjutant, who rode beside him, the chances of coming out of the battle unscathed, all of which was mimicked by a little fellow of my company, a man of wild and lawless ante-

cedents—the colonel's pious contention that one must do his duty under all circumstances and then leave the rest to the Providence of God, and so forth, being jeered at by the scamp, who ended his mockery by swearing, in the profane style that was his habit, that the bullet was not yet moulded that would do him harm. And that was true, for later in the day he was to fall in an ugly heap, the top of his skull cut clear off by a fragment of shell from the Dunker Church, and the Pennsylvania colonel was also to be among the slain of that day. A few hundred yards beyond the ford, Weber's brigade halted long enough to close up its lengthened ranks, then faced to the left and advanced in line of battle, and Morris's and Kimball's brigades did the same as they successively reached the same point. And thus French's division moved forward into action, in three parallel lines of battle, separated from each other by a distance of about two hundred yards.

We moved in quick time and our course at first was through a fine open oak wood. The wood was full of stragglers and there were some dead, and many wounded were passing our right towards the rear. We moved in very good order in spite of the trees, but when we emerged from the wood we came upon rolling ground strewn with huge boulders and masses of rock, witnesses of the glacial epoch so dear to the geologist.

Sedgwick's division was already a good while engaged and the smoke of their fighting was rising white and thick off to our right front and perhaps a mile or more away. It was to be for our side a day of fighting by detail. To our front Weber's and Morris's brigades were in view advancing in good style. We saw a few hundred yards ahead of us a cluster of farm buildings, an apple orchard just beyond, and beyond that again a slight but distinct ridge with a depression through it, and on the upward slope from the depression a cornfield clear to the farther crest of the ridge, and reaching out to our right of the farm buildings, which were known as Roulette's, another cornfield. To our left front, farther on than Roulette's houses and

detached on this side of the ridge, was a considerable eminence, which seemed to overlook all the land in sight, and this and the ridge formed for us just then, and for most of French's division during the entire battle, the background of the picture, above which were the blue sky and the fleecy clouds of that bright and warm September day.

This is probably not a description that will fit in with a topographical map leisurely drawn by surveyors, but it is the picture that then was formed upon the retina of my young eye and became fixed in my memory, as we saw Weber's regiments, which had now passed beyond the orchard and were near the foot of the low crest that runs along this side of the depression, breaking up into small groups, and a line of Confederates in butternut, with red-looking flags, advancing from the depression, over the low crest, upon Weber's men and firing into them. Just then there came in from the right, from behind where Sedgwick was engaged, the shattered remnant of another Ohio regiment that belonged to Mansfield's Corps.

The colonel of the 8th Ohio at this time was Samuel Sprigg Carroll, who died about three years ago in his home in Washington, a major-general on the retired list of the army. But at this time he was detached from us, in command of another brigade, and was not to return to us until after the Battle of Fredericksburg, where Kimball was disabled by a severe wound. Carroll was a great fighter; one of the best in the Army of the Potomac. But he was also a fine tactician, not only on the drill-ground but also, and more particularly, under fire and in the crises of battle. In the times that tried men's souls, and God knows this brigade often experienced such times, Carroll was not only in the midst of it but could be seen by all of the brigade whenever there was stress of fighting, and every officer and man knew that Carroll would see him. But if Kimball was not a tactician, he had heart and grit and intelligence. He made us a little speech at Roulette's farm, the substance of which was, "Boys, we are going for the 'Johnnies' now, and we 'll stay with them all day if necessary!"

We sprang to our feet from the ground where we had halted and moved forward, halting again, but for a moment or two only, in the orchard, to unsling our knapsacks, which we left on the grass there under the trees.

On our left was a road running towards the ridge. As we pressed on, we were ordered to wheel slightly to the left so as to come in on our left of Weber's line, and we struck obliquely, therefore, upon this road, which was enclosed on both sides by neatly painted board-rail fences, that had to be climbed, as there was not time to pull them down. Being the extreme left-hand man of the front rank of the 8th Ohio I was the first to reach each of these fences successively and thus rose twice into undesirable prominence for a mere second-sergeant. Two or three days before I had drawn a new haversack, and that style of haversack, as you know, was made with a strap long enough for a seven-footer, so that I had "taken in the slack" with a big knot. When I struck the first of these fences my little store of "hard-tack," salt pork, coffee, etc., was in its place, but as I was straddling the top of the second fence a whir like a bumble-bee's flitted past my ear, and a weight fell from my shoulder. Some so-called sharp-shooter had missed me, but his bullet had cut the big knot of my haversack strap and thus parted me from my rations forever. On account of our slight left wheel my own company had nearly all passed over to our left of this road by the time we arrived at the first crest of the ridge, while the rest of the regiment extended out to the right, to the right of that being the 14th Indiana.

At this time, somewhere about nine in the morning, Kimball's brigade was in compact line of battle in two ranks, so far as the right wing of the brigade—the 14th Indiana and the 8th Ohio. The left wing was all to our left of this road; the 7th (West) Virginia somewhat "refused," or bent back to the rear, though it was afterwards, I believe (I do not remember when or how) shifted altogether from the left flank, while the 132d Pennsylvania was placed in echelon in rear of the left flank. This formation was adopted

because there were no troops of ours on our left then, nor for some time afterwards.

As we came up the Confederates fell very quickly back, and disappeared down into an old rain-worn lane that ran along through the depression in the ridge. This is the famous "Sunken (or 'Bloody') Lane," out of which after the battle the bodies of several hundreds of Confederate dead were removed by our men, for burial. We halted upon the slight crest upon which we had first seen the Confederates appear in their attack upon Weber's men. We had a plunging fire into the lane, which looked to us then like a mere ditch and was distant about fifty or sixty yards. The lane came down from higher ground from the direction of the Dunker church towards our right front, and in front of us seemed to be at its lowest, and then to rise slightly again in the other direction, towards our left front. At our left front a zigzag rail fence ran from the lane at right angles up the slope, on our left of the cornfield there, the cornfield being directly in front of us. When we first reached this position on the slight crest, that corn was standing and of about the height of a man and would partially conceal troops in it, if they would keep down or remain still.

You will pardon me for being particular about some of these details. There is much dispute in most of the printed accounts as to what troops of both sides were engaged in the neighborhood of the Sunken Lane. The author of what is perhaps the best known account from the Federal side, General Palfrey, in his work *The Antietam and Fredericksburg* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882), seems to regard the Sunken Lane as a great puzzle, and, if I mistake not, it has not yet, after all these years, been determined precisely what Confederate troops took part in the fighting at this point.

We thought the Confederates in taking refuge in that lane had put themselves into a sort of trap, for the ground behind them, on which the corn grew, was a steep rise, and, though we could see that they had reinforcements in that

corn, there appeared to be hesitation among them. We halted where we did without orders, just as all troops advancing under fire will do when they come to a slight swell in the ground, a fence, a ditch, or any other temporary advantage for a firing line. We had no orders to halt, it is true, but it is also true that, not at least for some time after, did we have an order to go on. At all events, we settled down right there on the grass, our men bestowing themselves as best they could to fire most effectively sitting, kneeling, or lying down. There were Confederate battle-flags at intervals in the Sunken Lane, six or seven, I think, along our front at one time, and more in the cornfield behind, indicating, I suppose, just so many regiments. The fence on this side of the lane had been pulled down and the rails were piled up along this edge. On the other side of the lane the fence, a common snake or zigzag fence, was still standing at first, but later on I recollect noticing that it was nearly all down.

It is almost certain that for a very short while after our arrival we could have carried the lane and the slope beyond by a dash, for the Confederates in the lane manifested no disposition to attack. It was only rarely that a head could be seen above the pile of rails, though on the several occasions within the first hour when our men, by their own impulse rather than by any concerted action, or authoritative command, rose from their recumbent firing positions and fixed bayonets to charge, the Confederates showed themselves plainly enough and met us with a murderous fire. It was about this time that I noticed that the Confederates in the cornfield were no longer visible; perhaps they had withdrawn. But the minutes slipped by and the good opportunity was gone.

It is difficult to take account of time in the heat of battle—minutes may seem like hours, or hours like minutes. But it was not very long until it looked as if it might be a question whether we could hold the ground which we had so easily taken but had already lost so severely to keep. Down over the crest and through the tall corn we saw what

was probably a brigade, several lines—five or six according to my observation and recollection—each with its battle-flag, descending into the lane and there disappearing for a small fraction of time. Then the musketry from the lane, which had been intermittent before, broke out into a loud roar, and from that on until the end the fighting at this point was, with a few intervals, steady and destructive.

During all the time of this fight at the Sunken Lane my company were mostly perched upon a little knoll to the left, as I have before described it, of the road running to the lane. Just across to the right of the road, and a little to the front of the fence that ran along there, and gave, as it were, the general alignment to the 8th Ohio, were two or three trees, and under these trees, but in front of their trunks, the two stands of colors of the regiment were for those three hours or more waved by their bearers, both members of my company, both exceedingly brave and daring men, and neither of them was so much as hit upon that day, despite their long continued and most conspicuous exposure of themselves, though the colors they bore were shot through and through many times. I can see another sergeant of my company even now, as I fancy, kneeling upon the grass on the farthest-out point of the knoll, loading and firing with slow and grim humor. The blood from an ugly flesh-wound trickled down and reddened the powder grime on his face, but he paid no heed to the advice to keep back a little out of sight and only relaxed from his careful loading and firing to take now and then a fresh chew of tobacco. My captain was off to the right for a good part of the time acting as major, and both of our lieutenants were by this time mortally hurt; one killed outright, the other carried off to die in lingering pain at the rear. The heads of white clover were quivering in the grass about me and when I exclaimed to one of my men, "See the crickets jump!" he thought I was joking and burst out laughing, and I very soon perceived that the crickets were bullets.

I have read somewhere a Confederate account of the battle in which it is said that "one thin line of Confederates

without reinforcements held the Sunken Lane all that morning against the Yankees." But that is mere Southern romance. Besides the reinforcements I have mentioned, at least once again that morning more Confederates came down through the cornfield and disappeared into the lane. And another point I wish to make while I am at it: later on, when we ascended that cornfield, as I shall describe, the cornstalks were nearly all trodden down. But let that pass for the moment. It was a mystery to us at the time, and has been ever since, how such numbers as we saw come down the slope could be disposed of in that lane, not to speak of those who occupied the lane when we first arrived. The great numbers of dead in the lane will partly explain it, it is true. Hundreds perhaps ran away, wounded or not; during all those hours there was not a moment that I could not see numbers of men hastening away up through that cornfield, and there was an almost unbroken string, of men, in single file, for nearly all that time running along up by the zigzag fence. Some of these, perhaps a considerable proportion, were wounded; some limped, some crawled, many who were probably not wounded actually leaped. The men of my company at least abstained from firing at those that seemed to be wounded. And then my regiment, as described presently, took about three hundred prisoners. But after all these allowances, the mystery of that awful Sunken Lane still seems unexplained.

There was a time when a sudden lull occurred in the Confederate fire from the lane, and then at one moment we saw perhaps a dozen little white squares rise above the fence-rails; whether they were white handkerchiefs (a luxury hardly to be expected then and there) or the white cotton haversacks used by the Confederates, we could not distinguish. This was up the lane and rather opposite the right wing of my regiment, and the 14th Indiana perhaps. It seemed to mean desire for surrender and our brigade line advanced, and it was at this time that the three hundred prisoners referred to above were scooped in by the right of my regiment; just how I do not know, though I remember

well seeing the great crowd of long, lank North Carolinians going off to the rear a few minutes after under the guard of Captain Miller and his company of the 8th Ohio. It was quickly plain that though there might be some in the lane who wished to surrender these were in the minority, for we met a musketry fire so rapid and well aimed that we all unfixed bayonets and backed up step by step until we were on the old ground, where we dropped down again and resumed our fire as before.

The waving of the battle-flags on the opposing lines was a feature that struck me more at Antietam than any where else in the war. Perhaps the first man killed on the Union side at Antietam was a color-bearer of my regiment, who was struck by a cannon-shot while holding his colors in the line at the opening of the sudden Confederate cannonade on the morning of the 16th, while we were drawn up in columns of brigades closed in mass, and out of sight, as we supposed, from the enemy's artillery. The vacancy was instantly sought for and obtained by a young corporal of my company as "a soft snap," and during all those terrible morning hours in front of the Sunken Lane he and another of my company, carrying the two colors of the regiment, were from first to last constantly visible to the enemy, sometimes kneeling or sitting down, but a good portion of the time standing up on their two feet and untiringly waving the colors to and fro, a threat to the enemy and an encouragement to their comrades. But there was a Confederate battle-flag that was just as persistently waved, though not for so long perhaps. For about two hours at least it waved at the angle where the zigzag rail fence ascended the slope from the lane, opposite to but somewhat to our left of the position of my company on the knoll. I do not remember that its bearer was once in our sight; he probably kept close to the ground in the corner of the fence. Time and again a group of my company would aim together and pull trigger at the base of the flag-staff and now and again that flag would go down, with a triumphant war-whoop on our part. But it always rose again, sometimes

after an interval, and my last recollection connected with it is that it was still waving.

For what seemed like an hour after our arrival on the ground, we were all alone. We could look far to the rear, but no Union troops were in sight and we were now sadly in need of some relief. Our numbers were reduced; our ammunition was running low. Our men had all begun with sixty rounds, and now they endeavored to economize their cartridges and to gather more from the cartridge-boxes on the ground belonging to the dead or wounded.

Richardson's division at length came up on our left and the Irish brigade of that division came into close touch with us, the orderly sergeant of the right company of the 88th New York, kneeling down, I remember, just at my left shoulder and banging away at the enemy. He was a red-headed, red-bearded man, and the whole circumstance is impressed on my mind from the fact that he put his hand into the haversack of a dead Confederate whose body lay on the grass in front of both of us and took therefrom a bag of coffee, which he kept for himself, handing to me a bag of sugar, which I accepted, only to recollect that my haversack had been shot away, and so I gave the sugar to another.

The Confederate artillery off towards the Dunker church had found our line with their shots and were enfilading us from right to left. Hard-pressed men will always complain, and our men then complained that there was no artillery support for Kimball's brigade. Many times I heard a curse because no battery had yet been run up to the commanding eminence that I mentioned as to the left and slightly to the rear of our line. Later on Pleasonton put one of his horse batteries up there, but by that time *our* struggle was nearly at an end.

But as the sun approached its noon height how the heavens did ring with the peal of artillery and the roar of musketry, and we knew by the din, and by the yelling and cheering of troops out of sight, that the fighting was fierce elsewhere, as with us.

Noon came and went and we had not yet made head-

way, though many times we fixed bayonets, dressed our line as well as we could, and rushed towards the lane, but at each of these efforts the Confederates rose from their cover and drove us back to our old position by their killing rain of musket-balls. Our solid line of battle had now become reduced to a mere thin line of skirmishers; the rest of our comrades lay about us on the grass wounded or dead or had gone disabled to the rear. It seemed as if we could not endure it much more. We *must* go forward, or else altogether abandon the ground. To our rear was nothing, and Richardson's division had moved and left nothing on our left.

It was about this time that the captain of my company appeared from the right, passing the order along the line as he approached, "Fix bayonets! Battalion, forward, right wheel, double quick," and the word of execution, "March!" he spoke as soon as he reached us on the knoll.

Whether Captain Kenny originated that order or merely communicated it from another, I never knew. I know he was the only one that gave it to us, or to any of the regiment that I ever heard, and I know that, though not an educated man, he must have inherited the instincts of a race of warriors, and that he had a natural aptitude for tactics; and, like Samuel Sprigg Carroll (and the two men, so different in many respects and so alike in others, were much attached to each other), it was when face to face with the enemy that his aptitude as a tactician showed to the best advantage. The Confederates had broken through the line to the right of the 14th Indiana, and into the corn-field there.

It was a good thing for us to have a voice of command that we could hear, and the order was obeyed at once. It seemed like merely a hop, skip, and jump till we were at the lane, and into it, the Confederates breaking away in haste and fleeing up the slope. What a sight was that lane! I shall not dwell on the horror of it; I saw many a ghastly array of dead afterwards, but none, I think, that so affected me as did the sight of the poor brave fellows in

butternut homespun that had there died for what they believed to be honor and a righteous cause.

We clambered forward up the steep slope, on the trodden stalks, wheeling, as we went, to the right, until a mere group of us, at the left of the line, stood upon the crest of that ridge and saw just below a farmhouse, and, beyond that, Sharpsburg.

Our right wheel was intended to be an attack upon the right flank of those Confederates who were advancing into the cornfield to our right of the orchard and Roulette's farm buildings. But we were now evidently too weak for the work cut out for us; before we had completed the wheel, the right of our brigade had begun to fall back towards those buildings, and the withdrawal extended towards the right of the 8th Ohio and we could see the Confederates pouring over through the cornfield towards our right rear, a force of them stringing themselves out along a wall, from which they were firing into the remnant of Kimball's brigade that was passing them in retreat.

We had but three or four cartridges apiece, and we numbered fifty or sixty, those of us who were still on the crest, and we started back in a huddle, but slowly, and then, stretching out in single file, we went back by the same road which my company had crossed obliquely about four hours before, and kept ourselves, as well as we could, close to the still standing fence on the side towards the enemy. They peppered us unmercifully and gibed and mocked us in our humiliation as we who had shortly before believed ourselves within reach of victory crouched and slunk down that lane.

We turned into the road behind Roulette's barn and threw ourselves upon the ground where the rest of the brigade had gathered and were getting their second wind and receiving fresh ammunition. A brigade of the Sixth Corps (a Vermont brigade we then understood) was just then moving into the cornfield on our right with full cartridge-boxes, and they quickly put a check to the Confederate advance there.

It was while standing about at our ease at Roulette's barn that I got an effective lesson in the beauty of politeness. I had stepped forward to sit down in a part of a stone wall where the upper stones had fallen out, but, as I did so, another man moved in the same direction with the same intent. While we were both, in an impulse of self-denial and good nature, each bowing to the other to take the seat, a Confederate twelve-pound round shot struck the smooth spot that we had both picked out, and, ricochetting off, landed on a low ridge to our right rear, in the midst of an advancing column of fours of the Sixth Corps, throwing the dust far up into the air and leaving an opening among the files.

Early in the afternoon we were placed in position in a ravine that led towards the right from Roulette's barn, and there lay down behind the fence to the rear of the cornfield as a support for the Sixth Corps troops there engaged, and for the rest of the day took our share of such of the Confederate projectiles as missed the brave, stanch, ever reliable Sixth Corps men.

Before I close, I desire to say that my account is in some respects probably in conflict with a good deal that has been printed with regard to the part of the battle of Antietam in question. Yet it should be said that most of the printed accounts are curiously vague as to what was done by Kimball's brigade. No doubt, however, the board appointed by the War Department, under authority of Congress, to mark out on the Antietam battle-field the positions of the various commands will clear up many obscure points. But I deem it my duty in the interest of the truth of history to dissent to some extent from the account of Antietam by General Palfrey to which I have referred. General Palfrey, it appears, was wounded early in the forenoon, and, being of Sedgwick's Division, could not in any case have had personal knowledge of what he describes concerning French's Division. I will quote one passage. Here it is (page 94):

There is no doubt that French's division did some very severe

fighting, and met and repulsed successive attacks on its left, front, and right, but *it did not succeed in driving the Confederates out of the old road.*

[By the "old road" General Palfrey, as he elsewhere explains, means what is generally called the Sunken (or Bloody) road or lane.]

The smartest push made by the Confederates was on Kimball's left, and Kimball's losses were very heavy, amounting to about seven hundred out of about fourteen hundred in three of his regiments, the 8th Ohio, 132d Pennsylvania, and 14th Indiana. . . . Their gallant fighting did not accomplish much, as Federal and Confederate accounts agree that they finally took position behind the crest of a hill which looked down upon the old road. The Confederates had great advantage of position, as the old road and the rails piled before it placed them, as it were, in a fort, and they got some guns into a place from which they were able to partially enfilade the line.

So far General Palfrey.

As I think I have shown, the position of the 8th Ohio, at least, was not *behind* the crest, but *upon* it, that of my own company (Co. B) on a knoll somewhat above the crest. I have shown also that we drove out of the Sunken Road all the Confederates who were not dead or unable to escape. As to what was accomplished by the fighting of Kimball's Brigade, I do not believe that any one is competent to say. But to say that it "*did not accomplish much*" is certainly unreasonable, as will appear to any one who, with some knowledge of the facts, attempts to answer this question: "What would have been the result if Kimball's men had *not* fought gallantly all the forenoon at the battle of Antietam?"

A BOY'S EXPERIENCE AT VICKSBURG.

READ BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL FREDERICK D. GRANT,
LATE U. S. ARMY, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.

I HAVE always appreciated the good fortune which enabled me to be with my father and his able lieutenants in the field during our great struggle for national existence, and to see for myself the men and the events that made so famous the chapters of our history for the years from 1861 to 1865.

In March, 1863, while I was at school at Covington, Ky., my father gave his consent to my joining him at Young's Point, near Vicksburg. I was stimulated to haste by my desire to possess myself of a beautiful Indian pony which Colonel Bowers, of father's staff, had provided especially for me.

Arriving at Young's Point, I found my father's headquarters on a steamboat at the levee. I also found my precious pony, had him saddled and bridled immediately, and joined my father on a trip of inspection to the canal. Here he found that the enemy was throwing up fortifications on the opposite side of the river, which so commanded the canal that its use would be impracticable. We returned to headquarters, stopping for consultation with several generals on the way. Here I first saw General Sherman, for whom my father had such unbounded admiration. Later, father went on board Admiral Porter's flag-ship, the *Benton*, for a consultation with his naval coadjutor. I accompanied him, but on board, the Admiral, doubtless remembering the old saying that "little pitchers have long ears," called a man to show me all over the ship,—everywhere but in the cabin. Not then appreciating the reasons

for this special courtesy, I enjoyed my explorations very much. It was during my absence that my father proposed the passage of the Vicksburg batteries.

The transports were protected with bales of hay and cotton packed around the boilers; calls were made for volunteers to man the boats; and the troops were reviewed. The call for boat crews was most eagerly responded to, especially by the men of General Logan's division. Some of the men advanced the most extraordinary reasons for being selected for the service, and their courage and persistency seemed truly marvellous to me. Col. W. S. Oliver's 8th Missouri regiment volunteered almost *en masse*.

On the 16th of April, 1863, General Grant and Admiral Porter held a final consultation. About 10 P.M. all lights were put out, and the fleet started down the river. Suddenly a rocket went up from the shore; a cannon blazed forth from Warrenton; and a shot passed directly in front of our boat. We stopped; a lurid flame sprang up from a house at De Soto, opposite Vicksburg, then another on the river front, and soon fires were burning along the whole front of the city, and the river was lighted as if by sunlight. Six gunboats, looking like great black turtles, followed by three fragile transports, moved directly toward the Confederate batteries, which now opened fire. The *Benton* and the other gunboats responded, and, steaming up near the city, sent shot and shell pouring into Vicksburg. The transports kept over toward the Louisiana shore, and one—the *Henry Clay*—was set on fire by a red-hot shell, and burned to the water's edge. The people of Vicksburg lined the hills and manifested great excitement. On board our boat my father and I stood side by side on the hurricane deck. He was quietly smoking, but an intense light shone in his eyes. The scene is as vivid in my mind to-night as it was then to my eyes, and will remain with me always.

As soon as our fleet passed the batteries, and firing had ceased, father's boat steamed back to Milliken's Bend. The first step of the great campaign had been successfully accomplished.

A few days later I accompanied my father, with eight officers of his staff and an escort of twenty cavalymen, on a ride of thirty miles, to visit McClernand at New Carthage. It was a hard day's journey. At the crossing of a slough, where there was but a narrow bridge, my father made one of his daring leaps, putting his horse at the opposite bank, which he just managed to reach. The rest of us preferred to wait our turn at crossing by the bridge, over which a wagon train was slowly passing. We remained that night at New Carthage, my father spending the time conversing with McClernand. The following day we returned to Milliken's Bend.

From there father moved to the head of the army, which now had advanced to Hard Times. The problem now presented itself of getting the troops across the Mississippi River.

On the 29th of April our gunboats steamed down to Grand Gulf, and engaged the enemy's batteries for about five hours. Father was on board a little tug which moved about amid the fleet. I had kept close to him and saw all that was going on. After a trip to the Louisiana shore we went on board the *Benton*, and as we entered the port-hole I was sickened with the scenes of carnage. Admiral Porter had been struck on the back of the head with a fragment of shell, and his face showed the agony he was suffering, but he planned a renewal of the conflict for that night, in order to permit our transports to run past the Confederate batteries. During this interview with the Admiral he asked me if I wanted to stay with him, and suggested that I might fill the place of a gunner he had lost. The scene around me dampened my enthusiasm for naval glory, so I replied: "I do not believe that papa will allow me to serve in the navy."

Our troops now moved down the western bank of the Mississippi, to De Shroon's plantation, where the negroes turned out to welcome us with great rejoicing, deeming us the messengers of the Lord, bringing them freedom.

The following day, April 30, we went on board the

General Price, formerly a Confederate ram, and moved down to where Bruinsburg had stood. Not a house was to be seen; fire had destroyed the whole town. The crossing of the troops continued vigorously, and, tired of watching them, I fell asleep on deck. Awaking the next morning I found my father had gone to the front, and the sound of cannon announced the progress of a battle. General Lorenzo Thomas told me that father had given strict orders that I should not be allowed to go ashore, but he finally permitted me to join a party in chasing a rabbit on the land, and I took advantage of that permission to push my investigations over the hills. I fell in with a wagon train and secured a ride on a mule; and after going some distance in that way I joined a battery of artillery on its way to the front, and later followed a passing regiment,—the 7th Missouri, which was soon in battle. Presently my father appeared. My guilty conscience so troubled me that I hid from his sight behind a tree. Within a short time a mighty shout announced the victory of our troops, and the horrors of a battle field were brought vividly before me. I joined a detachment which was collecting the dead for burial, but, sickening at the sights, I made my way with another detachment, which was gathering the wounded, to a log house which had been appropriated for a hospital. Here the scenes were so terrible that I became faint and ill, and, making my way to a tree, sat down, the most woe-begone twelve-year-old lad in America.

Soon an approaching horseman hailed me with a shout: "Why, hello, is that really you?" The horseman was an orderly from my father's escort, and dismounting he proceeded to make me comfortable, putting down his saddle for a pillow, and advising me to go to sleep. This I did, but my sleep was broken by dreams of the horrors I had witnessed. Suddenly I heard the orderly cry out, "Look here! your your father has come." About fifty yards off sat my father drinking coffee from a tin cup. I went to him, and was greeted with an exclamation of surprise, as he supposed I was still on board the boat. In after years he often

told the story of my following him to the battle of Port Gibson, with more interest and satisfaction than he manifested to me at that time.

The next morning the burning question was that of transportation. Horses were scarce, but I succeeded in getting a mount. Two enormous white artillery horses had been captured the day before. I secured one of them, and Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, the other. Mr. Dana, however, had the advantage of riding the horse with saddle and bridle; I had to content myself with improvising a harness made of a clothes-line and the tree of a side-saddle without stirrups. Badly equipped as I was, many others were worse off in the beginning of the campaign. At any rate, the sight of a small boy on the big white horse made some sport on the road for the soldiers I passed or those who passed me.

At Port Gibson General Logan came to see father, who complimented him highly on his operations of the previous day. On leaving General Logan turned to me and said, "Come, my boy, and I will show you the prettiest fight you will ever see." We went down to the lower suspension bridge, to secure the crossing as my father had ordered.

I returned to Port Gibson, and, finding that my father had left, I followed the troops which were crossing the bayou. I rode on quite a distance, and then, stopping at a house where some officers were sleeping on a porch, I crawled in for a nap between two of them. They awoke, and "said things," but when I mentioned my name one of them—Colonel (afterward General) Sanborn—welcomed me kindly and lent me part of his overcoat for a pillow. Becoming very cold toward dawn, I went indoors, found a bed with two occupants, and crept in between them. I slept well, but by daylight I found that my bedfellows were two large negroes. Somehow I had thought that the room seemed close.

It was now the 3d of May and I found my father at the North Fork, watching the crossing of the troops. Finding that I was lame from the falling of my horse the day before,

father, who was ever kind and thoughtful, insisted that I should take his mount, a horse belonging to Gen. A. J. Smith. All of father's horses were at this time on the other side of the Mississippi. We moved toward Hankinson's Ferry. At the forks of the road it became necessary to clear away a body of the enemy's troops. With slight loss and the capture of some prisoners this was accomplished, and we moved into Grand Gulf. Here we found our old friend the *Benton* and the gallant admiral, who welcomed us most cordially. He gave father a bundle of despatches, including one from General Banks, who said that he could not reach Port Hudson as soon as he had expected, and that he would have fewer troops than he had counted upon. General Grant immediately began to write despatches, a task at which he continued till two o'clock in the morning, when he borrowed a change of linen, ordered his horse, and started for McPherson's quarters. The next day Colonel Lagow, in whose charge I had been left, started on after father, and we overtook him at Rocky Springs. Near here General Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, joined us and he and father had some long conversations.

From the 7th to the 12th of May General Grant was constantly in communication with Sherman, McPherson, and McClelland, riding around from one to the other. This made his headquarters so uncomfortable, and his mess so irregular, that I, for one, did not propose to put up with such living, and I took my meals with the soldiers, who used to do a little foraging, and thereby set an infinitely better table than their commanding general. My father's table at this time was, I must frankly say, the worst I ever saw or partook of.

On the 12th of May the Union army was pushed forward, and at Fourteen Mile Creek Osterhaus had a skirmish to clear the road. We heard the sounds of battle away off to the right, and later we learned that McPherson had won the day at Raymond.

I had struck up a friendly acquaintance with one of the orderlies, called "Pony." At Fourteen Mile Creek he and

I rode out on an independent trip, and, seeing ten or twelve horses tied up in front of a house, we conceived the idea of capturing the mounts and possibly the riders also, who were inside the house. Not until we had gone too far to retreat did the idea occur to us that the would-be captors might possibly become the captured. It was with great relief that we saw a man wearing a blue uniform come out of the house, and we then discovered that the party we had proposed to capture was a detachment of Sherman's signal corps. Later on, trying to get back within our own lines, we had some difficulty in convincing the pickets that we were entitled to pass.

The next day I went over the battle-field of Raymond, and here again I saw the horrors of war, the wounded and the unburied dead.

We spent the night at Raymond, and then started for Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. While passing through a piece of dense woods on the way, the enemy's sharpshooters opened fire on us. One of the staff shouted to my father that they were aiming at him. His answer was to turn his horse and dash into the woods in the direction whence the bullets were coming. Colonels Wilson and Lagow, I, the orderlies, and the escort followed, and in skirmishing fashion we advanced till we came to a large house, where we halted. Sherman's corps now came up, and McPherson to our left was already engaged. Generals Grant and Sherman were on the porch of the old house when our line was broken by artillery fire, and our men began a retreat. The two generals immediately mounted, rode among the men, and re-formed them. Meanwhile Tuttle's division had passed through the dense woods, and had captured the enemy's breastworks, and, wheeling to the left, advanced up the line of intrenchments. Father accompanied them.

Thinking the battle was ended, I rode off toward the state-house, where the Confederate troops passed me in their retreat. Though I wore a blue uniform I was so splashed with mud, and looked generally so unattractive,

that the Confederates paid no attention to me. I have since realized that even had I been captured it would not have ended the war.

At this time I saw a mounted officer with a Union flag advancing toward the capitol. I followed him into the building and entered the governor's room, which had been hastily abandoned. Finding what I supposed to be the governor's pipe lying on the table, I confiscated it, primarily and ostensibly for the national service, but secondarily and actually for my own private and individual use. It had the advantage of being still loaded and lighted.

Returning to the street, I saw the officer whom I had followed, in the act of raising the Union flag over the building. He proved to be Captain (afterwards Colonel) Cornelius Cadle.

Father and his staff, advancing at the head of the army, soon reached the state-house, where I joined them, and went with them to the Bowen House, the best hotel in Jackson, where we took the room in which General Joseph E. Johnston had slept the night before.

At Jackson we captured an important prisoner, who was carrying despatches from Johnston to Pemberton. The information gained from these despatches caused some activity at headquarters, and the next day—May 15—the army started off in the direction of Vicksburg.

That night, while sleeping in the room with my father at Clinton, I was awakened by a great knocking. Colonel Lagow announced the arrival of a messenger from McPherson, and father seemed surprised at the news he received. He gave orders for an early start in the morning, went back to bed, and was soon sleeping quietly again. After a light breakfast, before daybreak, we moved rapidly to the front, General Grant keeping well ahead of the rest of us. At Champion's farm we came upon the enemy, and were soon in the midst of terrific firing. The staff officers were despatched to various points, and very soon father and I were left alone. Our line broke, and was falling back, when father moved forward, rallied the men, and passed over

from Hovey's division to McPherson's corps, putting the latter into action. There were now 15,000 men in our line, which was about three miles long, and the battle raged fiercely along its whole extent. McPherson, dressed in full uniform, was mounted on a beautiful black horse. "Fighting Jack" Logan, also in full uniform, was mounted on a white horse, and as they passed to and fro, exposing themselves recklessly, they made a most "superb" picture.

General Grant rode to all parts of the field, giving orders to the generals, and despatching his staff in all directions. Hovey was sustaining the heaviest part of the encounter. Suddenly hearty cheering was heard on the right of the line, and father moved over in that direction, to find 3,000 prisoners taken, with eighteen guns.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, while riding toward Edwards Station, father suddenly turned back, and I went on into a house filled with Confederate wounded. They were not feeling very friendly toward the Yankees, and they threatened to kill me. Of course I decided not to intrude, and I passed on. Further down the road, some of our own men, who did not know me, attempted to take me prisoner. Soon, however, an old soldier recognized me and called for "Three cheers for young Grant," which were given with a will, and I began to feel more comfortable. About midnight I returned to the field and reached a house in which I found my father and several of his staff officers, most of whom were greatly elated over their victory. I slept in the room with my father that night; he even after the great battle and victory of that day, and with the expectation and cares of another battle on the morrow, was, as ever, most considerate of the comfort and welfare of his young son.

The next morning we made an early start, and moved toward the Big Black River. When we halted near the railway bridge, General Grant and his staff occupied the porch of a fine plantation house.

Our troops were now moving on the enemy's line at a double quick, and I became enthused with the spirit of the

occasion, galloped across a cotton-field, and went over the enemy's works with our men. Following the retreating Confederates to the Big Black, I was watching some of them swim the river, when a sharpshooter on the opposite bank fired at me and hit me in the leg. The wound was slight but very painful, and I suppose I was very pale, for Colonel Lagow came dashing up and asked what was the matter. I promptly said, "I am killed." Perhaps because I was only a boy the Colonel presumed to doubt my word, and said, "Move your toes"—which I did with success; he then recommended our hasty retreat. This we accomplished in good order.

After the capture of the fortifications, May 17th, our army bridged the Big Black and crossed during the night.

On May 18th we reached the summit of Walnut Hills just behind Vicksburg, whence we could see the Mississippi and Chickasaw Bayou, where Sherman had fought in December. Sherman was greatly elated over the success of the present campaign, and so expressed himself enthusiastically. Several outworks were captured that day.

During the 19th father spent much of his time with McClernand on the extreme left. He feared lest Pemberton might make his escape through this thinly guarded part of our line. The 20th and 21st were spent in skirmishing and in advancing our lines as much as possible. On the 22d the great assault was made upon the fortifications.

Early in the day General Grant had a narrow escape from a shell fired directly down a ravine which he had just entered. He was unhurt, however, but was covered with yellow dirt thrown up by the explosion. On this day I saw a sight that will probably never again be witnessed in this country,—an artillery duel extending over seven miles in length. Beneath the smoke of this cannonading the Army of the Tennessee could be seen moving to the assault upon the enemy's lines, which became a sheet of fire from the forts and rifle pits. At one point our flag was planted right at the base of the enemy's parapet.

An incident of this day's work was illustrative of youth-

ful heroism, and of my father's tender nature. A small boy, with blood streaming from a wound in his leg, came running up to where father and Sherman stood, and reported that his regiment was out of ammunition. Sherman was directing some attention to be paid to his wound, when the little fellow, finding himself fainting from loss of blood, gasped out, "Calibre 56," as he was carried off to the rear. At this moment I observed that my father's eyes were filled with tears.

The wound I had received early in the campaign now began to trouble me very much, and, under Dr. Hewitt's expressed fears of having to amputate my leg, I remained much at headquarters; because of this I saw a great deal of my father's methods, his marvellous attention to detail, and his cool self-possession. I also witnessed the devotion of his men to him, and the enthusiasm with which they greeted "the Old Man," as they called him, when he passed along the lines. Father was a splendid horseman, and visited many points of his army every day.

General Sherman commanded the Fifteenth Corps, during part of the siege of Vicksburg, and the remainder of the time he had command of the troops placed from Haines's Bluff to the Big Black to guard our rear. His personality is too well known for me to describe it here, but it is a pleasure for me to bear witness to my father's affection for Sherman, and his esteem for his soldierly qualities. Indeed it gave General Grant more pleasure to see Sherman honored and rewarded than it did to receive such tributes himself. Sherman was impetuous in action, brilliant in conversation, and thoroughly versed in the art of war; but he was always thoroughly subordinate and ready to obey promptly any order given to him. Two hours' notice was amply sufficient for him to get under way to execute any desired movement. On the 15th of May he was at Jackson, Miss., and that night General Grant, desiring him to move to the front, sent him orders to that effect. On the afternoon of the 16th he arrived at Bolton with the head of his corps, having marched twenty-five or thirty miles

that day; and he would have been in the battle of Champion's Hill had the enemy waited on the field a little longer. I had the pleasure of being under fire with General Sherman several times and, like his troops, I was inspired with great enthusiasm.

The next officer in rank, the commander of the Seventeenth Corps, was Major-General James B. McPherson, the Bayard of the Army of the Tennessee. Mounted on horseback, young and handsome, always splendidly dressed and most courtly in manner, he was the very impersonation of a knight. General Grant always regarded McPherson as the most promising officer of his age in the army, and on his death father said that he had lost one of his best friends and the country one of its ablest defenders. McPherson's troops loved him, and one needs hear but once the cheers given by the "Army of the Tennessee," whenever his name is mentioned in its presence, to appreciate the love and devotion with which his memory is still cherished. His very taking-off was illustrative of the man. When ordered to surrender before Atlanta, he courteously lifted his hat, bowed low, wheeled his horse, and dashed into the woods. But the volley that instantly followed was but too well aimed, and he fell. To me he was particularly kind and I grieved deeply over his death.

Among the division commanders whom I was fortunate enough to see upon the field of battle were Generals Logan, Steele, John E. Smith, Crocker, A. J. Smith, Tuttle, Osterhaus, Blair, Ranson, and Hovey. I have heard my father say that with such officers an army must be irresistible. There were others, besides those I have mentioned, whose names and memories are alike honored for their services in defence of their country, one of the most distinguished of whom was our honored companion, Gen. G. M. Dodge, who is presiding here to-night.

The siege of Vicksburg continued after the assaults of the 23d of May, without much excitement except such as was caused by reports that Johnston was about to attack our rear. General Grant, however, made a personal

inspection trip (upon which I accompanied him) back to the Big Black, and found everything secure and well guarded under the watchful care of General Sherman. The siege went on. Our parallels slowly but surely approached the doomed city. Deserters came in more frequently, and reported the desperate condition of the garrison. Rumors also came to us that Johnston was going to make a determined effort to relieve Pemberton. These reports led to another rumor that our troops would celebrate the Fourth of July by a grand storming of the works. Doubtless this rumor found its way into the beleaguered city, for on the morning of the 3d of July a flag of truce was announced. General Grant betrayed no excitement, but in the afternoon he rode out with his staff to a point opposite Fort Hill, I accompanying them. Soon a white flag appeared over the enemy's works, and a party of Confederates was seen approaching. Firing ceased, and under an old tree General Grant met his opponent. The other officers separated into groups and conversed, while the works on both sides were lined with soldiers.

The consultation of the commanding generals lasted a short while, and presently both parties retired to their own quarters. Father was immediately joined by the largest assemblage of general officers which I had ever seen, the heroes of this most brilliant campaign and siege, deciding upon and settling the fate of their foes. They had conquered and taken in their power the largest number of men, the greatest quantity of war material and spoils ever surrendered in battle.

After conversation General Grant despatched a note to the defender of Vicksburg, and the group of officers dispersed. I remained in the tent, sitting on my little cot, and feeling restless, but scarcely knowing why. Father sat at his table writing. Presently a messenger handed father a note. He opened it, gave a sigh of relief, and said calmly, "Vicksburg has surrendered." I was thus the first to hear officially announced the news of the fall of the Gibraltar of America, and, filled with enthusiasm, I ran out

to spread the glad tidings. Officers rapidly assembled, and there was a general rejoicing.

The next day—the glorious Fourth—as father was starting for the front on the Jackson road, the booming of guns was heard, apparently on our right. General Grant looked vexed, and was about to order the arrest of General Steele, whom he supposed to be responsible, saying that he “ought to know better than to allow any triumphing over conquered countrymen,” when Steele himself rode up; the firing was definitely located on our left, and the salutes were stopped. Soon after, the Confederates were seen filing out of their works and stacking their arms,—31,600 brave men surrendering 172 cannon and 60,000 muskets to the conquering but lenient Army of the Tennessee.

The arms being given up, the troops passed back into the city, and General Grant, at the head of the Army of the Tennessee, moved forward to take possession. His reception by General Pemberton was most frigid. With a group of Confederate officers Pemberton was seated on the porch of a large house, but when father expressed a desire for a glass of water he was allowed to go to hunt for it in the kitchen. This surly reception to the man who would not allow his men to celebrate their victory was deeply resented by the members of General Grant's staff, but father was satisfied with his success in capturing Vicksburg and manifested no resentment.

The Confederate officers who thus received him gratefully appreciated, later on, the clemency they experienced at the fall of Vicksburg, and expressed this appreciation in the most touching manner during General Grant's last illness, at the time of his funeral, and at the dedication of his tomb.

Passing through the city, where the Union flag had already been hoisted over the court-house, General Grant went on board the *Benton*, where Admiral Porter congratulated him upon the victory. The next day he established headquarters at the house of a Mr. Lum, who soon became his warm friend; and during my father's last illness

some of the most beautiful letters received by us were from members of this charming Vicksburg family.

This ended my connection with the army for a while. From the result of exposure I had contracted an illness which necessitated my withdrawal into civilian life again, and on the 8th of July I was sent home to recuperate. I did not rejoin my father until after the battle of Chattanooga.

I remember with the utmost interest my life in camp, and with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army. Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or too worn out to comfort and pet the young boy,—the son of the "Old Man." Young as I then was, my camp life was of such nature,—I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers,—that my proudest moments are when, like to-night, I am associating with the old warriors, the veteran comrades of my father.

SUPPLEMENTAL PAPER.

READ BY CAPTAIN CHARLES C. WEHRUM, U. S. VOLS.,
FEBRUARY 5, 1898.

THE paper read at our last meeting relating incidents of the battle of Antietam vividly recalled old scenes to me and reminded me of my personal reminiscences thereof.

In writing my description I have availed myself of comparisons made by Capt. Charles E. Davis, Jr., of the 13th Mass. Infantry Vols., to which I have added. These may interest you, therefore I take the liberty of addressing you.

The regiment I belonged to was the 12th Mass. (Webster's) Infantry Vols., brigaded under George L. Hartsuff. Few are aware that Antietam (loss 12,410) was the bloodiest battle of the war, if not of all wars. There were greater losses at Gettysburg (23,001), Spottsylvania (18,399), Wilderness (17,666), Chancellorsville (17,287), Chickamauga (16,179), Manassas (14,462), Stone River (13,249), Shiloh (13,047), Cold Harbor (12,737), Fredericksburg (12,653), in the order named, where the fighting covered two or three days but the battle of Antietam was virtually fought in one day, beginning with skirmishing for position late on September 16th and ending at dark on September 17, 1862.

The Confederate losses were 12,601, and the Union's 12,410, or 20 per cent. of all the Confederate forces and 15 per cent. of all the Union forces present, and 20 per cent. of all the Union forces actually engaged. The 1st Texas of Hood's division lost 82 per cent. This is the highest official record of loss of any regiment in any war.

The official record places the loss of the 12th Massachusetts regiment at 67 per cent., but I claim that our actual loss

of men engaged in line of battle was over 83 per cent. One of our companies (H) was the evening before detailed as provost guard, and another company was deployed on our right as skirmishers; both of these companies were counted as present in battle with the regiment.

The total losses of all troops North and South engaged at Antietam was 20 per cent. Contrast these figures with former, or more modern battles.

Wellington lost 12 per cent. at Waterloo; Napoleon 14.5 per cent. at Austerlitz and 14 per cent. at Marengo.

The average loss of both armies at Magenta and Solferino in 1859 was less than 9 per cent. At Königsgratz in 1866 it was 6 per cent. At Wörth, Mars la Tour, Gravelotte, and Sedan in 1870 the average loss was 12 per cent.

Now as to individual regiments in foreign wars: The marvel of German fighting in the Franco-Prussian war was by the 3rd Westphalian Infantry at Mars La Tour, where it took 3,000 men into action and lost 49.4 per cent.

The Garde Schuetzen battalion took 1,000 men into action at Metz and lost 46.1 per cent.

Contrasting these figures will show with what valor and pertinacity our American armies fought, and especially in the engagement at Antietam.

The battle was fought in open field, without breastworks of any kind. All stood manfully, and as bravely as ever men stood opposed to each other.

Well could old Joe Hooker acclaim: "The conduct of my troops was sublime, and the occasion almost lifted me to the skies, and its memories will ever remain to me."

Antietam was a victory, and it had the greatest political significance.

When the summer of 1862 brought disaster after disaster to the Union cause, finally culminating in the invasion of Maryland by General Lee, Abraham Lincoln determined on the emancipation of the slaves.

"I made," said President Lincoln, "a solemn vow before God, that if General Lee was driven back from

Maryland I would crown the result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves."

General Lee was driven from Maryland, and on September 22, 1862, President Lincoln issued the proclamation culminating in their freedom on January 1, 1863.

At Antietam it was clearly proven to the world that the American soldier in tenacity and downright bravery is second to none. A record was then made for which all American citizens can justly be proud; and, as upon its success depended the Emancipation Proclamation, it will ever be noted as one of the most eventful epochs in American history, second only to the Declaration of Independence.

FROM SIRE TO SON—A VETERAN'S TALK TO MEMBERS BY INHERITANCE.

READ BY COLONEL CHARLES A. WOODRUFF, U. S. ARMY,
MAY 4, 1898.

THIS is a glorious occasion. From the other side of our globe come the glad tidings that three days ago the thunder of our guns awakened the world to the fact that we had a navy that could carry our flag to victory in foreign waters, and at one blow capture a fortified navy-yard and destroy a fleet that equalled ours in numbers, ship for ship, man for man, gun for gun.

We send our heartfelt greetings to the officers and men who have so grandly upheld the honor and glory of our country. God bless them, one and all.

I have always been proud of my native State, but never more so than now, when she has the honor of claiming as a Green Mountain boy, the greatest *naval hero of the age—Companion George Dewey.*

"Man is born to suffer," but I shall not prolong your misery by personal apologies for addressing you, even though we are honored by the presence of so many distinguished companions, from whom, more especially at such a momentous time, we should all be delighted to hear. You are at liberty, however, to blame our commander, who detailed me.

It will be some time before I announce my text, but when I do the responsibility rests with me. Our commander suggested "Personal Experiences," and I wrote a few pages upon that topic and read them to the most amiable and long-suffering of critics. "Well," she re-

marked, "there are some fine points about that: you conceal your modesty beautifully; it has the magnitude of Gulliver's most remarkable observations, the improbability of the *Arabian Nights*, and reminds me of the story of the veteran of the Revolution who had a very vivid recollection of the part he bore in that struggle, and describing the battle of Trenton said, 'I had a sword about five feet long, and was just mowing a swath through the Britishers and Hessians when I felt a touch on my arm, and turning round, there stood George, George Washington, looking kinder pleased, and kinder sad-like, and he says, says he, "For God's sake William" (he always called me William), "restrain your impetuosity; you're just a deluging our continent with gore." ' ' "

This gentle hint induced me to select an impersonal subject, which would enable me to scatter more and tax your credulity less.

My remarks were prepared at odd moments three or four weeks ago, but the progress of events made some changes necessary, and even now they may not be up to date. War is upon us, and all minds are centred upon its causes, its prosecution, and its results; yet deeply interested as we are in the burning diplomatic and moral questions that confront the government, much as our heart's devotion goes out towards the Army and Navy that is gathering upon our southern coast and on Chickamauga's historic field, representing as they do the best blood, brain, and brawn of our united country; certain as we are that upon every occasion whereon they meet the enemy under anything like equal terms, when the clash of battle ceases they will be found caring for their own and the enemy's dead and wounded, until our wrongs are righted and Cuba freed, it would be manifestly improper for me to discuss either; the former are for our statesmen, in whom we have every confidence; the latter wielded by commanders tried and true; suffice it to say that one sentence will express your sentiments and mine: *No matter what it costs we will uphold the nation's life and honor.*

Our members by Inheritance are proud of the flag their fathers fought to save, and glory in the service of those who won for them this inheritance; they cherish the heroic memories of the war, delight to honor those who battled for national unity, and cheerfully bear with us while each recalls the personal incidents which unitedly constitute the history of the war for the Union. Circumstances over which they had no control prevented these young members being designated "Original Companions of the First Class," and they have modestly taken a back seat, but the time is fast approaching when upon them will devolve the duty of executing the ultimate objects of our order: "To foster the cultivation of military and naval science; enforce unqualified allegiance to the General Government; protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship, and maintain national honor, union and independence." And upon this patriotic text my remarks are based.

When a nation forgets the warlike deeds, forgets to cherish and revere the memory of those who won or defended their liberties—and no people ever enjoyed liberties that were not won and defended by the sweat and blood of the battle-field—that nation is ready for destruction; so too a nation that is always looking backward, relying upon the heroic achievements of the past, without physical or mental preparation for duplicating or surpassing those achievements, invites destruction. Our people have shown that the deeds and memories of those who won and maintained their liberties grow brighter and dearer as the historian rather than the participant recites them.

The waves of patriotism that rolled over our united country from Maine to Texas, from Florida to Washington, to the loud refrain:

"We are working and waiting, McKinley,
Working and calmly waiting for the call,"

when we thought that humanity and our national honor had been outraged, showed that our people have the moral stamina to repeat the achievements that never yet

failed to carry our flag to final victory; and more than this it showed the world that when our flag is assailed we are a united people.

The call has come, and from the East and West, North and South the response has been prompt and general. Yet mingled with our pride in the sturdy patriotism of the nation was a shame for our utter lack of preparation.—Just think of it, Companions: the United States, with seven million able-bodied men, billions of treasure, bonds at 120 %, bursting granaries, magnificent ship-yards and unlimited manufactories, praying for delay when expecting to confront a divided, decaying, war-worn, bankrupt enemy.

Our condition was discreditable to an intelligent people, and a reflection upon the lawmakers who clamor for war and vote for a reduction of every measure providing for national defence, and then pose as economical patriots.

I once read a tract entitled, "What shall I do to be saved?" The burden of the answer was, "Be prepared to meet and conquer the enemy." To-day if we ask, "What shall the nation do to be saved?" the only intelligent answer is the same: "Be prepared to meet and conquer the enemy."

No good citizen, be he civilian or soldier, desires war for the sake of war, but most citizens believe that honorable war is better than ignoble peace. Washington said: "To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual ways of preserving peace." And he might have added, the most effectual means of bringing war to a speedy and successful end. Von Ihering said: "The end of law is peace,—the means to that end is war."

Yet there are those who prate of the lion and lamb lying down together (with the lamb outside) and discourage everything that has a resemblance of preparation for war. The same class objects to an army and navy because they are trained for cruel work; so much can be said for the surgeon. The surgeon does not create the disease that requires the knife. No more does the army or navy create war—that is the work of the merchant, the banker, the clergymen, the press, and the politicians. The soldier's

business is to prosecute war to a successful conclusion, and military knowledge and experience, combined with strong, well disciplined battalions, and heavy battle-ships—have ever been the elements of success; but without an army and navy such knowledge and experience would be useless and will not be acquired.

There are those who fondly imagine that our great strength, wealth, and isolation will of themselves render us secure from invasion; until a month ago they were just as sure that there was no danger of foreign war; both are delusive dreams.

Our Nation is a sleeping giant who has thrown aside his arms and shield; confident of his strength he places no guard, and may be bound while he sleeps.

Our wealth is but a temptation to other nations; as Blücher said of London, so too can it be said of New York, "What a city to loot!"

We are liable at any time to have to take up arms to protect our trade, our rights, our citizens, or to uphold National honor and self-respect. In fact many feel that all these are involved in our controversy with Spain; and had we been prepared, who for a moment doubts that the destruction of the *Maine* and the murder of 260 American sailors would have been atoned for thirty-six hours after the report of the Naval Board reached our President, if not before? That would not have been war, only just reparation.

The ocean in this age of steam is no barrier, and, with our international railroads, but furnishes unnumbered lines for transportation and invasion; and we should be prepared to meet this danger, for the time has not yet come when mankind is ready to change the magazine rifle for the seed drill, or the rapid-fire gun for the mowing machine.

This statement will only be questioned by those who fondly dream that the time will soon come, is almost here, when there will be no more war; they soar so high into the realms of sentiment and become so imbued with an abstract feeling of love for their fellow-men—except when their par-

ticular ox is gored—that they ignore the plain facts of the case. In the decade from '61 to '71 more human blood was shed by civilized, Christianized nations than in the preceding fifty years; last year the Anglo-Saxon thirsted for the blood of the Turk; for two months our workshops have resounded with the thunder of too long delayed preparations; to-day the ocean is ploughed by the strongest navies the world has ever seen, and the barracks of civilized, Christianized Europe shelter more trained soldiers than the sun ever shone on before; and it is not due to the beautiful doctrine "peace on earth, good will toward men," that these battalions are not upon the field of battle, but to the fact that those who control their movements are wise enough to count the cost, before they throw them against an adversary equally well prepared. This preparation is National life insurance. What would we think of a man who applied for life insurance when *in extremis*?

Greece was one of those nations that relied upon the good will of friendly powers, and in a short and disgraceful campaign lost everything, including honor. Is our readiness for war such as to enable us to point the finger of scorn at Greece?

France completely wrapped herself in the mantle of past achievements, declared war, and seven months later humbly signed the humiliating conditions thoroughly prepared Germany dictated.

Are we not as foolish and conceited as France, boasting that we are all right, for in addition to our Regular Army and National Guard we have a million and a half of veteran soldiery, heroes of a score of glorious fields, when we know that two days' hard marching and one night in a wet bivouac would send three fourths of them to the hospital, and a march from Havana to Matanzas would find the balance in ambulances?

If anticipated trouble with Spain threw us into a fever of hurried and expensive preparation, what would be our condition if England threatened us? She is strengthening her fortifications to the north, northeast, east, south-

east and northwest of us; has a subsidized railroad along our 4000 miles of northern border; she has lines of subsidized steamers connecting British America with Australia and India; she is surrounding us with a net-work of cables that establish perfect and almost instantaneous communication between all points of her empire; on the plea of having boats for her fish commissioners, she has built vessels which only need the guns, which are ready for mounting, to become efficient gunboats for the protection of her cities and the Welland Canal, until she can gather a fleet upon the lakes.

It was a beautiful sentiment of Tatnall's that "blood is thicker than water," but British political blood has never been too thick to seek the level of British interests; those fortifications, those cables, that railroad, those boats are Britain's life and accident policies. As a British officer said, when the true design of those fortifications was insisted upon: "By Jove, cousin, that's so, but don't you know no fellow can tell what you Americans may do."

It may be that Great Britain now desires an alliance with us; a union of English-speaking nations, "one tongue, one people, invincible in war, triumphant in peace" is a beautiful theory and we should be prepared to meet them half way with olive branch or guns, even if the preparations cost a hundred million. The illy concealed hostility of England and France during our great struggle for national life, the alacrity with which France abandoned Mexico when Sheridan appeared on the Rio Grande, and England paid the Alabama claims when we had no other job on hand, should convince us that a wholesome respect for our readiness for war, and not love for us, will secure the diplomatic friendship of other nations.

In the golden words of Washington—and they are as sterling to-day as when first uttered—"There is a rank due the United States among nations which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by a reputation for weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it. If we desire peace, one of the most powerful instruments in our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times

ready for war." "If we desire peace . . . it must be known that we are at all times ready for war." This is the sentiment to which I am inviting your attention, but at the present time it would sound ridiculous did we not know that our unreadiness may be a prelude to a national tragedy.

In the concluding chapters of his memoirs, written while his iron will grappled with death, and the lengthening shadows of the tomb were falling around him, General Grant said: "To maintain peace in the future, it is necessary to be prepared for war, . . . and unless we are prepared for it we may be in danger of a combined movement being made some day to crush us out. We should have a good navy and our seacoast defences should be put in the finest possible condition."

Shall parsimony and demagoguery deter intelligent Americans from acting upon the wise and patriotic advice of Washington and Grant?

It is a labor of love for me to speak of our Navy, though at all times and under all circumstances the United States Navy has shown its ability to take care of itself. In the Revolution was sown the seed that was to bring forth a harvest of honor, and from 1812 to 1815 an abundant harvest was garnered. Commencing with only fourteen vessels against a hundred sail, at its close we had the proud distinction of being the only nation that was ever victorious in a naval contest with Great Britain. Our officers were ever ready to lay yard-arm to yard-arm, and while we lost 471 guns, we captured 605, and I believe it is an historical fact that from none of the bloody decks upon which our boarders trod were they ever repulsed.

Our late war brought the Navy face to face with the greatest task ever cut out for *any* navy in *any* war—thousands of miles of coast to blockade, forts and batteries to demolish, fortified rivers to open, transports to convoy, privateers to chase, and ironclads to destroy. I have not the time to tell the glorious story of how they did their duty: suffice it to say that heartily was the task entered upon, and grandly was it accomplished. Never was the manhood of

our Navy, from captain to marine, better shown than when the *Maine* went down with all on board. And now comes the crowning glory, of *the victory in Manila*.

In the future as in the heroic past let Congress provide the means and our Navy will uphold national peace with honor whenever there is water enough to float our battle-ships.

While we are opposed to aggressive war, and do not need so large a navy as that of Great Britain, the present disparity of 1 to 5 should no longer be suffered to exist. A perfect system of seacoast defences would show the world that we fear no attack from hostile fleets, and leave the Navy free to protect our commerce wherever American enterprises may carry our flag. To-day we have few completed modern fortifications, but Congress and the people are aroused, temporarily at least, to the absolute necessity, and it is your business, the business of every patriotic citizen, to keep them aroused until our harbors present an invulnerable front to the most powerful invader; our cities, our navy-yards and depots of supplies, safe and fortified bases of operations for the Navy secured.

What I have to say about our land-forces was prepared before the introduction of the "Volunteer Army Bill," but as that relates to "time of war," while I am suggesting preparations for war, I shall make no changes.

We now have an army of about 26,000 effective men, 116,000 organized State troops, and 7,000,000 citizens capable of passing a medical examination and bearing arms. Our real army in the event of a great war must be drawn from our 7,000,000 citizens, the nation in arms; and with such an army as could be drawn from this force, properly organized, disciplined, armed, and commanded, we could triumphantly face the world, provided our government could exist until we could prepare it for the field. "But there's the rub." I yield to no man in my admiration for and confidence in the American volunteers when their intelligence, adaptability, patriotism, and enthusiasm have become moulded by discipline and drill, but that takes

time; soldiers are not made in a day. While manhood is as necessary as ever, the value of unorganized numbers has decreased in the ratio of improvement of arms and organization, until to-day they are practically powerless. It requires months to make soldiers out of raw materials; it requires years to create officers who are fit to lead men to battle and care for them in camp and on the march.

Let us be honest with ourselves: in the first year of the war of 1812 we were disgracefully beaten; in the Mexican war our adversaries were as poorly prepared as ourselves, and even then, but for our regular army, which, while only numbering 27 per centum of the force, suffered 60 per centum of the total loss in killed and wounded, it would not have been a war with thirty victories and no defeats; in the contest for the Union neither side was prepared, and in the words of one of the ablest soldiers of to-day, "during the first year of that war a regular force of one half the size of either army could have defeated both armies combined." To-day the time between the declaration of war and the movement of the armies is but a day—literally, if war is declared to-day the armies will move not later than to-morrow.

In fact during the past century the movement of troops, more often than the reverse, has been the prelude, the thunder of cannon the actual declaration of war.

To-day the majority of the organized militia—National Guard, State Volunteers, Naval Reserves, etc., are fairly well drilled, and part are fairly well disciplined; very few are equipped and ready for active service, and hardly any of them are instructed in camp life and duties, and the officers are no better prepared than the men. Then too they are State troops, no more a part of the militia referred to in the Constitution than any other citizen between 18 and 45 years of age.

Who for a moment imagines that in the face of threatened invasion—and for an offensive-defensive campaign beyond our boundaries the Congress alone could call out any portion of the militia, and then it would probably be too late—who, I repeat, imagines that all our State executives would

rise to the occasion and send all their organized militia to the General Government, especially if they were opposed to the war or felt that their individual States were in danger? They did not do it in 1812, nor in 1861; therefore we should have as an auxiliary to the Regular Army a national militia of at least 300,000, well drilled and disciplined, thoroughly equipped, ready for the field, commanded by regular officers, detailed for the purpose, available upon the request of the several governors for local duty, but subject to the direct call of the President for duty anywhere, without the power on the part of any State executive to thwart their movements. Such a force would indeed be a National Guard in fact, as our State troops are in name only.

From this force and the Regular Army should come the officers for such new regiments as were necessary if the nation was called to arms. During our late war we persistently raised new regiments instead of keeping the veteran regiments filled, and, worse still, officered them largely with untried men, when the rank and file that gathered around the colors of our war-trained battalions offered some of the very best material that ever carried a sword.

Napoleon's conquering legions were often largely composed of recruits, but they stood shoulder to shoulder with veterans, and were wielded by officers who had won their right to command upon the field, in military, not political, campaigns.

A few words about another matter, that relates to the cultivation of military science. There are those who are fond of saying, "Soldiers are born, not made." Well, I suppose they are born, but great commanders have only been made by study, drill, and, best of all, experience in war. Cromwell is one of the notable exceptions to this rule. Alexander was raised in camp; Cæsar was a subaltern at twenty and past forty when he received his first important command; Marlborough was a student of the art of war at fifteen, a subaltern at sixteen, and held no great command until past thirty-two; Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great wore uniforms from the cradle to the grave;

Napoleon, Grant, Lee, and Von Moltke were all military students and subalterns, trained in war before they were commanders. A special training supplemented by practice never injured any man for his particular profession.

We don't like a standing army—this was recently shown when, in the face of threatened war, the Congress refused to favorably consider a bill giving our infantry a modern organization, readily admitting of expansion, recognized the world over as the proper one (though under stress of actual war it has finally passed a modified measure); and the principal objection was based upon the idea that unless we had a great war the so-called National Guard would have no opportunity for proving their worth. The value, valor, and patriotism of our organized militia are not questioned. I appreciate the time, labor, and thought that they devote to their patriotic duties, but most of them are engaged in peaceable avocations which war would seriously interrupt, the officers are often such as would not be selected to lead them in war, many of the men are the bread-winners of families and they should not be called upon to make this sacrifice unless the nation's needs actually demanded it; putting new regiments in the field is a very expensive operation and takes time; their efficiency at first when most needed is at a minimum, and their losses from disease at the maximum. Let me enlarge upon the last phase of the subject, for it is an important one and seldom touched upon.

In the Mexican war we lost 7 men by disease to 1 by the bullet; respecting this matter the Surgeon-General said: "The point to which particular attention is invited is the disparity in the loss by disease in the several forces, the monthly ratio in the volunteer corps being nearly twice as high as in the old army."

In the war for the Union we lost about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by disease to 1 by the bullet; the ratio of deaths in the volunteers was about 50 per centum greater than for the regulars—in other words, lack of discipline, ignorance, inexperience or carelessness sacrificed 50,000 men in disease alone.

These deductions are made in no spirit of invidious

comparison, but simply to show that discipline and experience are as necessary for the camp as the field.

There are people who when they don't need the army look upon it with the kindly contempt that animated the old lady, whose dog, when the Army of the Potomac, 100,000 strong, was marching past, ran out to the gate and made a terrible outcry; she watched the dog and the column a while, then said, "Come here, Towser, come here, don't bite the army."

Part of the hostility to a standing army we inherited from our forefathers who had suffered from an alien soldiery; part comes from ideas imported by those who found a refuge here from compulsory military service. The press and demagogues have fostered this feeling; the former from a careless habit of censure, the latter because that class always appeals to popular prejudice, and an army costs something and has no vote.

As a result we have 1 soldier to each 2,400 inhabitants, and that soldier is compelled to spread himself over 118 square miles of territory. And yet every man who loves valor, justice, law, and order should be proud of our Regular Army in war and peace, from 1791 to 1898—in our early Indian troubles, on the plains of Canada, at New Orleans, in the everglades of Florida, in Mexico, in the war for the Union, in the cañons and on the prairies of the West, on the turbulent frontier, in all our great strike troubles, on the ice fields of Alaska and "Tampa's lonely shore" they have an unbroken record of duty nobly done. Certainly 1,000 of such men to each million and a half of our inhabitants would not be a menace to our institutions; this would give us a standing army of 50,000 which could be readily, quickly, and cheaply expanded to 125,000. Were our army so organized to-day, there would be no necessity of calling upon our citizen soldiery; except around bulletin boards there would be no excitement, and the cost trifling compared to what it will now be; and if greater troubles threatened them call out the proposed 300,000 National Guards, and we could man our seacoast defences, and have for

active operations three armies of at least 125,000 effectives each.

With such an organization it will only be necessary for the people, through their President, to give the order, the Secretary of War will "touch the button," the regulars and the National Guard will "hold the fort" until our mighty legions are prepared, and then "they will do the rest."

Sons of Loyal Legion Sires: Be at all times and under all circumstances loyal to the traditions of your own country; let other peoples and other nations dwell upon the deeds that reflect honor upon themselves. America's achievements in peace and war should be sufficient to stimulate pride in our General Government; as citizens of this republic, no matter where born or from what land your fathers came, remember that the unhyphenated American vote is best fitted to "protect the rights and liberties of American citizenship."

The only ism we need to "maintain national honor, union, and independence" is that American patriotism exemplified by the founders and preservers of our government. The only flag that should receive the caresses of our free air is this one—untarnished by private greed, unsullied by base uses, symbol of a united country, eloquent with heroic deeds and sublime sacrifices; fit emblem of the immortal honor due to the immortal memory of those who fell defending it in the forefront of battle; this one whose fixed stars testify alike to the wisdom of our statesmen and the valor of our soldiers.

Let this flag and the principles it represents be your pride in peace and guide in war; and let your example teach your children and your children's children to stand by it in war and in peace.

"Stand by the flag, on land and ocean billow!
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true;
Living, defended—dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you."

AN UNLUCKY SHIP.

READ BY BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL MARTIN T. McMAHON,
U. S. VOLS., OCTOBER 5, 1898.

YOU might be led to believe from the title of this paper that it relates to one of the vessels lately afloat in the bay of Manila or the harbor of Santiago. But the ship whose unhappy career is my subject carried the flag before which the Manila and Santiago fleets went down, and it was her misfortune that twice in her history the same flag came down under fire, once by the order of her commander, again by the hands of a victorious foe.

The United States frigate *Chesapeake* was built in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1799. (She cost \$220,678.) During her early cruises, which were uneventful, she was commanded by Captain Samuel Barron, Captain James Barron, Commodore R. V. Morris, Captain Stephen Decatur, and Captain Isaac Hull. In 1807 she became the flag-ship of Commodore James Barron and was ordered to the Mediterranean. She was lying at Hampton Roads some months prior to her sailing. A demand had been made by Vice-Admiral Berkly of the English navy for the surrender of three seamen, alleged to be deserters from a British frigate. The demand was, of course, refused, and nothing more was heard of it until the day the *Chesapeake* left Hampton Roads three months later. As she weighed anchor the British frigate *The Leopard* preceded her to sea. When about thirty miles from the coast *The Leopard* approached and hailed, announcing a despatch from the British admiral. The *Chesapeake* came to, as is an act of international courtesy. It was supposed the despatch was for Gibraltar. An Eng-

lish officer came on board and demanded the immediate delivery of the alleged deserters by direction of the British admiral. At this time the *Chesapeake* was absolutely unprepared for what followed. Her deck was littered with articles of every kind known on board a ship—coils of rope, materials, ammunition, and even hen-coops. The rammers and primers of the guns had not even been distributed.

There were, moreover, a lady and her three children on board as passengers, the family of Dr. Bullus, formerly of the Navy, and then United States consul. He had taken passage with his family to his post of duty in the Mediterranean. His wife and her children were present in the cabin when the English officer delivered his message and departed. Mrs. Bullus died in 1868. She stated in her account of the affair of the *Chesapeake* and *Leopard* that Captain Humphreys of the British ship, believing the *Chesapeake* to be sinking, sent an officer over to take Dr. Bullus, his wife and children on board the *Leopard*; that Dr. Bullus refused, denouncing the outrage perpetrated on the American ship in such terms of indignation that the English officer drew his sword, whereupon the Doctor quickly drew the sword of an officer standing near by, and a mutual attack was made which was quickly stopped by the bystanders.

The English frigate, which in the meantime had taken position for the purpose, immediately opened fire as soon as her boat had returned and for fifteen minutes continued broadside after broadside, although there was no answering gun. The American ship was absolutely defenceless. Commodore Barron ordered his flag to be lowered. The ship was boarded by a British force and the three alleged deserters, for whom demand had been made, with another who was claimed to be a deserter from the British navy, were taken from the ship. Three men had been killed and eleven wounded on the *Chesapeake*. One gun in answer to the broadsides of the *Leopard* was fired by a live coal brought from the galleys in his fingers by Lieutenant Allen.

You can well imagine the effect of this astounding

incident upon the navy and people of the United States. Town meetings were held all over the country and resolutions were passed demanding immediate action by the Government, and the public sentiment was fully as intense as that recently created by the somewhat similar and equally atrocious affair in Havana Harbor. We were at peace with England, and the firing on the ship under the circumstances, and the continuance of the fire when there was no answering gun, was cruel and brutal, and, as its opening had been, contrary to the laws of nations. The English Government offered immediate reparation and the return of the men. Vice-Admiral Berkly was also relieved from his command, but shortly afterwards—according to the custom of his country—was promoted to a higher station. Two of the men seized were returned to the *Chesapeake*; one had died, and the other was hanged by order of a British Commander, which added still another murder to the list. “Remember the *Chesapeake*,” became as much a war-cry in the Navy and among the people as “Remember the *Maine*” in our own day; and let me add, she was about as well remembered, although not as promptly in point of time.

After the disclaimer of the British Government nothing further could be done. But the vigorous sentiment of the Navy remained unchanged. I have here a letter written by a young officer, then comparatively unknown, but whose name lives to-day one of the brightest in American history. Oliver Hazard Perry, then a lieutenant, wrote as follows to his father, who was in Europe at the time:

“You must ere this have heard of the outrage committed by the British on our national honor, and feel with us all the indignation that so barbarous and cowardly an act must naturally inspire. Thank God! all parties are united now in the determination to resent so flagrant an insult. There is but one sentiment prevailing the bosom of every American from North to South. The British may laugh, but let them beware! for never has the public indignation been so completely aroused since the glorious Revolution that made us a nation of freemen. The utmost spirit prevails throughout the United States in

preparing for an event which is thought inevitable, and our officers wait with impatience for the signal to be given to wipe away the stain which the misconduct of one has cast on our flag."

The indignities and insults offered to us and to our navy by the Government and officials of England continued as before. The English ship of war *Guerrière*, under command of a vainglorious coxcomb, Captain Pechell, made herself particularly obnoxious by the wrongs inflicted on our commerce and our seamen. At last, Captain Rodgers, commanding the frigate *President*, was ordered from Annapolis to New York, where the *Guerrière* was cruising, with instructions to find her. She had left the station, however, where her last outrage was committed, and so escaped the interview which Captain Rodgers most earnestly sought. This was in 1811 and the countries were still at peace with each other. The *President*, towards the evening the sixteenth day of May encountered a strange sail, and supposing it at first to be the *Guerrière* proceeded at once to investigate. The stranger showed no inclination to be interviewed, and made sail. The *President* came up with her, however, about half past eight o'clock at night and gave the usual hail—"What ship is that?" The stranger answered, "What ship is that?" and the hail was repeated from the *President*. The stranger answered with a gun and the *President* with a broadside. The fire continued several minutes. The Englishman, for such she was, was reduced to a wholly unmanageable condition and was incapable of further resistance. Both had meanwhile displayed their colors. The *President* ceased firing when the enemy's fire had fallen off and asked if she had struck. The English vessel resumed her fire without other answer. The *President* did likewise. Later the English fire ceased, and on a repetition of the inquiry it was answered in the affirmative. Captain Rodgers lay by all night in order to render assistance should it be necessary. The next morning he approached the vessel, which proved to be the *Little Belt*, 22 guns, and offered such assistance as might be required, accompanying

it with proper apologies and regrets for the slight misunderstanding, which might have been avoided had the English ship answered his hail. It is needless to say, however, that there was not the slightest doubt on board either vessel, from captain to powder boy, as to the nationality of the other. The *Little Belt* declined the proffered assistance, and Captain Rodgers continued his cruise in search of the *Guerrière*. He did not find her. Captain Hull did, however, on a later day in the *Constitution* and she thereafter became, and is to-day, as to her name at least, a part of the American navy.

This little misunderstanding furnished great comfort to our gallant tars, who kept remembering the *Chesapeake* during this incident, or accident, to the *Little Belt*.

Considerable correspondence took place between the governments, but with no result other than the general conviction that war could not be much longer postponed. The *Little Belt* lost 11 killed and 21 wounded.

Another event connected with the fated ship, although occurring many years later, I mention here because it resulted from the affair of the *Leopard*. It was a tragedy unsurpassed in its pathos by anything told in American history. Commodore Barron, who had commanded the *Chesapeake*, demanded, as was his right, a court of inquiry. This court reported against him and he was ordered before a court-martial and found guilty of proceeding to sea in an unprepared condition and of striking his flag without resistance. Resistance was impossible, and he claimed that he went to sea in obedience to peremptory orders from Washington, notwithstanding the bad condition of his ship and armament. Commodore Stephen Decatur was present at the court of inquiry and was afterwards a member of the court-martial. Barron was convicted and sentenced to five years' suspension. These years he spent abroad.

Meantime, the United States had declared war against Great Britain and conducted it to its termination. Thirteen years after the affair of the *Leopard*, Commodore James Barron and Commodore Stephen Decatur engaged in a correspondence growing out of the matters which I have

related and culminating in their meeting at Bladensburg. This correspondence is indeed remarkable. The first letter from Barron is brief and is as follows:

"HAMPTON, VA., June 18, 1819. Sir: I have been informed in Norfolk that you have said that you could insult me with impunity, or words to that effect. If you have said so, you will no doubt avow it and I shall expect to hear from you."

Decatur in his reply wrote as follows:

"Whatever I may have said in the very frequent and free conversations I have had respecting you and your conduct, I feel a thorough conviction that I never could have been guilty of so much egotism as to say that "I could insult you" (or any other man) with impunity."

The correspondence might well have ended here. Barron, however, replied:

"Your declaration, if I understand it correctly, relieves my mind from the apprehension that you had so degraded my character as I had been induced to allege."

To which Decatur severely writes:

"I request you to understand distinctly that I meant not more than to disclaim the *specific and particular expression* to which your inquiry was directed."

Four months later the correspondence was renewed. In it Barron claimed that Decatur had been guilty of indelicacy in sitting as a member of the court-martial after he had been present at the court of inquiry, in this, that he must necessarily have prejudged the case in which he was called upon to act. Decatur claimed that he had asked to be relieved from duty in the court-martial, that the Secretary of the Navy had refused to relieve him, and that he was therefore bound to sit; that he had moreover communicated to Barron's counsel the fact that he had formed an opinion unfavorable to the accused, in the hope that he would be challenged and relieved from serving. Meanwhile he had opposed and was still opposing Barron's restoration to active service.

On the 23d of October, in a letter addressed to Decatur, Barron refers to certain taunts and boasts alleged to have

been uttered by Decatur toward one who had been so cruelly oppressed, as unbecoming an officer and a gentleman and assumes to regard Decatur's expressions as a challenge which he accepts:

"I flatter myself [he adds], from your known personal courage, that you would disdain any unfair advantage which your superiority in the use of the pistol and the natural defect in my vision, increased by age, would give you."

Decatur replied:

"I never invited you to the field, nor have I expressed the hope that you would call me out. . . . I stated that if you made the call I would meet you, but that on all scores I should be much better pleased to have nothing to do with you. I do not think that fighting duels under any circumstances can raise the reputation of any man, and have long since discovered that it was not even an unerring criterion of personal courage. . . . But in my opinion a man who makes arms his profession is not at liberty to decline an invitation from any person who is not so far degraded as to be beneath his notice. . . . As to my skill in the use of the pistol, it exists more in your imagination than in reality. For the last twenty years I have had but little practice and the disparity of age to which you have been pleased to refer is, I believe, not more than five or six years."

Barron answered at great length, claiming that

"no consideration, no power or authority on earth could or ought to have forced any high-minded man to sit in a case which he had prejudged.

Upon the subject of duelling [he says] I perfectly coincide with the opinions you have expressed. I consider it as a barbarous practice which ought to be exploded from civilized society; but, sir, there may be causes of such extraordinary and aggravated insult and injury, received by an individual, as to render an appeal to arms, on his part, absolutely necessary; mine I conceive to be a case of that description."

Much else of remarkable interest and singular pathos, considering the circumstances, is to be found in the correspondence. Decatur at last writes:

"I have now to inform you that I shall pay no further attention

to any communication you may make to me other than a direct call to the field."

The call came as soon as Barron had recovered from a fever which had confined him some days to his bed. Commodore Bainbridge served as the second to Decatur; Captain Elliott to Barron. They were to fight with pistols at eight paces, and because of Barron's defective vision it was agreed that both should take deliberate aim before the word was given. Bainbridge was to give the word. He had an impediment in his speech which in moments of excitement became more marked. For this reason Barron asked him to repeat the words as he intended to pronounce them. He did so—"One, two, three, fire," without any stammer or hesitation, precisely as he gave them later. Barron said to Decatur, "Sir, I hope when we meet in the other world we shall be better friends than in this." Decatur coldly replied, "I have never been your enemy, Sir."

The word was given. Both fired so nearly at the same instant that it seemed like one report. Both fell, Decatur apparently dead, Barron to all appearances mortally wounded. Decatur revived after a time and was brought near his antagonist. Barron supposing that both were about to die proposed a reconciliation. Decatur said he had never been his enemy and he freely forgave him his death, though he could not forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report adds that Barron said, "Would to God you had said this much yesterday." Decatur, knowing that he was dying, expressed as his only sorrow that he had not died in the service of his country. He was taken to Washington, and died the same night at his residence on Lafayette Square. Barron was taken to Washington also and was confined by his wound until the 10th of April, when he was able to travel to his home in Virginia. When you consider the high character of the men, and the services they had rendered to their country and particularly the pinnacle on which Decatur stood both in the Navy and before the nation, and the wide reputation that he had made both here and abroad as one of the greatest men that

ever trod a deck, you will understand how profound and terrible was the impression made throughout the country.

Barron lived for many years thereafter and much sympathy went out to him from all who understood the situation or studied the correspondence. He was not restored to active duty, but his son by adoption was appointed a midshipman in the United States Navy at the age of two and a half years. He subsequently became a post captain, the youngest in the line naturally, but cast his fortunes with the late Confederacy.

Decatur throughout all had been obdurate and inexorable, spoiled, perhaps, by the high position which he held in the country and the Navy. Part of his early naval training had been under Commodore Preble in the war against the Barbary States. Preble, who was much older, was an admirable officer, but arbitrary in act, and irritable in temper. It is said of him that on one occasion, while in command of the squadron operating against the Barbary pirates, he called a council of the captains of his ships. Bainbridge, the only one of equal rank was absent. Those who attended the council were Decatur, Stewart, Somers, and Smith; also Colonel Lear, an American gentleman who had lived long in the enemy's country. The young men listened and said nothing, making no suggestions whatever, thinking, perhaps, that it was the Commodore's business to make plans, and theirs to carry them out. When they had retired from the cabin of the flag-ship the Commodore sat for some moments leaning on his hand, and seemed in a melancholy mood. Colonel Lear asked him if he were ill. "No," he replied, "but I have made a mistake in accepting this command. I never would have done so had I known that the government were going to send me a parcel of children to command my ships."

Some time later—when the names of these "children" had become famous both here and abroad—Colonel Lear reminded the Commodore of the incident and asked him if he remembered it.

“Yes,” said he, “I do perfectly; but they were good children.”

Another of the children then serving under Preble who was not present at this consultation was equally good. His life, which was as full of promise as that of the great Decatur, closed too early, with the career of the ship which is my subject—James Lawrence of New Jersey. I will mention but two of the incidents of his splendid service because they led directly to the final and fatal end.

To no idle glance of the indifferent passer-by does the brown sarcophagus of Trinity where Lawrence lies enshrined reveal the splendid story of his brief young life. But he who waits and listens well may hear the guns of Tripoli by night; may peer through the misty moonlight on the little Moorish trading vessel with Decatur and his gallant band concealed upon her decks, slowly approaching the captured frigate *Philadelphia*, as she lies moored with shotted guns and surrounded by fleet and fort in the land-locked harbor of the enemy; he may see from the frigate's deck the streaming rocket as our gallant sailors burst aboard giving notice to the ship without the harbor that the terrible work of destruction has begun,—the crew leaping overboard, or falling beneath the pike and cutlass, or hiding away to perish in the flames, that are already bursting from every quarter of the vessel; at last Decatur and young Lawrence and the rest returning to their frail bark alongside, extricating her with difficulty from the blazing ship, and there, in the red glare of the flames that reveal them to the enemy's gunners now raining shot upon them from the forts and the fleet, staying to give three good honest cheers before they man the sweeps that carry them swiftly and triumphantly to the open sea.

And so, too, would come to him who honors his country's history many other fights and adventures on the broad waters which made the name of Lawrence both dear and famous. Two of these alone I will mention, inasmuch as they lead directly to the close of his life, and the career of the *Chesapeake*.

When the war of 1812 broke out, there was a strong feeling in Congress and with the people that our Navy was too insignificant to cope with the overwhelming sea-power of Great Britain, and the intention of the Government appeared to be to keep our ships from the sea. But the urgency of our gallant officers at last prevailed against these views, and the few ships in our possession were fitted out in haste to cruise against the enemy's commerce.

In justification of this view, very generally held, let me mention this significant fact: The navy of England consisted at that time of 1006 sea-going vessels, 800 of which were efficient cruisers. The Navy of the United States consisted of 20 sea-going vessels.

Lawrence had command of the *Hornet*, and after a most effective cruise against merchantmen, capturing and destroying several, he arrived off San Salvador. An English brig, the *Bonne Citoyenne*, was lying in the harbor. Lawrence, upon arriving, knowing the ships were about equal in rate, sent a challenge to the English captain, inviting him to come out and fight. This was not accepted, for the just reason that the *Bonne Citoyenne* had a large amount of government treasure on board which the captain, no doubt, believed he was not authorized to risk, in an engagement that could be avoided. The *Hornet* remained a few days watching her antagonist, and was then driven off by a British seventy-four.

Continuing her cruise off the Brazilian coast, she encountered a strange vessel, evidently a man-of-war and apparently an enemy.

They approached each other under full sail; the colors of both were set as they neared; there was neither hail nor answer, but as they passed within half pistol-shot, two tremendous broadsides were their only greeting. The Englishman endeavored to wear short around and obtain a raking fire. A similar movement on the part of the *Hornet*, executed more rapidly, brought her down upon the enemy's quarter with the advantage of position and "in a perfect blaze of fire." Within fifteen minutes of the first gun the

English ensign was lowered, and immediately set again in the rigging, union down as a signal of distress. The *Hornet's* boats were lowered, and every effort made to remove the wounded and the crew from the sinking ship. She went down at last carrying with her the dead body of her captain, three of the *Hornet's* men, and nine of her own crew. She was the British sloop of war *Peacock*, eighteen guns,—Captain Peake.

There were, also, thirty-seven killed and wounded on board the *Peacock*, while Lawrence lost but one killed and four wounded. The vessels were of the same rate, the *Hornet* having a slight advantage in the number of her crew.

The *Hornet* was so loaded down with prisoners taken from the *Peacock* and previous captures that Lawrence, not willing to expose them to the fire of their own guns on the *Espiègle* lying ashore six miles distant, sailed for the United States. And here let me say that when these prisoners were finally released they addressed a most cordial letter of thanks to Captain Lawrence and the American people, for their kind and gentlemanly treatment, adding that they were treated more like guests than prisoners. From this you will see that civilized humanity to unfortunate men who are taken prisoners while serving their country in war is an American invention, and not of so late date as many might imagine.

I might remark, also, that we have seldom had occasion to complain of infringement upon the part of other nations.

The effect of this victory, following so soon upon the capture of the *Guerrière* by Commodore Hull in the *Constitution*, was very great in the United States. There had been, as I have said before, a sentiment in Congress and the country that our little Navy was too insignificant to be permitted to leave our ports, and when our ships were finally allowed to take the offensive it was partly with the idea that they would soon be swept from the ocean and every available resource concentrated on the Army and our land defences. Upon Lawrence's return honors were showered upon him; swords, and complimentary votes, and, with

it all, promotion and the fatal command of the *Chesapeake*. She was lying in Boston Harbor, blockaded by the *Shannon* and *Tenedos*, two frigates of thirty-eight guns each. Her crew were in a disorganized condition, dissatisfied because of a question of prize-money. They comprised many landsmen and were all more or less demoralized because of frequent liberty ashore. Captain Broke of the *Shannon* dismissed his consort the *Tenedos*, and sent a written challenge to Lawrence to come out and fight him:

H.B.M. *Shannon*, off Boston,
June, 1813.

“SIR:

As the *Chesapeake* appears now ready for sea, I request that you will do me the favor to meet the *Shannon* with her, ship to ship, to try the fortune of our respective flags. To an officer of your character, it requires some apology for proceeding to further particulars. Be assured, sir, that it is not from any doubt I can entertain of your wishing to close with my proposal, but merely to provide an answer to any objection which might be made, and very reasonably, upon the chance of our receiving unfair support. After the diligent attention which we had paid to Commodore Rodgers, the pains I took to detach all force but the *Shannon* and *Tenedos* to such a distance that they could not possibly join in any action fought in sight of the Capes, and the various verbal messages which had been sent into Boston to that effect, we were much disappointed to find the Commodore had eluded us by sailing on the first change, after the prevailing easterly winds had obliged us to keep an offing from the coast. He, perhaps, wished for some stronger assurance of a fair meeting. I am, therefore, induced to address you more particularly, and to assure you that what I write I pledge my honour to perform to the utmost of my power. The *Shannon* mounts 24 guns upon her broadside, and 1 light boat gun; 18-pounders upon her main deck, and 32-pound carronades on her quarter-deck and forecastle; and is manned with a complement of 300 men and boys (a large proportion of the latter), besides 30 seamen, boys, and passengers, who were taken out of recaptured vessels lately. I am thus minute, because a report has prevailed in some of the Boston papers that we had 150 men additional, lent us from *La Hogue*, which really never was the case. *La Hogue*

is now gone to Halifax for provisions, and I will send all other ships beyond the power of interfering with us, and meet you wherever it is most agreeable to you, within the limits of the under-mentioned rendezvous, viz. from six to ten leagues east of Cape Cod lighthouse; from eight to ten leagues east of Cape Ann's light; on Cashe's Ledge, in Latitude 43° north; at any bearing and distance you please to fix, off the south breakers of Nantucket, or the shoal of St. George's Bank. If you will favor me with any plan of signals or telegraph, I will warn you (if sailing under this promise) should any of my friends be too nigh, or anywhere in sight, until I can detach them out of my way; or I would sail with you, under a flag of truce, to any place you think safest from our cruisers, hauling it down when fair to begin hostilities.

"You must, sir, be aware that my proposals are highly advantageous to you, as you cannot proceed to sea singly in the *Chesapeake* without imminent risk of being crushed by the superior force of the numerous British squadrons which are now abroad, where all your efforts, in case of a *rencontre*, would, however gallant, be perfectly hopeless. I entreat you, sir, not to imagine that I am urged by mere personal vanity to the wish of meeting the *Chesapeake*, or that I depend only upon your personal ambition for your acceding to this invitation. We have both nobler motives.

"You will feel it as a compliment if I say that the result of our meeting may be the most grateful service I can render to my country; and I doubt not that you, equally confident of success, will feel convinced that it is only by repeated triumphs, in even combats, that your little navy can now hope to console your country for the loss of that trade it can no longer protect. Favour me with a speedy reply. We are short of provisions and water, and cannot stay long here.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient, humble servant,

"P. B. V. BROKE,

"Captain of H. B. M. *Shannon*.

"N.B.—For the general service of watching your coast, it is requisite for me to keep another ship in company to support me with her guns and boats when employed near the land, and particularly to aid each other if either ship, in chase, should get on shore. You must be aware that I cannot, consistently with

my duty, waive so great an advantage for this general service, by detaching my consort without an assurance on your part of meeting me directly, and that you will neither seek nor admit aid from any other of your armed vessels if I despatch mine expressly for the sake of meeting you. Should any special order restrain you from thus answering a formal challenge, you may yet oblige me by keeping my proposal a secret, and appointing any place you like to meet us (within 300 miles of Boston) in a given number of days after you sail; as, unless you agree to an interview, I may be busied on other service, and perhaps be at a distance from Boston when you go to sea.

"Choose your terms, but let us meet.

"To the Commodore of the U. S. Frigate *Chesapeake*.

Impressment of seamen and the right of search were the direct causes of the war. No man on board an American ship who betrayed the slightest tincture of a brogue or dropped even a moderate proportion of his *h's* in conversation stood any chance with the boarding press-gangs of the English Navy.

In regard to the passengers to whom Captain Broke refers, the following extracts from his log may be interesting:

"Log of the *Shannon*, May 26th.

"Saturday, May 29th. Light variable winds and damp fog. Fixed and corrected nine powder sights. Practiced at target with musketry. At 4 P.M. spoke the *Sherbrooke*. *General Flower* her prize. The latter had forty Irishmen on board. Took twenty of the youngest."

Why should they take the youngest? Perhaps the next entry in his log may explain.

"Monday, May 31st. Was a busy day. At 10 A.M. recaptured *Hunter*, Halifax schooner taken by Yankee privateer brig. Exercised the Irishmen at small arms."

These were the passengers to whom he refers.

A further entry, this from the pocket journal of Captain Broke, I mention for its terse modesty.

"Tuesday, June 1, 1813. Just off Boston Harbor. N. W. W. Lawrence. P.M. Took *Chesapeake*."

This challenge, unfortunately, did not arrive until Law-

rence had already sailed to accept the equally plain challenge of the appearance of the *Shannon* alone, in the offing. Had he received the written document he would have learned that his chivalrous enemy proposed to meet him at a time to be agreed upon and in latitude and longitude to be named. Battle under these conditions would have given to the American ship the advantage of some preparation, and would have greatly improved the discipline and concert in action of her crew.

The Captain of the *Chesapeake*, understanding the presence of his enemy, unaccompanied by her consort, to be a sufficient invitation to battle, had but one course to follow. He had set a similar example in the case of the *Bonne Citoyenne*, and could not but accept, although filled with misgivings as to his own condition. His men were new to him and lax in discipline. The first officer of the ship was sick and dying on shore, and his second in command was the gallant young Ludlow, who had accompanied him in the *Hornet*, who was with him still, and who from that day to this present hour never parted from him,—for he sleeps to-day in Trinity Churchyard, as he died on the conquered frigate, by the side of his heroic Captain, and under the same monument commemorating both.

The *Shannon* waiting battle without had rehearsed it for all weather. From her consort when dismissed she had picked her best seamen and gunners, and it is no disparagement, but rather the reverse, to her gallant Captain to say that never went a ship into action better prepared for victory. Yet at noon of a summer day, June 1, 1814, down from the good city of Boston, through her rock-bound harbor, past admiring crowds upon the shore, with all her splendid spread of canvas, sailed the stately *Chesapeake*. She passed the lights and out into the open sea. Yet even as she went, a half mutiny on board, among her grumbling crew, gave sad omen of her fate. It was quieted by Lawrence's personal interference and influence. The *Shannon* stood out to sea under easy sail, followed by her adversary, to whom she chivalrously left to decide when and

where the battle should commence. At half past five in the afternoon, when thirty miles from Boston light, the *Chesapeake* fired a single gun. The *Shannon* recognized the signal and hove to. Down upon her sailing fast came the American frigate. The men were at quarters upon both decks and every lanyard held awaiting the word of command. There was a moment of intense anxiety on the *Shannon* before it was determined on which side the *Chesapeake* would close. Still she came sweeping majestically on, for Lawrence had decided to lie close alongside and to fight yard-arm and yard-arm. As the foremast of the American ranged abreast of the mizzen-mast of the English ship, the latter delivered her broadside, commencing with her cabin-guns and following forward in quick succession. For a second, no answering sound from the *Chesapeake* save the crashing of her timbers, although the blood of her Commander was already flowing. But as the vessels ranged full alongside with one magnificent crash from the port-battery, she delivered as destructive a broadside as ever issued from a ship of her size and metal. After this grand opening the fire of both ships for eight terrible minutes was rapid, steady, and destructive, nor was it possible to tell where the advantage lay. The *Chesapeake* had suffered greatly in her spars and rigging and her sails were all aboard. Lawrence was wounded but still kept the deck. Ludlow, his first lieutenant, although twice wounded, still remained on duty. The captain of marines, and the fourth lieutenant were wounded mortally. The ship forged ahead for a moment, then becoming for a time unmanageable she was taken aback and, getting stern way on, came afoul of the enemy, her mizzen rigging becoming entangled in the fore chains of the *Shannon*.

Perceiving that the ships were about to foul, at a fearful disadvantage to his own, Lawrence gave the order to call away the boarders. Upon what trifling things turns oftentimes the fate of battles! A colored bugler who should have sounded the call had hid himself in terror under the launch of the ship, and when found he was unable to sound a note.

The order had to be given verbally and through aids. The process was necessarily slow. Meanwhile the enemy's carronades raked and swept the upper deck. Before the boarders could be assembled from below, Lawrence was carried there a dying man, and every officer was down above the rank of midshipman. The enemy boarded at first cautiously, then in full numbers and with a rush as the disorder on the *Chesapeake* became apparent. The crew, as the English Captain reported, still fought desperately, although in disorder, but presently resistance ceased, and an English officer hauled down the colors of the *Chesapeake*. Captain Broke was terribly wounded as he led the boarders and for many days it was believed that he would die.

The slaughter on both ships had been terrible, forty-eight killed on the *Chesapeake*, and ninety-nine wounded; twenty-three killed and fifty-six wounded on the *Shannon*; yet the action lasted but fifteen minutes.

The guns were stilled and no sound disturbed the evening air save the murmur and tread of men engaged in works of mercy. The sea was perfect in its calm, and the smoke of battle had drifted far abroad. But to the ears of a dying man in the cabin of his dismantled ship the thunder of the guns was still resounding. To his dying fancy, there came clear again the splendor of conflict, the clash of arms, the great ships grappled, the splintering timbers, and the bloody decks. Over him waved once more the dear flag he had loved and lived for, and as his great soul went forth in his strong love of country, conquering the agony of mortal wounds, he cried aloud—and the unutterable pathos of that cry what words shall tell?—"Don't strike the flag of my ship! Don't give up the ship!" And therewith there faded from his mortal sense the sea and the land and the fairness thereof, all cries of anguish and sound of victory; and there came instead, the ineffable dawning, the music of the celestial choirs and the beatific vision, the presence of God, the just reward of a life which had been lived for duty and lost in a solemn baptism of blood by heroic death in battle for his country.

So brave young Lawrence died. The ship he had sailed so well and fought so gallantly bore his lifeless body into Halifax—and never since or before the day when the shattered frigate *Victory* brought the dead Nelson home from Trafalgar, moved there over the waters a more glorious catafalque bearing a more honored burden. He was laid to rest in the city of the enemy, wrapped in the very flag on which his last thoughts were centred. Past-captains of the English Navy were his pall-bearers, while the shipping and the town were in mourning.

On a later day the body was returned to this nation and laid to final rest in Trinity. Ludlow, who was buried with him at Halifax, was brought home with him after the peace, and rests with him in the same vault.

After peace was declared, the *London Times* of December 30, 1814, says:

“We have retired from the combat with the stripes yet bleeding on our backs. Even yet, however, if we could but close the war with some great naval triumph the reputation of our maritime greatness might be partially restored. But to say that it has not hitherto suffered in the estimation of all Europe, and, what is worse, of America herself, is to belie common sense and universal experience. “Two or three of our ships have struck to a force vastly inferior!” No; not two or three, but many on the ocean and whole squadrons on the lakes; and the numbers are to be viewed with relation to the comparative magnitude of the two navies. Scarcely is there an American ship of war which has not to boast a victory over the British flag; scarcely one British ship in thirty or forty that has beaten an American. With the bravest seamen and the most powerful navy in the world, we retire from the contest when the balance of defeat is so heavy against us.”

And this was written before the *Times* had heard of the capture of the *Cyane* and the *Levant* by the *Constitution*, the disabling of the *Endymion* by the *President*, or the brilliant victory of the *Hornet* over the *Penguin*.

The *Chesapeake* was never, it appears, refitted as a ship of war, nor has her name been reproduced either in our

Navy or, in accordance with the custom of the sea, in the Navy of the conquering nation.

She was sold and taken to England, where she was subsequently broken up and her timbers, which were sound and massive, were used in the construction of a flour mill which stands to this day and is known as the Chesapeake Mill, the scars of battle still being visible in the solid oak.

BATTLE OF NEWBERN AS I SAW IT.

A PAPER READ BY BREVET MAJOR GEORGE G. HOPKINS,
U. S. VOLS., DECEMBER 7, 1898.

AFTER the capture of Roanoke Island our troops lay quietly in camp for a month.

We had been designated as Guard to Headquarters, so, with the exception of guard duty once a week, there was nothing to do except to amuse ourselves and speculate on what was to be our next move.

On the 9th of March, one month after the battle of Roanoke Island, we received orders to strike tents, pack our camp equipage, and prepare to move in light marching order, and forty rounds of ammunition to each man, and six days' rations in our haversacks.

We embarked on the two ferry-boats, *Curlew* and *Eagle*. These boats had come from New York with live cattle for the army. They were none the more comfortable for the rough weather they had encountered on their voyage and the cargo which they had brought.

Once on board we weighed anchor, and proceeded to the rendezvous, which was Hatteras Inlet, where we found fifty transports loaded with troops, and a fleet of fourteen gunboats under Commodore Rowan.

All was in readiness on the eleventh, and on the next morning orders were received from General Burnside for all the fleet to get under way, as an important diversion was to be made to aid the Army of the Potomac in its operations before Richmond.

The morning broke clear and beautiful. The Sound was without a ripple and dazzling to the eye, from the

reflection of the clear Southern sun on its mirror-like surface.

This inland ocean so peaceful and calm, little betokened the turmoil of war into which we were preparing to plunge.

The only land in sight were the sand dunes separating the Sound from the ocean, and the southeastern point of land at the entrance of the Neuse River.

In these tranquil waters the whole fleet of fourteen gunboats and fifty transports weighed anchor, and with all available bunting flying, bands playing, and men cheering, the whole flotilla moved westward towards the mouth of the Neuse River.

It was a sight for an artist, beautiful beyond description, the weather giving no indication of the coming storm. The flotilla might have been a pleasure excursion, so little was there to indicate the errand of destruction on which it was bent.

We drew out in a long line, and as we came nearer the mainland the smoke of signal fires was plainly seen along the south bank of the river, extending in the direction of Newbern. These fires gave General Branch warning of the approach of our army.

At midday the face of the heavens changed, and by afternoon a cold, drizzling rain began to fall, accompanied by a thick ocean fog.

This prevented any further progress and the whole fleet came to anchor for the night, the location of only a few vessels being visible to each of the others.

The rain fell all night and continued until the second day, the morning of the 14th. In spite of the storm the fleet moved on up the river on the 13th, until it reached Slocum's Creek, which empties its waters into the Neuse about fifteen miles below Newbern. This point had been selected by General Burnside as a suitable place to make a landing, and subsequent examinations have proved that it was the best point that could have been chosen, had we been able to examine the whole river from Newbern to the Sound.

In giving this command to General Burnside, Mr. Lincoln again demonstrated his sagacity in selecting the right man for the right place. And General Burnside here displayed his peculiar fitness for the task that had been assigned him. The debarkation began as soon as the first transports reached the Creek.

The expedition was organized in three brigades, commanded respectively by Generals Foster, Reno, and Park. Our regiment was attached to the Third Brigade commanded by General John G. Park. The First and Second Brigades were landed first and it was not until dark that we received orders to go on shore.

Nearly four thousand men had been put on shore before our turn came. They had immediately taken up the line of march, the unit for the forward movement being the company, instead of the regiment or even brigade, as is usual.

Rain had fallen thirty hours, and several thousand men had marched over an ordinary country road with a clay bottom. The condition of such a road on a dark, cold, rainy winter's night, beggars description, but is familiar to many of you. The men without a murmur took up the line of march. At each step we sank six or more inches into the mud; with each attempt to push on we had to raise pounds of mud with our feet. In many cases the low army shoes were drawn off by suction, and in the intense darkness it was almost impossible to find them, so that many men had to march on shoeless, and fight all the next day in stocking feet.

Thus for nine weary hours we toiled on, passing in the night some very strong positions which the enemy had abandoned without firing a shot. The largest of these earthworks was about eight miles from Newbern, and extended from the river to the railroad, a distance of three-quarters of a mile, with a ditch nine feet wide and six feet deep. There were platforms built for their guns, but these had all been removed. Properly handled, this work with a thousand men should have held ten thousand in check for a long time.

Slowly we trudged along until three o'clock in the morning, when we were ordered to bivouac for the *night*. Here we found ourselves three miles from Newbern, having marched twelve miles in nine hours.

Many of you who have been through similar experiences can appreciate our fatigue and exhaustion. Yet I do not remember to have heard a complaint during the entire march from any one of the men.

But what was the place where we were to bivouac? The land was very level, so that the water did not run off but lay in pools between the trees with which the table-land was thickly covered.

Few fires were built, as it was not easy to find the place where one would burn, nor the material with which to make one. The alternative was to stand in a cold rain or lie down in a pool of water. We all chose the latter, and most of us were soon wrapped in sleep, notwithstanding all our discomforts.

At daybreak the long roll awoke us from our weary slumbers. We breakfasted on a small ration of wet "hard tack," and cold coffee from our canteens.

As soon as we were in line I ordered all my men to draw their charges from their guns and clean out the nipples and reload. One man failed to obey, of which more anon.

Soon the boom of cannon and rattle of musketry told us that the battle was on. The whizzing of bullets about us and the "chunck" as they hit a tree every few seconds, told us that we were in the fight, if only on its edge.

We had formed line of battle and were not allowed to do anything except to stand and take the chance of stopping some of the bullets that were flying unpleasantly near, buzzing in our ears as they sped on their destructive mission.

Our brigade was held in reserve to support the First or Second as occasion might require. Should the victory prove an easy one, the reserves are not put in action and receive no credit for the success of arms, but should it prove that the enemy make a very stubborn resistance and victory

is doubtful, then the reserves are expected to take the most exposed and critical position, requiring the greatest coolness and staying qualities, always having to meet an enemy flushed with some advantage gained.

It was with the greatest difficulty that we kept our men in line while in this position, as a scattering fire, which you cannot reply to, will make the bravest soldiers tremble. With swords drawn, and a feeling that if you were not an officer you would consider the expediency of seeking a safer place, we forced our men to keep a solid front.

Fortunately General Park, appreciating the difficulty of our exposed condition, ordered the brigade to lie down. There was no fear that the men would not keep this position, so we were at liberty to move about and see what was going on.

In our immediate front the view of the battle was obscured by trees and smoke. The road over which we had made our weary night march ran directly along our rear. Being free to move about, we could see a short distance ahead where the road emerged into an open plain. A little distance beyond on an elevation stood a large oak tree, and under it General Burnside and his staff sat on horseback. It was not the safest place in the world, but from it could be had a grand view of the raging battle.

I had been there but a few minutes when a shell struck a large limb of the oak cutting it off, just over where General Burnside sat on his horse directing the troops, and it fell with a crash among the horses, the General having a very narrow escape, and it seemed a miracle that no one was hurt. Fearing that we should be ordered forward, I returned to my command. Shortly after this the reserves were ordered into the very hottest and most difficult position in the fight, and to assault the strongest part of the fortifications.

The fortifications of the enemy were strong and well arranged and extended from the river to the railroad, a distance of nearly a mile. At the western termination, their left flank, they had erected a strong bastion, defended

by a wide, deep ditch with abatis of heavy timber admirably placed. This bastion mounted a number of heavy guns and was a formidable fort. Extending east from this was a line of earthworks, stretching to the railroad on the extreme right. Their right flank was the most carefully fortified portion of their line of defence, expecting that this would be the point where we were likely to attack in force. At this point the railroad embankment was some six feet high. To the east of this was an old brick kiln; this, with some houses, was pierced for sharpshooters, while fifty yards in front was a gully, some thirty feet deep, through which ran a small stream with about three feet of water in it. Between the stream and the breastworks the trees had been felled and left, in order to make an assault very difficult. To the west of the railroad the ground was swampy, and filled with down timber. Back of this swamp on several sand hills were nine or ten redoubts. From all of these positions their fire could be concentrated upon the ground over which we had to pass.

General Burnside had counted on the fire of the gunboats for his artillery support, but the obstructions in the river proved too formidable to be quickly removed. The only ordnance, therefore, that could be brought into action were six small brass boat howitzers dragged by men.

Opposed to this the enemy had thirty heavy guns and twelve pieces of field artillery, all mounted behind earthworks. These guns commanded the clearing in front of the enemy's works on all sides. These extensive works were commanded by Confederate General Branch and defended by eight thousand men.

The attack was ordered to be made along the whole line stretching from the river to the railroad. The First Brigade under General Foster occupying the right half of our line, the Second Brigade under General Reno was to cover the other half of the front from the right centre to the extreme left. The Third Brigade under General Park, to which we were attached, was in reserve, covering the left centre.

Our position during the early part of the battle was

most trying. We were within long range of the enemy, receiving some of their fire, but not being able to defend ourselves. But our time was to come and in a shape to test the endurance of the most experienced veterans.

General Foster on our right was engaged from early morning, but was unable to dislodge the enemy from their strong position.

General Reno, in moving to his position, found that the line of the enemy extended to the west of the railroad, and should he succeed in carrying the works east of it he would be exposed to a flank attack himself, instead of overlapping the Confederate flank as he expected.

The First Brigade had been engaged several hours and had been repulsed in their assaults upon the enemy's earth-works and were nearly exhausted. Their ammunition was used up, and both howitzers and men unable to return fire.

General Reno was directed by General Burnside to make an effort to penetrate the Confederate right centre and to concentrate his brigade at this point, thus uncovering the enemy's right flank, which General Park was directed to cover with the Third Brigade, by moving by the left flank. This brought us into easy rifle range, and exposed us to a murderous fire of artillery and musketry with no protection. The enemy being covered we could do little execution with our Enfield rifles.

General Reno determined to make an effort to penetrate the enemy's works in the centre. But for such an heroic dash he could only spare four hundred men under Lt.-Col. Clark of the 21st Massachusetts. This charge was one of the bravest deeds of the war, and was beautifully executed at a point where the field artillery had full play. The works were carried, the gunners bayoneted at their post, the harness destroyed, and horses stampeded. But the enemy rallied and made a concentrated attack with overwhelming force, and the little band were compelled to retreat and abandon the guns that they had captured,—but were brought off in good order.

Now came our turn for a terrific encounter. As this

handful of the 21st Massachusetts were driven back, the order was given for the Third Brigade to rise up and charge. Down the slope into the ravine below we rushed; over swampy ground and fallen trees, through the Creek at the bottom with three feet of water in it, up the slope, through tangled brush, under a galling fire, the bullets coming down like hail, so thick that it seemed incredible that any of us should have survived it; over the abatis, through the ditch, over the parapet into the fortification, we charged. Our brigade had been depleted to strengthen the others, so that we had in this charge only the 8th Connecticut, 4th Rhode Island, and our first battalion, 5th Rhode Island, of five companies. The 21st Massachusetts had disabled the field batteries and this saved us from having them turned on our right flank. The Confederates fled before us. The 21st Massachusetts and the rest of Reno's brigade charged, and the main body of the enemy was soon in full retreat. Their position to the west of the railroad was impregnable to an assault, owing to the swamp and slashed timber that surrounded it. Ours was not a desirable place to be in as the fire was still very heavy. One lieutenant fell behind a convenient trunk of a fallen tree and we supposed he had been killed, but he walked into camp in the evening without a scratch upon him. He did not wait for charges to be preferred, but resigned the next day, being unable to stand the ridicule that greeted him wherever he went.

Once in the main line of the Confederate defences, we found ourselves exposed to a flank fire on our left, from the positions already referred to, and we wheeled to the left and opened fire upon this position at close range. This we kept up for some time, hoping to keep these troops occupied while the First and Second brigades were working round to their rear, to cut them off from their main army.

Here some of our bravest men laid down their lives for their country.

We deployed column along a ridge where we were within close range and here delivered our fire, falling back to the clove to load, then advancing to fire.

We had in Company E an Irishman who stuttered in a most peculiar fashion. He was a lazy dog, always shirking work, but did not know what fear was. When the first volley had been discharged, every one obeyed the order to fall back except Tom. There he stood alone, exposed to the entire fire of the enemy. They must have admired his bravery, as they did not shoot him down. The order was given to fall back but he did not obey, but went on loading in his exposed position. He said: "Bub-bub-but those fellows are firing at me and my gun won't go off." We had to take him by the arm to bring him back to cover. Told him to throw away his gun and pick up one of those that were lying all about us. But he persisted: "Bub-bub-but I want my own gun."

So we drew his ramrod and put it into the barrel and it protruded about twelve inches. He had three charges, one on top of the other. If the gun had happened to go off it would have knocked him down, if it had not burst and done more serious damage. Lazy Tom had failed to draw his charge when ordered to do so in the morning. We took his wormer and drew the three charges, cleaned out his nipple, and gave him back his gun. He said, "Bub-bub-but now I'll give it to them," and up he went to fire.

The danger of being cut off and captured caused the enemy to evacuate this strong position, as our other brigades were working round in their rear and they would soon have been at our mercy.

In retreating the Confederates set fire to the bridge across the river as soon as their troops had crossed. They placed barrels of turpentine at intervals the whole length of this bridge. They not only fired the bridge but set fire to the city in many places. But for the arrival of Commodore Rowan (who had managed to work his way up the river by this time) with his gunboats, the entire city would have been burned to the ground. But he landed his men promptly and soon had the flames under control.

Our regiment was ordered to take possession of the deserted artillery quarters, where we found everything had

been left behind, even the dinner partly prepared. Shad-rack, an old colored man left behind by the Confederates in their hasty retreat, said: "Come in, Massa Yanks, dem Rebs done gone lef dare dinner for you uns to eat." And right glad we were to eat it, as we had hardly tasted any food that day. We were wet, cold, tired, and sad, as some of our most beloved comrades had bitten the dust that day.

LITTLE THINGS ABOUT BIG GENERALS.

A PAPER READ BY BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM
HEMSTREET, U. S. VOLS., DECEMBER 13, 1899.

IF the kodak had always been an art, mankind to-day would be without sentimentality, error, and superstition respecting history, which is the biggest liar in the world. Realism satisfies modern craving. What would we not give for a few kinetographs of Babylon, of Hannibal crossing the Alps or foraging in Spain; how we would devour the scene of a section of Cyrus's or Alexander's columns, or of the wade through the Red Sea, or of the busy builders on the Coliseum or the Cheops, or of the workshops and kitchens in the Middle Ages with all their facial expressions, clothing, equipments, etc.!

When our Spanish War commenced, a young lady in Brooklyn said she was awfully, awfully sorry we were going to have war, for now we would have to listen to a lot *more* war stories. But has all been said about our Civil War? Not until the stars are counted or every comrade has told his experience. This paper will, in honor and truth, convey to your minds a few first-handed verbal photographs, without touching up or tinting, all the way from Sumter to Appomattox, without the break of a day, of some of the personalities of that mighty conflict that burst upon the country like a thunder clap from a blue sky. In one evening's talk one must omit episodes that do not convey a general lesson, and must suppress all self-allusion except enough for authenticity. In the preface to *The Fair God* is this: "A personal experience is more attractive to listeners. A circumstance from the tongue or pen of

one to whom it actually happened, or even its spectator, is always more interesting than if given second-hand."

The telegraphic nerve shock from Sumter intoxicated the heart and brain of wild, reckless, patriotic, generous Chicago. Business lost its head. The Board of Trade stopped gouging, joined hands, sang patriotic songs, and immediately raised a battery whose shot-torn wheels now ornament its walls. Even Abra'm, Ikey, and Shacob sang "Der Sthar-sbankled panner" until their jugular veins swelled. Patriotic bunting covered the city; there were not halls enough for drill, so that function overflowed into the streets and fields. Enemies became brothers; bells tolled, bonfires cast their witchery through the night, sharp reports of cannon shook every dwelling; and, from the tumult, even irreverent men rushed to their bedsides and fell upon their knees in secret prayer. The national feeling had been touched. April 18th Governor Yates telegraphed to our brigadier-general-on-paper: "Raise and arm as large a force as possible and be prepared to march at a minute's warning." In our profound peace and unpreparedness those words smote upon every heart and they showed us young fellows what stuff remained in the old fellows. General Swift was a bald-headed, rotund, boiling Irishman, and the most patriotic of Americans. God bless his memory! He had that telegram in double-sheet posters all over the city by daybreak. At his headquarters in his bank, before noon, the floor was piled with contributions from citizens in the shapes of old Queen Anne muskets, old sabres, lint, bandages, pepper-box revolvers, daggers, treatises on war, etc. One of the darling old chivalry of 1812, with red nose and frilled shirt bosom, brought the "Gineral" a bottle of choice old brandy for an emergency. A dear old maid from my boarding-house brought me a Testament and silk undershirt, saying, with practical tenderness, the threads might help to extract a ball. As I was setting out upon a slaughtering expedition I could not see where the Testament came in. Our friends the chaplains can mix religion and war, but somehow I never

could do the trick. On the next April 8th Jefferson Davis proclaimed thanks to Almighty God for the victory at Shiloh, and on April 10th Abraham Lincoln did the same thing. This lady's old father, a stranger to me, who had been in the War of 1812, with tears upon his furrowed face, locked arms with me and marched to the rendezvous. Oh, that blessing follows me still! Before General Swift's office, men direct from the workshops, desks, and counters crowded one another for places in the line while waiting for guns. There was the blacksmith with smut on his bare arms, and the bookkeeper with pen over his ear. In thirty-six hours General Swift started for Cairo with a staff and six full companies, including a battery, armed to the teeth. That was a wonderful thing then. Now New York would have an army corps underway in twelve hours. Swift had at the front the fourth organization in the whole country, and the second west of the Alleghanies. He alone, with shirt sleeves rolled to his shoulders, sweating like a steer, occupied the box-car making cartridges for our cannon. In the same plight at Big Muddy Bridge, reported to be ambushed by the enemy, with suspenders down over his hips, bareheaded, with cocked double-barrelled shotgun, he led the column across. Before arriving at Cairo, he ordered a detail ready to go into the Saint Charles Hotel and cut all the bed sheets into three-inch strips for bandages. Another detail was ordered to prepare to seize the nearest lumber yard and saw a thousand three-foot lengths to board up the windows of the hotel so as to economize powder in blowing it up if it should interfere with the range of the cannon. He enjoined silence and attention upon all his staff, saying he would do all the "hollering." The mayor of the town sent a keg of brandy for the staff. The General forbade us to touch it until it was analyzed. We took it up into our rooms and "analyzed" it, reporting to the general we had destroyed it. So we had. On camp being made, pickets thrown out, and batteries planted commanding both rivers, General Swift, although by his zeal and unlettered military instinct having done what hardly any

other man could have done, was relieved by Captain B. M. Prentiss of the Quincy Blues. Swift bitterly regretted this, and told me that but for the laws of the State and the exigencies of the hour he would challenge Dick Yates to a duel. We soon had six regiments, guns, and powder, but no uniforms and not a copy of the Regulations nor a blank in the whole camp. The livelong summer was spent in speeches, patriotic songs, firing blank cartridges, and dress parades. Six thousand fine volunteers spoiled there for a fight. The colonels elected Prentiss to be brigadier and the governor commissioned him. He promised the boys their Fourth of July dinner in Memphis. He had his next Fourth of July dinner in Memphis but as a prisoner, after more vigilance and stubborn fighting than any other officer at Shiloh.

In October Prentiss and the young first Illinois three-years brigadier met upon a railroad platform at the Iron Mountain reconnoissance, where Prentiss yielded the command under violent protest. Eight years after, Prentiss was a back country postmaster, and the new young brigadier was President Grant. As to the surprise at Shiloh, Prentiss was more on the alert than anybody else. He had not been given a cavalryman, and his pickets and reconnoissances were by foot. On the evening of April 5th, the night before the battle, I was summoned to his headquarters. He came in hurriedly with Colonel Peabody and Colonel Miller and excused himself, saying he believed "those devils were out there in front." The three officers mounted and rode to the front. The next morning Colonel Peabody was killed at the first fire, Surgeon-General Everett lay dead in full uniform at the door of his tent, and soon after Colonel Miller and General Prentiss were captured. You know the rest.

All our six Cairo colonels became major generals. Therewas one clean shaven, chubby-faced, blue-eyed, sunny-hearted colonel, without uniform, prematurely gray, thirty-nine years of age, who then resembled Henry Ward Beecher. He was often cheerfully dancing about with his hands in his trousers pockets, humming operatic measures and bubbling

over with wit and humor; it was a wonder where he of the wild and woolly West had heard an opera. He would on the stump make most fervid appeals to his men to only "follow where he would lead." The next summer at Corinth as a brigadier-general a bullet stopped inside of him, when he remarked that carrying rebel lead inside of him would send him to Congress, but that if it had only gone clean through him it would be no good. You know him as Senator and Governor Oglesby, of Illinois, hailed always by the Army as "Uncle Dick."

Bear in mind that this paper expresses no opinions and will indorse or qualify nothing, but is simply a report. A regular officer was sent to us at Cairo to line out our fortifications. Prentiss, who did not like him, received many dispatches from a rising young officer named McClellan, then commanding the Department of the Ohio, telling him to make no move without permission. One day Prentiss vexatiously tore up a dispatch, saying: "I believe that man McClellan is just another damned old wind-bag like Benham."

We improvised a Post band from the enlisted men, and oh, such a band! Having a musical sympathy with the volunteer cornetist he was invited to my room where we "blowed each other's trumpets." He was an intelligent, loyal, and companionable fellow, with a heart as true as steel, and was made a clerk and orderly at headquarters. Two years after at Corinth, hearing a band at General Dodge's headquarters, I as a ragged, dirty infantry captain went over there and saw in the cottage, being presented to the ladies and big officers, the new temporary corps commander, our former cornetist of Cairo, Major-General Benjamin F. Grierson, the great cavalry raider. Brains will tell! When mounting guard at Cairo I usually rewarded a certain young private soldier for his neatness by assigning him to the coveted duty of orderly at the St. Charles. Three years after, he was killed as a brigade commander, Colonel Charlie Greathouse. Brains will tell! Captain Houghtaling's cook caught a catfish in the Ohio, and the captain

invited me to dine with him off that delicacy in his slab cabin upon the levee. The cook, with the vizor of his cap over his right ear, sat down with us. Three years after, when Sherman was pursuing Hood over Lost Mountain, I was crouched by the roadside, collapsed with cold, fatigue, and hunger, and in that loss of spirit brought on by physical extremity. A passing war-horse, mounted by a well-fed rider, so comfortably clad and rested, with Havana cigar, gauntlets, boots and spurs, uplifted my abashed and envious eyes to our catfish cook, a captain of artillery. Brains will tell!

At Chicago we all had great hopes for a dashing young lawyer who had got a commission in the then so-called crack cavalry regiment. He was an orator, a society man, a politician, a ready parliamentarian, and had all the vitality and egoism necessary. His mamma said he would be President. In a violent altercation with the Adjutant-General of the State I heard him say: "You can't squelch me; I am going to make a name and fame in this war if brave deeds can do it." But the colonel of his regiment, although the ladies called him a beau-ideal of a soldier, with his moustache, swinging sabre, boots and spurs, like all other beau-ideals, was no good for real war. He was a Southern regular and never intended to hurt a hair of a rebel's head, but he liked Uncle Sam's commission and pay all right. His regiment was divided up into small detachments guarding rear depots and bridges. At the end of the war, coming through Kentucky, I saw, sitting upon a bale of hay, unshaven, soiled, disgusted, and dejected, with a briar-root pipe and a full squad of troopers, our young lawyer who was going to make a name, still a lieutenant. Brains will tell, but they need opportunity.

In the three months' service Cairo was the Western war centre and it was visited, upon duty and otherwise, by many old officers of the Mexican War and of the regular Army to whom it was a reunion. So slow is time to the young that we boys looked upon them with reverence like resurrected knights of the Middle Ages. Prentiss wore the

yet blood-stained sash of Colonel Hardin, who was killed at Buena Vista. To us young volunteers, to whom the Mexican War was almost a myth, and which happened before our teens, the presence of those old heroes was a stimulant, although that war had been only fourteen years back. Now it is thirty-four years since the close of our Civil War.

There came to Cairo a swarthy, heavy moustached, glowering civilian, sizing up everything but saying nothing. Of him one of our detectives said: "I'd like to shoot that fellow; I heard him say on the cars going over Big Muddy Bridge, that our guard there was another imposition of your damned black republican administration." Three months later our swarthy friend came down loyally to Cairo at the head of his regiment; and three months after, I saw him on a cot in a hospital boat, after the battle of Fort Donelson, drinking a bowl of gruel handed him by a woman, and staring dreamily into space. I said then and there: "That man is ambitious and sees a great future; for, like Saul, he has seen a new light." Three years later, when Sherman bade farewell to his army at Louisville, our swarthy friend, being for a moment overcome and dismounted by the intense heat, I, with others, fanned him with my hat. He was Major-General John A. Logan, commander of the Army of the Tennessee. A year or so after, when we took up the war of peace, I was at his house in Washington. A stately blonde lady, who affectionately called him "honey," was busily making up a bed in the front parlor. There too was an infant. Time has sped quickly and that infant's career is in history, he having just died on the battlefield,—Major John A. Logan. We now see a stately, gray-haired lady who says she would rather be Gen. John A. Logan's widow than any other man's wife. All the oceans of earth cannot measure the heart of such a woman to inspire and comfort heroes. Another "Egyptian" colonel came to Cairo in November with his regiment. The Post commander came out in civilian's clothes to receive him. The colonel said, "General, these are loyal Egyptians"; then in a conversational

tone to three or four of the right files said, "Present arms!" which ceremony ran toward the left like a wave in a row of falling bricks. Five months after, I saw for an instant that man in the mortal scathe and swirl of Shiloh, mounted, and with the American flag wrapped about him, gallantly cheering his brigade. He was Gen. John A. McClernand. Captains Foote, Walk, and Rogers came up to Cairo on their tin-clad scows; you know they were afterward commodores. Around in the mud upon the levee, on foot, trousers rolled up, and mustering in squads, were two regular army captains, within a few months after known as Major-General Pope and Major-General Pitcher. Young man, remember that in war promotions are rapid.

The large exchange of the St. Charles Hotel was always filled with a motley crowd of volunteer officers, commercial travellers, spies, newspaper men, sightseers, etc. Some evenings Prentiss would call a meeting of his officers there who would offer resolutions and address him as "Mr. Chairman." One day there stalked into our headquarters, the billiard room, a lordly Kentuckian in citizen's dress save a *képi* which had a little bit of militia gold exposed under the glazed cover. He wanted to know—but in a pleasant and dignified manner—by what right General Prentiss fired cannon from Illinois into sovereign Kentucky's waters, Kentucky claiming by deed the Ohio River to the Illinois shore. General Prentiss replied: "These are Federal cannon, and I will fire them anywhere I please on Federal soil." All the newspapers quoted him. Our lordly visitor was Simeon B. Buckner, who, six months after that, surrendered Fort Donelson. He spoke to Prentiss of John C. Breckinridge as Kentucky's "god."

There was often standing alone and silent in the crowd waiting for dinners, contemplatively looking down and stroking his long beard, a slight but stolid young man, thirty-nine years old, with a brown frock-coat, sheep's-gray trousers frayed at the heels, and a Kossuth hat. He was one of the new colonels of the three years' men, had been brigadiered, and was to take command of the Post. He

had a quiet, thrifty, Practical look, devoid of glory and the "Hurrah, boys!" of the rest of us. I guessed that he was a solid merchant up North and that when he got his boys well off he would go back to business. Four months after that I went, immediately upon the surrender of Fort Donelson, to the headquarters' boat to dispatch to the *Chicago Tribune*. Captain John A. Rawlings lay sprawled out on the cabin table, reading a novel. Into the cabin came skipping and half dancing this young brigadier just spoken of, without any insignia of rank except sword, with an enlisted man's overcoat, and his trousers thrust inside common store calfskin boots covered with mud. He read to Rawlings, for the first time, that famous laconic correspondence written on the field in the night, which electrified the North, ending with the words, "I can accept no terms but immediate and unconditional surrender; I propose to move immediately on your works," and Buckner's letter of surrender. This was Grant. The two men shook hands and laughed in boisterous congratulation. Old John looked down into Grant's face and Grant looked up into old John's face and Grant chuckled and laughed and said—"How will that sound up North?" Grant was, even early in the war, impassive as to men; he seldom spoke to inferiors; he always and everywhere had that personal poise and inertia when beset by men, that, when accompanied with unvarying common-sense, we all worship and truckle to at last. But events excited Grant as they do all men of intelligence. Going upon headquarters' boat the day after the battle of Shiloh with a request from the family of General Prentiss to obtain a flag of truce to convey a message about the death of the General's wife, my Colonel whom I was with remarked to Rawlings what he had just heard from a young major who came galloping from the front back to his regiment, that the rebels were at us again. A man in an adjoining state-room jumped out of a bunk, caught up his trousers from the floor, and said, "It's a damned lie; put that Colonel under arrest," then dropped the garment and rolled back

into his bunk. This was Grant. The young major galloping with the alarm from the front was Gen. Green C. Raum, late Commissioner of Pensions. A day or two afterward when repeating the same request for General Prentiss's son, I saw, up in the texas of the boat, Major-General Halleck in his civilian suit of black, a swallow-tail coat, and velvet slippers, pacing back and forth, hands in his trousers' pockets, and scolding in a loud and haughty manner. He had always been Grant's senior, and served in the Mexican War. Grant sat there demure, with red face, hat in lap, covered with the mud of the field, and undistinguishable from an orderly. Time's whirligig of three years found Halleck a member of Grant's staff. In those early days at Cairo none could see the eternal mausoleum now on the banks of the Hudson; and now who knows where Halleck, the military scholar and author, is buried?

Before leaving Illinois, and to show the fading lantern slides of human life, let us notice one more personality. The vice-president of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, with whom I was associated clerically in the same office, got the war fever. He used to muse and sketch military affairs on blotting-paper. One morning he was missed, and turned up in an Eastern State as a major-general. He was a towering personage by nature. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives and a governor. He was a born leader of men, magnetic, brusque, but genial, with a voice and manner that would sop you up like a sponge. The next I saw him was after the war, a leader in Congress, in the tumult of the closing hour of the House and of his own political career, white-haired but still grand. It is some years since that I saw in a paper an account of this personage, as a feeble old man on a railroad car, asking in pleading voice: "Will somebody tell me where I am? I am General Banks." So we all evaporate.

Our Western volunteers moved right on from the first. At Paducah, after the capture of Fort Henry, in February, 1862, I noticed mingling with the mass of Secession prisoners and asking them many questions a tall, lank, quick,

chatterbox man, with no insignia of rank but a brigadier-general's coat. I concluded he was a sort of literary soldier intending to write a history of the short war. I next saw him, two years and a half afterward, on the advance to Atlanta when the cry came where I was on picket duty: "Turn out the guard!" Coming up the road was a brilliant cavalcade of staff officers, orderlies, and bodyguard, at the head of whom was our historian at Paducah, General Sherman, then also with his famous "side boards" and brass stirrups. And that hand-to-hand fight from Chattanooga to Atlanta brings up another personality. When I was a boy in Oneida County our village choir got up a big concert. We sent to Utica for a skilled flutist and a skilled fiddler, the only hired talent we could afford. The flutist was a well-known shoe-dealer and militiaman. On the 4th of July, '64, at our assault at Nick-a-Jack Creek, a colonel was brought upon a stretcher from the skirmish line, down the main road, across which my company of Missourians lined. The wounded officer lying on his back, his hands clasped under his head, looked up and quite joyfully said: "General, we have carried the works but I have lost my leg; I know it, both bones are smashed." This colonel was afterward known as Governor Noyes of Ohio and Minister to France. On my looking back to see what general had been addressed I recognized our former flutist and shoe-dealer of Utica, General John W. Fuller of the Ohio Brigade. He was physically a small man, but if the war had lasted he would have developed the genius of Napoleon.

During the three days' fight of Fort Donelson an Indiana regiment, in column of companies, halted in our front, in the snow, with a young officer at their head, who sat his horse in a decidedly theatrical, silent, and impressive pose. He was sallow, like the victims of coffee and tobacco, thin-faced, grave, with savage moustache and mutton-chop whiskers. A few days after on his headquarters' boat, with fingers pressing congested temples, elbows on his knees, he scolded my Colonel who was old enough to be his father. A few weeks after, he sat on a log smoking a cigar

and holding the reins of his horse, with five thousand splendid soldiers, five miles from Shiloh, all day long in the sound of our guns, while our Southern brethren were drubbing us soundly, and he never lent a hand, thus losing the military opportunity of his life. I heard of him often, but did not see him again until thirty years after, when he lectured in our church in Brooklyn as the beloved and admired author of *Ben Hur* and *The Prince of India*, Gen. Lew Wallace.

Frank Blair, our corps commander, was politician and soldier combined; he made a study of the names of us Missourians. When he came down to take command of the 17th Corps he rode around to the various regimental headquarters and said, when the whiskey was brought out: "Yes, let's get drunk together, boys, and learn each other's points." One day in the Carolinas I was riding along alone in the drizzling rain and was astounded by General Blair with his staff, under a tree, hailing me by name to dismount and take a drink with him; but my vanity was soon dispelled by the uncomplimentary inquiry he made about a foot lieutenant with short trousers and no stockings, splashing alone on foot up the road, whom also he invited to take a drink. The General was always grave and stern-looking, although fond of a deep and dry joke. He had a falsetto, jaded, almost whining voice, like many another hero. He was a first-class Rebel hater. On our nearing Savannah, men and horses were killed or wounded one morning by treading upon concealed bombs in the dust of the highway. Blair ordered forward the Confederate prisoners and compelled them to get down and remove the unexploded bombs with their hands. One day during the passing of his column he was sitting upon a piazza when the matron came flouncing with great indignation and said, "Gineral, your soldiers are digging up all our ground peas." Blair, knowing that his soldiers would eat anything from a mule to a lap-dog, and that some would steal anything from a gravestone to a baby's chemise, stroked his long sandy goatee and drawled out with judicial and medical gravity: "Waal, Madam, I

don't believe the peanuts will hurt the soldiers." The lady enjoyed a joke, for she flounced back with a facial mixture of humor and disdain that would be hard even for her to paint.

Gen. Joseph A. Mower, who rose from a journeyman ship-carpenter to be a major-general, was a particular pet of Sherman's, who said in his general order on Mower's death, that his brave deeds would fill a volume. When Sherman undertook his great march he sent for Mower, who was on the Red River, intending to give him a corps; but the politicians did not miss a trick in that war, so Mower had to take our division and Fuller had to go back to his brigade. In the middle of a night, soon after leaving Atlanta, when the country was speaking of us as the lost "army," there galloped up to our headquarters' camp-fire some one who in a gruff voice asked the sentinel for General Mower's tent. All knew Sherman's strident tone: there was nothing like it in the Army; it measured up to the characteristics of a commander-in-chief. Lying upon the sand I raised up the wall of my tent and eavesdropped. The scene was historic: the two splendid patriot chieftains standing at the blazing camp-fire in earnest counsel; the faithful, silent, pacing sentinel with glinting bayonet; the starry sky, the great sleeping Army, the silent night, the impatient war-charger,—all ought to be painted. You remember the vengeful feelings of the Army against Charleston and the threat to sow salt there. Sherman said: "Big raid this, Mower; big raid." Then after further consultation and counsel he said: "We will come out at Savannah and then march through the Carolinas, behind Charleston; ignore her, damn her, ignore her altogether!" You may also now remember that when Sherman took Savannah both Lincoln and Grant wanted him to bring his army by the sea to the Potomac, but it had been Sherman's original idea, always persisted in, to—"cut around the peritoneal cavity" of the Confederacy. This took the heart out of Lee's Army of the Potomac. To me Sherman was the most blazing figure of the continent. He was not only commander-in-chief but the smartest man in an army that idolized him.

He knew everything from mending a mule's harness to grand tactics and civil diplomacy. He was tall and gaunt, and, although only forty-four, his face was deeply furrowed and his voice was a positive, quick, and rough basso, showing an alert, active, and resolute mind. His customary appearance was to walk along the roadside with his hands in his trousers' pockets, with never a sword nor a belt, and talk good earnest common-sense with the person nearest him, regardless of rank. This was delightful for a subordinate, knowing his exalted position and yet feeling at ease.

The Civil War was a vast magnet that drew to it the bits of steel from the popular rubbish. Of course promotions were rapid to many who were not scholars but were rough diamonds whom the war ground and set. We had a brigade commander who was a good fighter and tactician, but a self-conscious, aggressive, ignorant malaprop. He spelled barracks, "barax," and when one modestly ventured to correct him he told us to go—where—we thought we already were—and said, "You Eastern men don't know as much as you think you do." He told us Georgia was settled by the "Juggernauts," and also informed his half-fed brigade that they would soon find plenty of oysters, as at that time of the year when the tides were high they would come up the rivers in large numbers.

In '63 when our regiment was on outpost duty at Corinth our corps commander suddenly dashed into camp, alone, and without a word to anyone, went through and through, inspecting quarters and equipments; he shot through my log cabin, scowling at me, but without a word. He looked to me as big as a poplar tree and about a thousand years old. He soon sent two of our field officers home, shot a deserter, and hanged a spy. On our approach to Atlanta I was honored by commanding his bodyguard. Although only thirty-six, for exacting discipline, celerity, and bravery he won universal admiration. He was a brash young fellow, always on the skirmish line. The men used to say he could build a railroad about as fast as an old man could walk. After thirty-five years I met him here as our honored commander, General

Dodge. He got me out of a scrape once, but with a pungency of Saxon that would have lifted the hat of Phil. Sheridan. So I here make grateful acknowledgment.

Speaking of Corinth, General Thomas was there. Lying in an ambulance I was passing by a cottage when a man came out on the verandah and ordered us to turn back. He had no insignia of rank and we took him for a doctor. We did not turn back, so the man swore at us and we swore back. An order of arrest soon apprised me I had run up against General Thomas. For two months I was "retired on full pay" and then honorably acquitted. But I must have been very provoking to the old gentleman, for old regular officers afterward told me they would as soon expect to hear General Howard swear as General Thomas. I call him the "old gentleman,"—he was twenty-two years younger than I am now. On Thomas's staff at Corinth was a tall, young, smiling, polite, but dignified lieutenant-colonel. When I was ordered to make an outpost, he put his arms around my shoulders, walked along a piece and advised in a brotherly manner, told how to fortify, shook hands, and said he would be out there soon to see how we were situated. But I next saw him two years after, in the fight of the 22d of July at Atlanta, as elegantly mounted he rode by our front, alone; and five minutes later he was killed, at the age of thirty-six, as Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, General James B. McPherson. Sherman in his letter to Grant said McPherson could have been President, and that "he fell booted and spurred as a knight and gentleman should wish." He always smiled in battle. So did some of the rest of us—when we could get it.

Fortune required me to ride with General Kilpatrick's staff a half a day. Kil. was a very slight man physically, with pale complexion, straw-colored hair, and Dundreary whiskers; but he was an original character, positive, brave, fertile in resources, hypnotic and dominating over those nearest him. He was restless and rude; he did all the talking. For a few minutes he rode on one thigh and then over on the other; next he would playfully rowl the horse

of an officer on his right and then of another on his left; then he would smash an officer's hat over his eyes. Suddenly he stopped, jumped from his horse prone under a tree saying: "This is my headquarters for the night; give that officer an escort to his column." At the end of the war, in Washington, Frank Blair's father gave Frank's corps officers an entertainment at Silver Springs. The night being intensely hot and my clothes wintry I lay down on the lawn. Soon there grouped near in the dark some general officers among whom were Grant, Sherman, Logan, Blair, Hancock, Schofield, Terry, Slocum, Rosecrans, Meade, and others. Opinions and reminiscences were exchanged by those former classmates. One asked Jeff C. Davis, he that killed General Nelson at the East House for slapping his face, what he thought of Kilpatrick. Davis answered: "Oh, boy, boy; blank, blank boy; thinks because he can get into a saddle at three o'clock in the morning and make a blank of a noise that he is a general."

Here is a touching incident that comes near home. One dark, cold, sleety morning about four o'clock, at Pocatigo, our division headquarters, in a negro log-cabin, were aroused by a young colonel who wanted a discharge form for a private soldier, saying the lad could take a train waggon for the coast that morning, but if he missed that he would have to plunge into a new campaign. So the colonel, to make a sure thing, had saddled up and ridden a mile in the darkness and wintry storm instead of sending an orderly or the soldier's company officer, showing an altruistic and democratic disposition characteristic of many of our officers. A few days after, mad-cap Mower, desiring to have his division the first across the Salkehatchie, made a dash at River's Bridge, and standing there with his staff in the elbow of the narrow causeway while a Secession battery played directly on the spot, he ordered the 32d Wisconsin to charge over the narrow roadway, headed by its stalwart young colonel, upon his horse, with his bugler by his side. That regiment proceeded in columns of fours at double time when the round shot tore through it, one aimed directly at

the colonel taking off the head of the bugler and killing several men. The planks of the bridge had been removed from the stringpieces, so the 32d vanished instantly into the swamp. But it was a gallant exploit. I can see that young colonel now, with broad breast, sandy goatee, and glaring eye, riding his horse right at the guns. But you can't reasonably expect a colonel to walk his horse over a girder against a battery. You would not do it yourselves. Afterward you knew that colonel as the whitehaired and venerable General Jerry Rusk, Governor of Wisconsin and Commissioner of Agriculture. An Ohio regiment at the head of which, on foot, was its young colonel, the same just mentioned, as visiting our headquarters in the night for a private's muster-out blank. As he was receiving instructions from General Mower where to charge, a shell exploded in our midst. When the smoke cleared away the colonel was lying quivering in the mud. A long shell had torn through the knee making a rend of twenty inches without breaking the skin on either side. We took him to an old barn on the bluff where, with the wintry wind howling through and lighted by two tallow candles, he was laid upon a carpenter's bench for the amputation. While waiting for the reaction he looked about upon the wounded soldiers and said, cheerily: "Boys, now that we are suffering and dying this way for our country we can comprehend the sufferings of Jesus Christ for us." Soon after he whispered to Dr. Rose to give him an anodyne as his pain was excruciating and he did not want to betray any feelings before the men. That young colonel is our beloved companion here, who bears his burden with Christian fortitude and American grit, Gen. Wager Swayne. Soon after that charge Mower called Colonel Rusk into his tent, and mixing two hot whiskies, made a remark that elected Jerry Governor of Wisconsin; he said: "Rusk, I want to drink to your health; you are the only man I know who can ride as far into hell as I can." Our familiar companion General Howard was right in this elbow under fire before and after the wounding of Swayne, and personally administered to

Swayne in the barn. I have a letter from him to me as a division provost marshal on Sherman's march, stating that he believed there was an organized band of robbers that preceded the army. He procured Sherman to issue an order making pillaging a capital offence. Under that order I tried and convicted a soldier for stealing a bedquilt. He was sentenced to be shot to death with musketry at such time and place as the commanding general might direct. Howard approved the finding and sentence but commuted the man to Dry Tortugas for five years. This at once attests Howard's chivalry, humanity, and the intended good order as against private crime which gives an army a bad name as it does a civil government.

Getting up to North Carolina, duty placed me for a moment in personal communication, at the battle of Bentonville, with an army commander, a slight young man, 37 years old, as straight as an Indian, and with the eye of a chief, standing among a large staff. Twenty-five years after, I saw him here unknown and pushed by the crowd on a Fulton Ferry boat. I said, "General, I have seen you at the head of thirty thousand men in battle where your word was death or life to thousands, and now in this democratic country a bootblack wont get out of your way." He replied: "That shows us the hollowness of all office holding; I am content." Singularly, soon after, my accidental place in the ranks of a Grand Army funeral escort brought me exactly at the door of his tomb as the sun set over the hills of Greenwood, the bugle sounded taps, and artillery thundered its parting salute to the memory of General Slocum.

After the grand review at Washington Sherman took his whole army to Louisville for muster-out and farewell. This was a personal and romantic triumph, for it was there three years before, as an unknown officer, he had been called crazy for saying we needed a half million of men to subdue the rebellion. As he rode to the head of each division standing in close order by columns of regiments, his addresses from his horse were brief, solemn, and historical. Soon

those bronzed, tattered, listening ranks who had followed him in the field 2000 miles were dispersed back into the yeomanry of the land. The next time I saw him was twenty years afterward, retired, sitting on a hard-wood bench as a private delegate with the Missouri delegation at the Grand Army reunion in Boston. Next was his body all wrapped in the American flag, drawn down Broadway, the last of General Sherman's mortality, but still living, as General Howard said to him, on his death-bed: "General, your body is not you; you will always live." I took my sons to the curbstone, and, while raising reverently our hats as the hearse passed, to a funeral dirge, I thought of glorious years and fields where that form, now so narrow confined, had been a living tower of strength, at the head of his mighty hosts and panoply of war that he called a "grand and beautiful game," all vanished here like the dreams of a night, but spiritually eternal and glorious.

THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN THE GREAT WAR.

A PAPER READ BY BREVET COLONEL HORATIO C. KING,
U. S. VOLS., FEBRUARY 7, 1900.

THE Rebellion broke upon a nation wholly unused to war. The conflict with Mexico, compared with the great wars of history, can be regarded as scarcely more than a respectable skirmish. The entire force engaged was not greater than a single corps in the terrible conflict which was waged with fluctuating fortunes from 1861 to 1865. It was repugnant to our better natures to enter upon a fratricidal strife in the spirit which inspires nations of different blood and speech. So in the earlier days of the war the advance armies carried a pen in one hand and a blank receipt for property in the other, while the sword and musket were used, apparently, for ornament—an appearance of force and castigation which were very tenderly applied.

Property for three years of the war, at least so far as the Shenandoah Valley was affected, was gingerly preserved. With a consideration quite unparalleled in the history of foreign wars, plethoric barns were carefully avoided, the people cultivated their farms with little hindrance, and the Dunkards, a religious sect who were opposed to fighting on conscientious grounds, sowed and reaped without molestation and were always ready to supply the Confederates to the extent of their ability, for money if they could get it, or without if the Confederate exchequer was low, as was usually the case. In consequence the Shenandoah Valley became a sort of military race-course, up and down which the contending armies chased each other with great regu-

larity. It was long before our government seemed to fully appreciate the necessity of putting an adequate force there and not until 1864, when Sheridan was sent into this land flowing with milk and honey, was the importance realized of devastating this region and making it impracticable for the Confederates to again undertake to make incursions into Maryland and Pennsylvania, at so long a distance from their base of supplies. Sheridan made it impossible for them to subsist upon the country.

It would take a better hand at mathematics than myself to compute the number of times our army entered Winchester leisurely and left it in haste. I saw recently in New York an ex-Confederate Winchester girl who I fear will never be thoroughly reconstructed until she is born again and born a man (for it is next to impossible to reconstruct the women), and she asserted that from the window of her residence at the extreme end of the street of which the Strasburg pike is a continuance, on the classic site known as Potato Hill, she had seen the backs of the retreating "Yanks" at least seventy times. It is fair to assume that she derived less pleasure from the sight of the retreating graybacks an equal number of times, and was particularly discomfited when the small but solid Phil Sheridan came to Winchester to stay.

The Valley figures in the war by the presence in 1861 of a Union force under General Patterson which the wily Confederate General Johnston outwitted, and leaving our troops to enjoy the picturesque sight of deserted tents and abandoned camp-fires, skipped blithely through Manassas Gap just in time to turn the tide of battle at Bull Run and send our raw recruits panic-stricken back to and through Washington, some not halting until they reached their peaceful homes in Maine. Their apology was that they received an order to retreat and that they never heard it countermanded.

After Bull Run, Stonewall Jackson was sent to look after Confederate interests in the Valley, and at Winchester in March, 1862, received an unpleasant set-back from our

General Shields that induced him to cultivate the acquaintance of the residents nearer to his base of supplies. Ewell coming to his rescue with ten thousand men, Jackson plucked up fresh courage and overwhelmed Colonel Kenly at Front Royal after a handsome resistance. Banks was at Strasburg with only 6000 men, and his condition was critical. Without waiting to thank the citizens of Strasburg for their hospitality, Banks "sifted northward" with a speed that the truth of history compels us to denominate flight. He had a warm welcome in Winchester, the women throwing hot water and any convenient missiles from the windows on the troops. Without waiting long to acknowledge these delicate attentions, away he went for Martinsburg, scrambled across the Potomac, and did n't take a long breath until his demoralized army was massed—or more properly huddled together at Williamsport. [In this affair, a company of Zouaves under our own Comrade General then Captain C. H. T. Collis especially distinguished itself by a heroic resistance, and its captain received a personal letter of thanks from General Banks.] This left Stonewall a chance to drop down to the Peninsula in time to take a hand in the seven days' fight that sent McClellan to Harrison's Landing.

Pope's lamentable failure left Maryland open to invasion, and the Confederate Army, elated with victory, took the regular thoroughfare up the Valley, and pranced around on free soil until whipped by McClellan at Antietam and sent back to Winchester to recruit and repair damages.

The next pleasant experience of importance occurred in June, 1863, when Ewell's and Longstreet's corps almost enveloped Milroy's small command of 7000 at Winchester, accepted an involuntary transfer of 4000 men, and confiscated 29 guns, about 300 wagons, and 400 horses. Here is another evidence of the extreme impoliteness of the graybacks, and the lack of foresight of the Yankee authorities. Surely this region was fitly styled the "Valley of Humiliation," a term which returned to vex the Confederates a year later. Subsisting on the abundant resources of the Valley,

up came the exultant Confederate hordes who once more crossed into Maryland, meandered very much at will to the Susquehanna, until brought to bay at Gettysburg and magnificently punished by Meade. The Winchester ladies again saw the backs of their retreating "people" as they struck out for the Rapidan, with sixty thousand men less than when Lee advanced to the subjugation of the North.

In May, 1864, we find Sigel with 10,000 men moving up the Valley. Breckenridge welcomed him with great cordiality at Newmarket, accepted a present of six guns and 1000 small-arms, and reduced his command some 700 men, 'Who fought no more mit Sigel.' Hunter, who succeeded him, had better luck. At Piedmont, he captured 1500 prisoners, 3 guns and 3000 small-arms. Advancing to Lynchburg, he found that he had taken a bigger contract than he could fill, and after great hardship, came out sad and sorrowful somewhere in West Virginia.

Now comes the year of Jubal-E. (I'm glad some of you saw it Early.) This hopeful chieftain with 20,000 men, moved rapidly towards Martinsburg. Thereupon Sigel advanced backwards to Shepardstown and Weber to Maryland Heights. But this Early bird was after a larger worm. Washington was his objective. The Confederates expected to call a convention in the national capital and dictate terms of peace. General Wallace entertained the Confederates at Monocacy long enough to enable General Wright to reach Washington with the Sixth Corps and the advance of the Nineteenth. Early was too late. A needless delay of one day saved the city. A lively skirmish in front of Fort Stevens on the 12th of July assured Early that the convention could not be called at that time and he walked off with about 5000 horses and 2000 cattle—four-footed. There were some two-footed official cattle in Washington not included in the capture, who could have been well spared if captured. Wright followed the adventurous Jubal and gave him a lively turn at Snicker's Ferry on the Shenandoah, and Averell polished off a part of his force at Winchester, taking four guns and several hundred prisoners.

This was not the time Crook was caught napping at Oakland. He was in command at Harper's Ferry and a few days after had a little picnic to Winchester which he supposed Early had abandoned. But just outside on Kernstown Heights he struck the enemy with such force that he rebounded to Martinsburg with the loss of 1200 men. Then a raiding party under McCausland moved down the Valley, crossed into Pennsylvania, and burned the defenceless town of Chambersburg. For this act of vandalism there can be no apology, at least none that Chambersburg is likely to accept. General Averill caught these bad boys, spanked them well for their mischief, and drove them into the mountains of West Virginia.

If in this hasty review of the operations in the Valley up to the present point, I have omitted any one who was successful or who was handsomely routed, I beg pardon. Events succeeded each other with such rapidity that memory can scarcely be trusted to recount them. Let me hasten to Sheridan's part in the Shenandoah tragedy. He is my principal objective and he proved himself "every inch a soldier."

At last, a strong feeling of coldness arose in the hearts of the authorities at Washington against the people of the Valley, and it was resolved that this rich granary and storehouse should be made untenable. In the language of Grant: "The people must be informed that, so long as an army can subsist among them, recurrences of these raids must be expected, and we are determined to stop them at all hazards." Little Phil, the Marshal Ney of the Army, and the soldiers' pride and admiration, was selected for this important mission. With him were the Sixth Corps which earned by its swift marches the sobriquet of the "two-legged cavalry," two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps (Gen. Emory), two divisions of the Eighth Corps (Gen. Crook), and a corps of cavalry under Torbert, with Merritt, Duffie, and Averell as division commanders, and as brigade commanders, Custer, the dashing and fearless; Devin (old Devin the intrepid, who cut off his gray moustache and whiskers, because he said

the rôle of "old Devin" was "played out"); Lowell, the noble cavalier, who at Cedar Creek, though badly wounded, refused to leave the field, and later in the day received a mortal wound; Gibbs of the regulars, rotund, jolly, brave, and imperturbable; McIntosh, who left a good leg at Winchester and won permanent laurels; Chapman, Tibbetts, and Wynkoop, good men all and true, who were to add fresh lustre to the glory of the cavalry arm. Although Sheridan's force was superior to Early's he wisely forbore to make an attack until confident of success. Defeat would have opened the gate again to Maryland and Pennsylvania and sent consternation and despair throughout the loyal North already greatly discouraged and complaining. For six weeks, Sheridan lay on or near the Opequan Creek confronting Early's army, which was on the west bank, covering Winchester. At last the opportune time came. Through the intelligence and bravery of the loyal girl of Winchester, Rebecca M. Wright, whose patriotism is honored in history, Sheridan was advised of the withdrawal of a portion of Early's forces. Grant came up to take a look at the situation and told him to "Go in" on Tuesday. But Sheridan with an impatience and pugnacity characteristic of the Celtic race from which he sprang, opened the ball on Monday. On the 17th of June, 1864, Early blunderingly detached two of his divisions on an excursion to Martinsburg, but recalled them in time to participate in the magnificent struggle known to the Confederates as the battle of Winchester, but designated by Sheridan as the battle of the Opequan, to distinguish it from some scrimmages not quite so favorable to our side which were fought in or near that town.

Early's command comprised Rhodes's division (Major-General S. D. Ramseur, commanding), Gordon's division, Early's division (General John H. Pegram, commanding), Wharton's division, Kershaw's division, the artillery division under Colonel Carter and cavalry forces, two divisions under Lomax and Fitz Lee.

On the 19th of September, the Sixth Corps made its way

through a narrow ravine and was posted on Sheridan's left. The Nineteenth was on the right of the Sixth; the Eighth moved toward the enemy's left, while the cavalry occupied the flanks. Sheridan had a bad habit of early rising and the army was astir by two o'clock. Although it started early the heavy work did not begin until about noon. But I have not time allowed me for detail. Wilson took care of Lomax along the Senseny Road, the Sixth Corps handled Ramseur and Rhodes roughly at and near the Berryville Pike; the Nineteenth Corps engaged Gordon, Generals Grover and our companions Molineaux, and the lamented Sharpe manœuvring their brigades with great gallantry and skill. Then there was a temporary check to the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, but the tide of battle again turned in our favor. Russell's division drove back the enemy and in the effort its noble commander sacrificed his life.

Then there was a lull in the storm, and Sheridan moved up the Army of West Virginia, while Torbert and Averell had taken a little detour to look after the enemy's flanks. The Sixth and Nineteenth lost no time in pressing the Confederates towards Winchester. The latter were much demoralized by the fire in the rear of the Confederate left flank. An attempt was made to check the advance by occupying the earthworks near the town, but the game was up. The cavalry turned the flanks, and away went Early's army through Winchester, a broken up, confused, disorderly mass, dispirited and demoralized. The cavalry continued the pursuit to Kernstown, and under the cover of the darkness the rout continued to Strasburg. Sheridan, overjoyed, indited the despatch which ranks with the most famous of epigrammatic reports. "We have just sent them whirling through Winchester." And Winchester was no more visited by the troops of the expiring Confederacy, except as spies or on parole. The Union loss was about 5000, the Confederates 4000, and five pieces of artillery and nine battle flags. Early, feeling secure at Strasburg, prepared to rest and repair damages, but Sheridan followed him swiftly, and by a pretended attack in front, and a well-

planned and well-executed flank movement on the part of Crook's force, Early was again routed, his army driven through the Blue Ridge, the Union forces occupying Staunton and Waynesboro. Although the year of Jubal-E had come, he himself did n't seem to appreciate it.

I shall not undertake to go into the events in the Valley of minor importance. The kid-glove policy was thoroughly abandoned and the region was rendered untenable by a hostile force. Sheridan himself found it necessary to return nearer to his base of supplies (Martinsburg), but delayed long enough to give Rosser a taste of what our cavalry could do. They polished him off handsomely and drove him twenty-six miles on the jump. If I remember rightly, the cavalry denominated this the Woodstock races. The winnings were eleven guns, caissons, and forges and pretty much everything else the Confederates had on wheels.

Stung with defeat and humiliated by the taunts of his men and the censure of the authorities at Richmond, Early took advantage of Sheridan's absence in Washington to make an effort to recover his lost prestige—an effort which was wellnigh successful. Heavily reinforced and under cover of a dense fog, on the morning of the 19th of October, Early made his attack on our left. Our troops lulled into a feeling of security, by the previous successes and also by reconnoissances which developed no strength on the part of the enemy, were completely taken by surprise. The Eighth Corps was on the left of the pike. The Nineteenth was on the right of the Eighth. Thorburn's division was asleep when Kershaw's infantry walked right over them. A panic ensued. Molineaux's brigade of the Nineteenth Corps was fortunately awake under orders for a reconnoissance at day-break and time was thus gained to get the troops in line and check the onset. But only for a moment, for Gordon came suddenly through the fog and, striking the divisions of Kitching and Hayes on the flank, the troops broke and leaving the Nineteenth Corps under an enfilading fire, they were also compelled to retire. Early showed good generalship and strategy in this performance. He struck where our

line was weak and not properly picketed; but there were several items in his contract yet to be carried out. The Sixth Corps had not been invited to their innings, and without any discussion of points of etiquette, went in. The change of position necessary to meet the Confederate attack, threw them back from their original line from one to two miles, at which point the Union troops rested and the lines were re-formed, the cavalry aiding magnificently by holding the pike. I suppose one is excusable for standing by the arm with which he was most closely identified; and I may be permitted, therefore, to say that the impression I received was that if it had n't been for the cavalry that day, Early would have arrived next day in sight of the defences of Washington. The halt was made about four miles from the original point of attack. But the stragglers were rushing back to Winchester in frightful numbers, carrying exaggerated news of the Confederate success.

Sheridan had been to Washington and arrived at Winchester on the morning of the 19th. The cannonading twenty miles away was supposed to be from a reconnoissance; but as it increased in force he started on a gallop to the front. Two miles from Winchester he met the stragglers. Issuing orders to stop them with the force in Winchester, he rushed on. Buchanan Read has immortalized this rapid ride, and if there is more or less of poetry in the conception, I decline to remove any of the decorations. Horse and rider had grand work before them, and when there was any fighting to be done, Sheridan never rode at a snail's pace. His presence acted like magic. Everywhere, in answer to his urgent encouragement to turn about, the stragglers again faced to the front. His arrival at the line of battle was the occasion for the wildest enthusiasm. Riding along the front of brigades, he reassured the men and gave orders for an advance.

At this time, the battle had apparently ceased. There was some little firing, but Early was re-arranging his forces for a further attack. This he made on the left and was handsomely repulsed. The Confederates, intent on plunder

(it had reached the period of their existence when a square meal and a decent suit of clothes were more to many of them than the success of the Confederacy), were demoralized in part and neglectful of their opportunities. At four o'clock a general advance was ordered and the Union forces, Emory on the right, Wright on the left, Crook in reserve, and Merritt on the flanks, moved with irresistible force. The cavalry enveloped their flank and inspired terror, for they had acquired a wholesome dread of the cavalry. By nightfall the exultant victors of the morning were in disheartened and desperate rout. The Union disaster of the forenoon had been wiped out and all the guns lost (24) were recaptured and twenty-four of the Confederates', besides battle flags, wagons, ambulances, and other "plunder."

Sheridan received a major-generalcy in the regular Army for this achievement and the country rang with his praise. Grant ordered a salute of 100 guns at City Point and thereabouts, and telegraphed Stanton: "Turning what bid fair to be disaster into a glorious victory stamps Sheridan what I have always thought him, one of the ablest of generals." Congress gave him a vote of thanks, and did n't neglect to include also the officers and soldiers under his command, and a better army never fought under any leader.

The work in the Valley was thus pretty well accomplished. Some of the troops were withdrawn. The cavalry went on a reconnoissance and a raid or two just to keep off ennui and to stir up the animals. Among other things Loudoun County was subjected to a general devastation in return for its affectionate attentions to Mosby and his murderers.

And with this ended all serious work in the Shenandoah Valley.

FRÉMONT IN THE CIVIL WAR.

A PAPER READ BY CAPTAIN JOHN R. HOWARD, U. S. VOLS.,
OCTOBER 3, 1900.

THERE is no doubt that in all ordinary cases the accepted test of merit is, and must be, material, practical, success. Yet it is a familiar fact that many a pioneer—whether amid the warriors, statesmen, philosophers, inventors, explorers, or reformers of the world—has finished his life in apparent failure, while the cause in which his life was spent has gone on without him to a glorious triumph, and largely by reason of his having lived.

Moreover, the names which all accept as typical of great movements show but a small part of the multitudinous efforts of head and heart and will that have gone to bring things to pass. In thinking of our Civil War, we briefly image to ourselves such men as Sumner in the Senate, Stanton in the Cabinet, Beecher on the platform, Grant in the field, Lincoln in the White House; yet the Companions of this Order have heard recounted in this room many a daring deed of heroes unknown to the world at large, and there are thousands that never will be told—all of which had their part and lot in the grand consummation.

It is in both of these classes that my subject falls to-night. It chanced that for some years I was intimately connected with the man whom I love to remember and to talk about; and there are certain facts in his career that may be worth recalling, in justice to his fame,—facts either forgotten or perhaps not ever known to the gallant men who did their part in those stirring days, and who in these later days are glad to have justice done even to “our friends the enemy”—much more to their own companions in arms.

And to set forth the fair view of Frémont's relation to the war it will be necessary to take a brief glance at who and what he was before the war, since that has an important bearing upon the subject.

The career of John Charles Frémont was a singularly romantic one, in that it ranged through so many adventurous episodes and such extreme vicissitudes of fortune. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, in the year 1813, his father being a Frenchman settled in Norfolk, Virginia, his mother of a distinguished Virginian family named Whiting. The father died when the boy was five years old; and at the age of fifteen the youth entered the junior class of Charleston College. His old Scotch teacher was very proud of his attainments in Latin and Greek, in which he seems to have been quite a prodigy, but in college he stood especially high in mathematics. For several years after leaving college he taught mathematics; at the age of twenty, became a mathematical instructor in the U. S. Navy; and two years later, after a severe examination, was appointed professor of mathematics, and assigned to the frigate *Independence*,—this being before the day of Annapolis.

He soon left the sea, however, and became a civil engineer and surveyor, laying out railroad lines in Georgia and between Charleston and Cincinnati, and exploring the mountain passes between North Carolina and Tennessee in connection with a military reconnaissance of the Cherokee country.

In 1838-9 he accompanied Jean Nicollet in his governmental explorations of the line between Missouri and the British territory, and was so highly commended in Nicollet's reports that he was appointed a second lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, in the United States Army. He was not twenty-five years old.

In 1840, while in Washington City, where his Army connection and agreeable personality made him a favorite in the choicest society, Frémont met Miss Jessie Benton, daughter of the famous Democratic Senator Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, her mother being of the Virginia Ran-

dolphins. As the damsel was but fifteen years old, her parents naturally objected to any permanent relation, and the young lieutenant was ordered off to explore the Des Moines River in the far Northwest. He rapidly accomplished the task, returned to Washington with satisfactory reports, and in 1841 the young folks took fate into their own hands and were united for life.

But, although happily married, Lieutenant Frémont had the fever of enterprise now fully aroused. The hunger for adventurous exploration was upon him, and, projecting in his own mind a geographical survey of the entire territory of the United States from the Missouri River to the Pacific, he applied to the War Department for permission. He was thereupon instructed to begin upon the Rocky Mountains, and particularly to examine and report upon the Southwest Pass.

This, his first exploration, Frémont accomplished in what Senator Linn described as "the incredibly short space of four months," fully exploring the Wind River Mountains and ascending their highest point—nearly 14,000 feet high, since known as Frémont's Peak. During the whole course, he took barometrical and astronomical observations; made maps, showing topography, character of soil, practicable routes, military positions, etc., with many drawings of special features; and brought home a great variety of botanical and geological specimens. His condensed report of this expedition excited great interest in this country and in Europe, the London *Athenæum* remarking, "We have rarely met with a production so perfect in its kind."

In May, 1843, having barely returned from this first expedition, he sought and received orders, and started on his second, aiming to clear up the mysteries of the Great Basin, as it was called, between the Rockies and the Pacific. But already there had begun a jealousy of this active young intruder from civil life, whose exploits shamed the easy-going West Pointers lounging about Washington in those times of peace. He had hardly left his home in St. Louis with his party when orders arrived countermanding his departure.

The young wife was left in St. Louis in the absence of her husband (her father being in Washington as Senator), with instructions to open all letters and forward important ones to him, up to a given date, by special messenger. She opened the countermand, but *quietly pigeonholed it*; and her husband, in blessed ignorance of it, went his way, and accomplished one of the most eventful and wonderful expeditions of modern times. It occupied a year and two months. It opened up Utah and mapped the Great Salt Lake (until then supposed to empty into the Pacific Ocean), the Columbia and Upper Colorado rivers, and crossed the Sierra Nevada range into California, after frightful hardships to the party, from savage Indians, snow, cold, and hunger—some of the men going insane. The return journey took a southerly route through Utah again to Kansas. Upon his report of this, Frémont received a double brevet, and became captain.

In the spring of 1845, still upon his own request, he set forth once more, this time to traverse again the desert basin for practicable overland routes, and explore the coast region of California and Oregon. During this expedition Frémont came into collision with General Castro, the Mexican Governor of California, and became interested in the fortunes of the American settlers there, of whom there were several thousand. There was already an emigrant's wagon trail across the continent to Oregon, but Frémont's explorations were to find practicable railway routes. The gold was not discovered till 1848; the Mexican province of California, however, was made known as a land of wonderful fertility, and during 1843-4-5 adventurous Americans were pushing their way across. The journey then took six months; now, six days.

The Mexican authorities at first granted Frémont permission to explore; but, under the unsettled condition of the relations between the two countries, and the dispute over Texas, this was withdrawn and he was ordered to depart. He refused, until he should have organized the Americans for their own defence. He then obeyed; but

just as he had reached Oregon again he was met by a special messenger from the Washington Government ordering him to watch over the interests of the United States in California, as there was a rumor that the province was to be transferred to Great Britain.

He instantly returned, found the Mexicans about to attack the American settlers, rallied the latter to his camp, started out with speed and vigor, and in less than one month all Northern California was freed from Mexican authority.

He was now elected governor by the American settlers, who had raised the "Bear Flag" of independence. But, learning that Commodore Sloat of our Navy had arrived at Monterey (for the war with Mexico had now begun) and had promptly taken possession of that town only a few days before the arrival in the bay of an English fleet apparently on the same errand, Frémont reported to that officer what he himself had already done, hauled down the Bear Flag, and put himself under orders. (Meantime he had been promoted to be Major and Lieut.-Colonel.) The Commodore appointed him military Commandant, and civil Governor of the territory. Under the Naval authority and co-operation he directed all the operations on land. The larger operations began in July, 1846, and so efficiently were they pushed that on the 13th of the following January Frémont concluded articles of capitulation with the Mexicans, leaving California the property of the United States.

In effect, the young fellow had conquered this royal province and turned it over to his own country.

Meantime General Kearny of the U. S. Army, sent on the same errand overland with a small force, had arrived, had been rescued from the Mexicans by Commodore Stockton (who had succeeded Sloat), and after some months decided to claim precedence, since he had been sent with explicit orders as to the Mexican Province of California, while the Navy and the young scientific explorer had acted only on general principles in a time of war. Frémont was now in a quandary; for the Army General was

technically his superior officer, and *his* orders conflicted with those of the Navy Commodore, whose authority not only Frémont but Kearny himself had recognized and acted under for months. Compelled to choose, Frémont decided that, until his two superior officers should settle their dispute, Stockton's claim upon him was paramount.

For this he was shortly afterwards arrested, sent east in disgrace by Kearny, court-martialled, found guilty of mutiny and disobedience of orders, and sentenced to dismissal—a majority of the court recommending him to the clemency of the President on account of his distinguished services. President Polk disapproved the verdict of mutiny, but confirmed the rest of the verdict and the sentence, of which however he remitted the penalty. Frémont, desiring justice, refused official clemency, and resigned his commission.

As an offset to this attempt to disgrace a worthy and brilliant officer, during the following winter Congress settled the expenses of Frémont's hitherto unpaid California battalion, with many encomiums on his services from eminent Senators and Representatives. It ordered the printing of his manuscript map of California and Oregon, correcting many former errors, and of his Geographical Memoir of Upper California—a lucid and compendious account which elicited almost extravagant praise from American and European scientists; while the Smithsonian Institute published with beautiful engravings an account of his botanical collections prepared by Professor Torrey.

In our bare mention of Frémont's expeditions, we have been able to say hardly anything but that he suffered hardships in getting over the mountains and the deserts. But, said Senator Breese: "Everything necessary to show climate, soil, and productions has been collected. More than one thousand specimens in botany, a great number in geology and mineralogy, with drawings of birds and animals and remarkable scenery, and a large collection of the skins of birds, with the plumage preserved, have been, as the committee are informed, brought home."

When Frémont left the Army he was but thirty-four years of age. Yet, says the Hon. John Bigelow, "he had won the homage of the whole scientific world, and had achieved among his own countrymen a popularity more unanimous and more universal than had ever before been enjoyed by one of his years. Before most men have begun their careers, he was covered with honors enough for the close of his."

It may be interesting to state, what I was surprised to learn, that no less than seventeen different States contain cities or towns bearing the name of Frémont.

But, although thus out of the Army, Frémont was not the man to be idle.

The next year, in October, 1848, he started on a fourth expedition, this time at his own expense, through the country of the Apaches and other hostile Indians, to find a northern railway route to California. In the snowy Sierras the guide lost his way, and the party suffered horribly from cold and hunger—all the animals and a third of the men perishing. They returned to Santa Fé in New Mexico, and here Frémont gathered another party and pushed on, indomitable, being rewarded by discovering a safe route to Sacramento.

Frémont now settled with his family in California, where in 1847 he had bought the estate called "Las Mari-posas"—*The Butterfly Tulips* (owing to the millions of that pretty wildflower carpeting the fields). Here, as the discovery of gold and the influx of settlers rapidly enlarged the community, he became interested in politics, and especially in the Constitutional Convention, which he was most anxious to have commit the new State to freedom by prohibiting slavery—for, like his distinguished father-in-law, he was a sound-money, free-soil Democrat. The administration Democrats were equally determined to make California a slave State; but the Free-soilers carried the day.

The next year, 1849, President Taylor, who had succeeded Polk, appointed Frémont a commissioner to fix the boundary between the United States and Mexico, an ap-

pointment which he accepted as a recognition of the government's former injustice to him. But in December of that year he resigned the position, because he had been elected a Senator of the new State, on the Free-soil ticket. It is well to note here that one of the defeated pro-slavery candidates was Henry Wager Halleck, a West Point ex-army officer, at that time a lawyer, and afterwards widely known as a prominent Federal major-general during the Civil War.

Frémont now proceeded to Washington. He had drawn the short term, but during that time devoted himself especially to bills in the interest of California. Their variety will indicate the breadth of his information and intelligence—including postal routes, land-titles, survey of public lands, donation of lands to settlers, working of mines, laws and a judicial system, education, public buildings, Indian tribes and their lands under Spanish laws, a transcontinental road,—and so on, in all, eighteen bills.

In 1851 the Free-soil party were defeated in California, so that Frémont was not re-elected Senator. Therefore in 1852 he visited Europe, with his family. Here he was received with marked distinction, social and scientific. In England the Royal Geographical Society awarded him a medal. In Germany Alexander von Humboldt was most friendly and became his warm correspondent for years afterwards; the scientists generally overwhelmed him with attentions, and the King of Prussia made him a member of the famous Order of Merit.

In France the Frémonts spent a restful year, welcomed into the society of the old French régime and equally popular with the new comers of the third Empire. But, during this pleasant experience, it was learned that the United States Government had ordered the exploration of three railroad routes across the continent, and Frémont, unspoiled by leisure and luxury, left the civilization of Paris and hastened home to equip at his own expense his fifth expedition, for completing the work of his fourth from the point where the guide had lost his way; and by September, 1853, he had

started with his party. This was one of the severest of his expeditions, and, although completely successful, it was after terrific hardships that he reached California—having subsisted fifty days on horseflesh and been for forty-eight hours with no food at all. On this expedition the new invention of photography was utilized for the first time in the public service, and many fine daguerreotype views were taken. In 1855 Frémont removed to New York to prepare the report of this last expedition and to raise money for the developing of gold-mining interests on his Mariposa estate. At this time he sought out my father, John Tasker Howard, for aid in the promotion of his Mariposa Company. Mr. Howard had been for many years a shipping and commission merchant in New York, and since 1848 had been interested in steamships and in California, whither he had despatched the first passenger steamer after the discovery of gold.

In 1856 the new Republican party—composed of mugwump independent deserters from all the G. O. P.'s of that day—most unexpectedly nominated Frémont as their first national candidate for the Presidency. And here, again, note for future reference, that Frémont's easy gaining of this *unsought* prize seriously disappointed Wm. H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase, both of whom, with good reason, had high expectations.

Frémont's prominence before the people, and his popularity, may be judged from the enthusiastic unanimity of the Republican Convention, which broke away from the political leaders; and by the further fact that the National American Party also nominated him; and still further by what is not generally known, the fact that the Democratic leaders had also offered him their nomination, which he declined on account of their position on the slavery question. They then nominated—and elected—James Buchanan.

Frémont, thereupon, promptly dropping politics, returned to his private affairs. He was no politician; he had no political following or section of workers within the party. His nomination had been the result of an irresistible popular

impulse. The presidential campaign had been an undreamed-of episode; and it was ended. Of course, as he had no use for the politicians, they had none for him; so he and they parted company. Frémont now busied himself with Mariposa affairs, and returned to California in the early part of 1858, taking his family and accompanied by Mr. Howard, (whose office had been his personal headquarters during the Republican campaign), mining experts, and representatives of capital.

As I was then just out of college, and, although engaged in teaching, was not very firmly anchored, my father took me along for the trip. So that all that spring and summer I had the pleasure of one of the most fascinating little circles I ever knew: the Colonel, his wife, daughter, niece, and two splendid little black-eyed boys. These latter are now both in the service of their country: Lieut.-Commander John Charles Frémont, a graduate of Annapolis, commanding the torpedo-boat *Porter* during the Cuban war, later in charge of New York harbor, and at present commanding a vessel in Asiatic waters; and Major Frank Preston Frémont, a graduate of West Point, who also saw Cuban service and is now with his regiment in the Philippines. They lived for the summer in a cottage on the slope above Bear Valley, about a mile from the mountain mine. There were some interesting experiences when a neighboring mining company "jumped" Frémont's mine and tried to hold it, *vi et armis*; but all was finally settled, and the marauders withdrew.

And this was my impression of Colonel Frémont—a man slender, upright, elastic and tough as fine steel. He had an eye like a falcon, for intense earnestness, but twinkling with fun on the slightest provocation. He was peculiarly neat in his attire, simple in his habits. He never used tobacco, and in years of familiar intercourse I never knew him to drink any intoxicant, beyond a glass of claret with his dinner. In conversation he was rather deliberate, singularly clear, and, without being at all stiff, quite remarkably choice in his use of words—probably both from

his lucidity of thought and from his training in language, his youthful classics and his perfect familiarity with French and Spanish. An Army officer, who had spent so many years among rough men, in the wildest regions and amid unending trials of patience, might be supposed to be sometimes rough in speech; but, on the contrary, I never heard him utter anything approaching to a profane or a vulgar expression. He was invariably considerate, gentle, courteous—perhaps especially so to his inferiors in age and station,—and, in manner, one of the most elegant gentlemen I have ever met.

In 1860 Colonel Frémont and Mr. Howard again visited Europe, on Mariposa business. In 1861, when Lincoln came in, Frémont should have been sent as U. S. Minister to France, had fitness been considered. It would have been an ideal appointment. But that would have been too prominent a place for a former, and perhaps a future, presidential candidate. He had no political group to push his interests, and in spite of widespread newspaper discussion he was passed over. But when a few months later the war broke out, he offered his services to the Government, and through the influence of Montgomery Blair, Senator Benton's old friend, Mr. Lincoln's Postmaster General, Frémont was appointed a major general in the regular Army and assigned to the command of the Department of the West, with headquarters at St. Louis. He took with him not a line of written instructions, but his orders were, in general, to pacify Missouri,—a hotbed of secession, filled with rebel troops and scattered bands of bushwhackers, devastating the State and preying upon the Union men with fire and sword,—and then to descend the Mississippi.

I was at that time in Freiberg, Saxony, whither I had gone to study mine-engineering; and my father, who was with Frémont in London, wrote me that the General wished me to join him in Missouri; so I gladly started for home, and early in August, 1861, with a captain's commission, was installed in St. Louis as his private secretary and one of his aides-de-camp.

To tell the story of Frémont's hundred days in Missouri would demand far more time than we have for it.

It was one thing for a general to stand in the vicinity of loyal Washington, with all the resources of the Government at hand, and to "organize" the scores of thousands of troops sent on by the great Eastern States perfectly armed and equipped; and a totally different thing to go to St. Louis, seething with secessionists, having a few State troops scattered over the great State of Missouri, and these unpaid and with enlistments already expiring. Frémont had no guidance of written instructions, no troops, no arms, no ammunition, wagons, animals, forage, or supplies, no money,—"*no nothing*." It was a clear case of "bricks without straw." However, he was accustomed to do much with little, and he set vigorously to work. He *called* for troops; and they came, flocking to his name, from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Missouri. Failing of any supplies from Washington, despite appeals and entreaties, he bought on his own responsibility the arms to equip his troops as they came pouring in. And so too it had to be with ammunition, animals, harness, wagons, forage, beef, clothing, supplies of every kind. Everything had to be *created*. This was the "extravagance" of which he was accused. And even under this stress, he had hardly got together and equipped eight thousand new troops, when five thousand of them were ordered to Washington. On the urgent representations of Vice-President Colfax, who happened at the time to be in St. Louis, this requisition was reduced to three thousand.

During the six weeks of feverish preparation for taking the field, we all rose and began to work at six in the morning, and except for brief meals worked steadily till twelve at night—the General harder than any one else. The mail was mountainous and multitudinous, and in those raw days contained bushels of chaff to small measure of grain. And the procession of people who "must see the General," either on their own affairs or on their "views" of the affairs of the Department, compelled even that too amiable man to set up a sort of inquiring reception committee before his

door, for sifting out the persons who really did have serious business with him, and to whom he *had* to spare some of his packed and crowded hours of work. In the military Department of the East this would have been—and was—a matter of course; in the free and untrammelled West it was an “aristocratic barrier”!

The Department was large, the troops few, and the enemy threatening at various points in Missouri itself, when from down the Mississippi a force of twenty thousand was reported as advancing under Jeff. Thompson to attack Cairo, at the junction of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers,—the gateway to the whole West. So, reinforcements were ordered to the relief of Lexington; Lyon was directed to retire from Springfield—for he *could* retreat, while Cairo could n’t; and Frémont himself went down the river to Cairo. He had but three thousand four hundred troops to use, but he marched and countermarched them through and about the streets of St. Louis, he himself going to the wharf in an open barouche with a clattering cavalry escort, making as great a display as possible, and embarked his little force on a large number of transports (that is, old ferry-boats). Then the secessionists of St. Louis sent word to their friends below that Frémont was going to Cairo with ten thousand men. Mr. Jeff. Thompson therefore hauled off, and Cairo was saved. That was a sample of the “Oriental luxury and display” he was accused of.

He also built forts, and fortified St. Louis and one or two other important points, so that a small garrison could hold them, releasing his army for field work. Alas, more “extravagance”! Yet this policy became a prime element of military strength all along the line, from St. Louis to Washington.

So violent and persistent were the secessionists of Missouri in aiding the Rebellion, that Frémont, prompt to see the weak point, was equally prompt to strike at it. And on August 30, 1861, he issued his famous proclamation of martial law, confiscating the property of active secessionists in his Department and declaring their *slaves*,

if any they had, to be free men,—a word that thrilled the whole North, and electrified earnest Unionists into a sudden realization that there actually was a short road to the heart of the Confederacy, and that Frémont had found it.

He was not allowed to take it, however. With great consideration, President Lincoln wrote privately, asking him to withdraw that part of his proclamation. Frémont replied that he had made it after careful consideration, as he would have fought a battle or done any other act for the furtherance of victory in his own Department, and preferred not to change it as of his own motion, but, if at all, under the President's order. And it was ordered. Not, however, before two negroes, slaves of Thomas L. Snead, a prominent secessionist, had been declared free by proclamation on September 12, 1861—the first-fruits of emancipation under the war power.

It has always been a solace to me that, as the General's secretary, it was in my handwriting that the original proclamation went out; for although it was the chief cause of Frémont's removal, it sounded the keynote to which the whole North—and, what is more, the Government—attuned by the mighty strain of unsuccessful war—*had to come*.

A thing that I can barely mention is that Frémont organized and prepared for river-work the gunboat flotilla, with Captain (afterwards Admiral) Foote as commander, which afterwards did such splendid service for Grant on the Mississippi and at Forts Henry and Donelson. Moreover, he gave Ulysses S. Grant his first important command, at Cairo; and it was in pursuance of Frémont's own plan and orders that Grant made the dash into Kentucky, over the bridge built by Frémont at Paducah, which gained him his first success and high commendation.

On September 25th Frémont took the field, to chase down Price's army. Into that, driven before his rapid advance, were gathered all the Missouri and Arkansas rebel troops and the guerrilla bands as well, which had been desolating the State. For Frémont had made an arrangement with Price to hang bushwhackers and to exchange

prisoners of war—the first exchange, by the way, that the U. S. authorities ever did arrange with the rebels. This act, too, was countermanded by the Government; but likewise that policy, too, the Government had to adopt later on.

For about four weeks, struggling to get together his divisions, delayed by lack of transportation and by unwilling co-operation from some of his generals—men like Pope and Hunter of the regular Army, who, as of yore, were jealous and discontented, and who deliberately refused to move without more transportation—Frémont drove ahead with his own portion of the troops and with no more transportation than the others had. Near Springfield he threw out his Body Guard—a splendid little body of cavalry commanded by the Hungarian Zagonyi (for, contrary to General Scott's ideas, Frémont had strained every nerve to gather and train a cavalry force, the Guard being a kind of model nucleus for the 5000 or so that he had got in hand). And the one hundred and fifty heroes attacked and drove out of Springfield two thousand of the enemy, posted in the edge of woods on the crest of a hill. The Guard lost about one third of their number, but sabred many more of their opponents. Said Zagonyi in his quaint English: "We did use sabre only. The pistols is a trooble—and not so sure."

After waiting in vain a couple of days for the laggards to come up, and anxious to strike Price and his forty thousand men before they should scatter over the border, Frémont, having but twenty-six thousand with him, planned his attack and had ordered an advance on the following morning—when he received an order relieving him of his command.

To sum up his three-and-a-half months' work—aside from his raising and equipping four-fifths of the 55,000 troops he left in Missouri—let me read a brief paragraph from Prof. Patton's *Four Hundred Years of American History*, indicating what ideas Frémont struck out, which influenced the whole war.

"Frémont's career at the West was brief—only one hundred days: but, being a man of military instincts and training, he showed in that time a sagacity which was not allowed fair practical development. In that brief time he was the first to suggest and inaugurate the following practices, then widely decried, but without which the war would not have been successfully concluded: the free use of cavalry (strongly opposed by General Scott and others); exchange of prisoners with the enemy; fortification of large cities, to allow armies to take the field; building of river gunboats for interior operations at the West; and the emancipation of the slaves. In short, he contributed more than is generally credited to him."

As to Frémont's administration in Missouri, it is enough that his successors Hunter and Halleck had to carry out his countermanded preparations—completing his fortifications and resuming his contracts for animals, supplies, etc., and that, after an elaborate Congressional investigation during the next winter, he was in the following spring—March, 1862—appointed to the command of the Mountain Department in Western Virginia.

Frémont started southward from Wheeling, under instructions to co-operate westwardly with the Army of the Tennessee, but was suddenly recalled from the Franklin Valley to cross the Blue Ridge to the eastward and to head off Stonewall Jackson, who had driven Banks north to the Potomac and was on his way through the Shenandoah Valley south again. There was no practicable road across the mountains where Frémont's force then was. Therefore, stripping his army of all but essential baggage, he turned back, moved rapidly, under alternations of great heats and pouring rains, crossed the mountains, and came upon Jackson's rear at Strasburg in the Valley. From there south to the Shenandoah River it was a seven days' chase and a running fight, and Jackson's famous "foot-cavalry" led it in fine style, burning all bridges behind them. But, even with rebuilding of bridges and fording of streams, driving ahead, Frémont kept up with the rapid chase, and at last came upon Jackson's force

at Cross-Keys near the river, and fought it all day. He had sent scouts ahead to order the bridge over the Shenandoah burned in *front* of Jackson. But it was not done, and during the night Jackson's forces slipped over the bridge and burned it *behind* them, capturing the valiant regular army brigadier who would not take orders from Frémont but was going to *hold* the bridge. That officer made a gallant but foolish fight: "Obedience is better than sacrifice." It was a splendidly brilliant campaign on the part of Jackson; for McDowell and Shields, ordered to co-operate with Frémont, did it half-heartedly, and Jackson had beaten Banks, and foiled and escaped from Banks, McDowell, Shields, and Frémont. The Confederate General afterwards said laughingly to one of our officers, Captain Golding of Ohio, who was captured by him, and who told me himself: "If McDowell had done his part in the Luray Valley as well as Frémont did his in the Shenandoah, there would n't so many of us have got away to Richmond." And if anybody knew, it was Stonewall Jackson.

The various armies of Banks, McDowell, and Frémont were then recalled down the valley and consolidated under Major-General John Pope. Not only was Pope Frémont's junior in rank, but there was bad blood between them on account of Missouri matters. Frémont, therefore, knowing that there would be trouble, asked leave to go to Washington to explain the situation. This was refused him. He then asked to be relieved of his command. This was done; and in spite of positive promises, he never was assigned to active duty again.

Why not? Because to army jealousy had been added political jealousy, and besides, there were some men then in high station who had power to suppress him.

Mr. Lincoln was a great and good man, but he was by nature and life-long training a politician,—honest and honorable, but judging largely from the political point of view. Mr. Lincoln and all the rest feared that Frémont's popularity, and especially the effect in the North of his

original emancipation proclamation, might make him again a formidable competitor for the presidency. They might have spared their anxiety; he was emulous only of success in the war. The General commanding all the armies of the United States was now Henry Wager Halleck—the defeated pro-slavery candidate for U. S. Senator from California in 1859: *unforgiving!* In the Cabinet were Wm. H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase, who through Frémont had lost the first Presidential candidacy: *unforgiving!* In the Cabinet still was Postmaster-General Blair, Frémont's former friend, who, because his brother Frank Blair in Missouri had not been allowed to control Department affairs, had become Frémont's enemy: *unforgiving!* There were others, but these were enough. Frémont was shelved.

His subsequent career contains many points of interest, but we cannot dwell upon them. What I would fain leave with you as the essence of Frémont's character and achievement is: first, that he was an untiring foe to slavery and a potent factor in the cause of freedom; and, second, that he was a sagacious and indefatigable seeker for the *best way*, and boldly prompt to take it. Undeterred by distress of body and of spirit, he found the passes through the mountains and over the arid plains, and to-day the vast transcontinental traffic rolls easily along the lines that he so painfully laid out between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. That coast itself we owe to him. His energy, audacity, prudence, and skill gained for the United States the great State of California; and that it came into the Union with its golden soil free from the taint of slavery, ten years before the war between the free and the slave States, was due to him and the other leaders of the Free Soil party there. He was the first hero around whom the hosts of freedom gathered when the great political strife began. The slogan of the young Republican party was "Free speech, free press, free soil, free men, Frémont and victory!" The victory was not for him; but it came later for the cause that he loved. While, in the war itself, he pointed out unerringly—and himself was the first to use—

the five great elements without which the Federal cause would never have succeeded.

Frémont was no failure: he was a *pioneer*, in peace and in war.

Born when Madison was President, receiving his first commission from Andrew Jackson, Frémont died, during Harrison's administration, in 1890, a poor man. But "a good name is better than great riches"; and as long as the mountains last, on whose highest peak he raised the stars and stripes more than half a century ago, so long must the American people honor the name of *Frémont, the Pathfinder*.

THE CAVALRY AT GETTYSBURG.

A PAPER READ BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. HEERMANCE, U. S.
VOLS., DECEMBER 5, 1900.

TO write of the cavalry at Gettysburg it will be proper to go back to the early part of June, 1863, when General Pleasanton, who after the battle of Chancellorsville had succeeded General Stoneman in command of the cavalry corps, was ordered by General Hooker to make a reconnaissance across the Rappahannock. After Chancellorsville General Lee's army had been moved back to the heights about Fredericksburg and reinforced by two divisions of Longstreet's corps, who were in North Carolina at the time that battle was fought. General Hooker, being suspicious that some movement was contemplated, ordered this move of the cavalry, and on June 9th the crossing was made at Kelly's and Beverly's Fords. Meeting detachments of the Confederate cavalry on the advance to Brandy Station, where they were found in force under the command of General J. E. B. Stuart, who had concentrated his command there for review by General Lee, who by secret marches had transferred the corps of Ewell and Longstreet to Culpeper Courthouse, leaving A. P. Hill at Fredericksburg to confront our army, while he moved by the Shenandoah Valley to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania. The fighting between the two cavalry commands at Brandy Station was protracted and severe; charge after charge was made by both sides, and at close quarters, our men using sabre and the enemy their pistols. The superiority of our horsemen was there established and remained with us until the close, where at Five Forks under Phil Sheridan the cavalry carried off the honors of the day.

The following, from a Southern paper, is an incident of the engagement:

While at home recruiting his command in men and horses, an old farmer friend came to gallant Colonel "Bill" Deloney and said: "Bill, my boy here has got the war fever. His mother and I have tried to get it out of him, but it 's no use. He swears he'll run away if I don't let him go, so I've mounted him on the best racing colt I had, and here he is. Take him with you, but I've this much to say: If he ever shows the dominicker, kill him right then and there; don't let him come home." The old farmer raised game chickens, and fought them too. He had a contempt for dominicker roosters, because he did n't think they would fight, and that was his blunt way of describing a coward. Deloney turned and saw a fair-haired country lad of seventeen, standing perfectly erect, his lips compressed, but a vivid fire flashing from his steel-blue eyes. The boy never said a word, but parted tenderly from the old man and went to Virginia to join the cavalry.

Deloney watched with pride the rapid improvement of the young recruit, but had forgotten the incident until the cavalry fight at Brandy Station. When squadrons were charging and counter-charging with the intrepid clash and dash of the Light Brigade, Pierce Young suddenly ordered him to attack a Federal brigade that was forming on the flank.

"Get right among them, Bill, an break them up with cold steel," was the order; "don't give them time to form."

The words were hardly spoken when his command, Deloney far in advance, was sweeping down upon the foe; but before he was within a hundred feet of the enemy something went by him like a cyclone's breath: the Georgia boy was standing on tiptoe in his stirrups, bareheaded, his golden hair streaming, with sabre high in the air, and as he passed, with the light of battle in his face, and eyes flashing defiance, he turned in his saddle and shouted, "Colonel, here 's your dominicker!"

A moment more, and he struck the enemy's line like a cannon shot, his sabre flashing on every hand, until he was literally hacked down by the startled foeman. When the fight was over Deloney looked for him, and there he lay in the calm of death, his boyish face glorified with the dying thought—"They'll tell pa I never showed the dominicker."

General Pleasanton recrossed the river that night, having obtained the information as to General Lee's proposed movement, which General Hooker disposed his army to meet. Our cavalry followed General Stuart, who with his command was watching the mountain passes of the Blue Ridge, and at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville we were successful in severe engagements, retaining the supremacy we had established at Brandy Station. From its position on the Rappahannock our army had been withdrawn to protect Washington and was in the vicinity of Fairfax and Manassas, while the main part of the Confederates were in the Shenandoah Valley. June 27th, General Hooker crossed the Potomac, the cavalry having crossed at Edwards Ferry on June 24th—the three divisions disposed as follows: General Buford with the first division on the left flank; the second division, commanded by General Gregg, the right flank; General Kilpatrick, commanding the third division, taking the centre. The reserve brigade, commanded by General Merritt, had been detached from the first division, leaving with General Buford the two brigades commanded by General Gamble and General Devin. Lee's army had come down the Shenandoah Valley, crossing the Potomac at Shepardstown and Williamstown. General Buford with his two brigades kept between the Union and Confederate forces, passing into Pennsylvania by way of Frederick and Boonsboro. To show how strangely circumstances will work together, at the latter place, while halted on the march, the Union sentiment was shown by the young girls giving flowers to our soldiers, and I was favored by receiving a bunch, with a small American flag, from a young lady, in front of whose house I had stopped. About ten days later, in an engagement there, I was wounded and carried to the same house where this young lady lived, and after the surgeon cut the bullet from my breast, she gave me all the care a sister could until I was able to go home; but it did not end as such events should, for I have not seen her since, but often look at the faded flowers and flag given me, with pleasant remembrance of the care and kindness of Annie Weckler.

From June 24th to the 30th we were engaged with small bodies of the enemy, meeting them in considerable force on the 29th at Fairfield. On the 30th we passed the First Corps, under General Reynolds, at Emmitsburg and proceeded to Gettysburg, my regiment, the 6th N. Y. Cavalry, being in advance, and I have here a guidon carried that day on entering Gettysburg. About a mile from the town we were met by the young girls of that place, who, dressed in white with red and blue ribbons, formed along the road; and as we rode by they sang their patriotic songs, that made the blood flow quicker in our veins, as we thought of those at home, and that we were there to defend Northern soil from the desolation that we had seen so much of in the homes of our Southern brothers, who had forced us to fight against them. As each man drew his rein tighter we charged through Gettysburg, the small force of Confederates there retreating before us. General Buford's command was placed to the north and west of the town, all roads being picketed by which the enemy could approach. The two brigades consisted of one battery and eight regiments, in all about 4000 men, Gamble's brigade on the left, Devin's on the right. A little after daylight on the morning of the 1st our pickets were fired on, and the two brigades were sent out dismounted as skirmishers to check the enemy's advance, until the First Corps, we had passed at Emmitsburg the day before, could be brought up. Gamble's left was across Willoughby Run, and Devin's right rested on the Mummasburg road. Calef's battery was placed where the monument to General Buford now stands, and the four guns at the four corners of the stone on which it rests are the same as were used that day; and it was the same battery that played an important part in the Mexican War and from the first to the last of our Civil War. General Buford saw at once the importance of holding the lines of Seminary Ridge for our infantry, and sent the cavalry dismounted well to the front to meet the veterans of Hill's division, whose skirmishers were now feeling their way towards us, deceived as to what was in front of them, by our dismounted

cavalrymen, whom they mistook for infantry. General Buford's orders were that the Seminary Ridge must be held, and his words to General Devin were, "You will have to fight like the devil to do it." Gamble at first pressed back the enemy, but in turn was slowly forced back from his advance line. Devin's brigade, who joined them on the right, held their position until Hill's advance had flanked their right on the Mummasburg road and advanced their batteries, which opened on the skirmish line both from front and flank. The First Corps having come up and secured the Seminary Ridge, we had been fighting to hold for them, we were ordered back. I commanded the extreme right and returned under a severe fire down the Mummasburg road to a clump of woods north of the Seminary where we had left our horses; seeing that the enemy had gotten so far in rear of our flank, the men in charge supposed we had been gobbled up, and had gone back to the Seminary grounds with them, and exhausted as we were we had to double-quick another mile before we reached them. In his oration at the dedication of the monument to General Buford, Major-General James H. Wilson says, "The cavalry had performed prodigies of valor and, against overwhelming odds, had held the field for over four hours against the increasing pressure from Lee's veterans." The Eleventh Corps having come up, Devin's brigade was moved to their right and, connecting with the York road, advanced our pickets on that road about a mile. While in this position a battery of the Eleventh Corps, placed in the cemetery, shelled us so persistently that after sending word to them that we were not the enemy, with no cessation of their firing at us, we were forced to fall back from our position to the town, being shelled all the way back. The enemy, having possession of the road we had left, advanced their sharpshooters attacking our flank; they were driven back by dismounted men of the 9th New York Cavalry. Gamble's brigade had been doing gallant work on the left, and were among the last to leave Seminary Ridge, where with the First Corps a gallant fight had been made, to hold that position until the rest

of the army could come up and take the second line along Culp's Hill, the cemetery, Little Round Top, and Devil's Den, where on the second and third days Lee met with such a defeat that the high-water mark of the rebellion was reached, and continued to recede until, at Appomattox, it ceased to flow. In all the disputes over the part taken by others in this battle, there has been no one but who has been willing to give to General Buford the highest praise for the gallant work that held Seminary Ridge with his small command against the veterans of Hill's corps, from daylight until the First Corps came up about ten o'clock. Riding ahead of his troops General Reynolds, meeting General Buford, cried out, "What's the matter, John?" "The devil's to pay," said Buford. "I hope you can hold on until my corps comes up," said Reynolds. "I reckon I can," was the reply. General Hancock, the Count de Paris, and others give to Buford and his cavalry the highest praise for their work at this first day's fight. Buford alone selected the ground to be held, seeing on his arrival the day previous the advantage of its position. That night the division was placed along the Emmitsburg road, on the morning of the 2nd it was engaged on the enemy's right and, with Berdan's sharpshooters, felt their advance until relieved by the Third Corps, when we were withdrawn to Taneytown and Westminster to look after our wagon trains, and as Lee fell back followed him to and across the Potomac. The second and third divisions, under command of Generals Gregg and Kilpatrick, after crossing the Potomac, had been following Stuart's cavalry, who had been raiding on our line of communication, capturing many of our supply wagons, but our cavalry pressed them so hard that they were kept on the defensive and prevented from joining General Lee; and one cause of his disastrous defeat was the want of his cavalry, that had been cut off from all communication with him. On June 30th the third division had met them at Hanover and intercepted their connecting with Lee's army, pressing him over to the right, until on the 2nd of July the Confederate cavalry was in our rear on the York

and Harrisburg roads, confronted by the second division and Custer's brigade from the third division. The rest of the third division was on our left, where they were joined by the reserve brigade commanded by General Merritt, who had been detached from the first division for special service in the rear of our army. The cavalry of both armies had been in active service for nearly a month; men and horses had about reached the limit of endurance; intense heat and dust, hard fighting, short of food for men and forage for horses, had done its work; hundreds of horses had fallen unable to rise again; officers and men tramped on foot, leading their horses to save the little strength left in them, and no one would think looking at that column as it passed that the next day they could take part in the most brilliant cavalry engagement that is known to history.

The morning of July 3d found the commands of Generals Gregg and Custer on our right and in rear of the reserve artillery. General Custer was ordered by General Gregg to a position on the Hanover road, covering the approach to Gettysburg.

General Stuart had at last succeeded in making connections with Lee's army, and on the morning of the 3d moved forward in advance of Ewell's corps, which was on Lee's left; this movement was for position to attack our rear and reach the reserve artillery, at the time of Pickett's gallant charge on our front centre. Had it not been that our cavalry had been so disposed as to meet and defeat it, this movement of Stuart's might have been successful; and if it had, there is little doubt that Lee's army, waiting for the panic it would cause, would have followed Pickett's men, broken through our centre, and the story of Gettysburg had a different ending. This movement gives a different phase to what seemed such a needless sacrifice of General Pickett and the brave men who followed him, for the two movements working together offered a chance of success, that warranted the sacrifice. The Confederate Cavalry numbered about 7000; the second division, including Custer's brigade, about 5000. About noon of the 3d General

Custer was attacked and General Gregg moved his command to the position on the Hanover road on the left of General Custer's line; it having been reported that the enemy's cavalry was moving to our right. General Custer was ordered to join his division, who were on the left of the army, and proceeded to do so; but, the brigade that relieved him being severely engaged, he was directed by General Gregg to remain. McIntosh's brigade had relieved Custer and the 1st New Jersey Cavalry was moved forward; meeting a heavy force of the enemy at Rummell's barn, part of the 3d Pennsylvania was sent to their support. Having exhausted their ammunition our regiments on the right fell back. The 5th Michigan, armed with Spencer repeating rifles, was ordered to relieve them; although short of ammunition this regiment held its ground stubbornly. As the 1st New Jersey attempted to withdraw the enemy advanced on both flanks; the right of the 1st New Jersey and 5th Michigan remained on their part of the line until the last cartridge was fired and the last revolver emptied, then fell back having lost heavily. Part of the 5th Michigan reached their horses and joined the 7th Michigan in their charge. The 5th Michigan was commanded by Russell A. Alger, who here, as before and after, rendered distinguished service in that brigade of heroes commanded by General Custer. when Secretary of War his personal and political enemies circulated many false statements reflecting on his military career, which were taken up not only by the yellow journals but by some which claim to be respectable. When statements showing their untruth were sent them, they refused to make the correction asked. Such journalism is the curse of the country, and it would be a good thing if some editors could be suppressed as they were during the Civil War when they maligned their country and its leaders.

At this time the Confederates advanced the 1st Virginia, which charged and was met by the 7th Michigan at a stone and rail fence and across which, face to face, they fought with carbines and revolvers. The enemy being reinforced the 7th Michigan was forced to fall back, and in turn the

1st Virginia, after crossing the fence, were compelled to retire by the fire from our battery in front and dismounted cavalry on their flanks. At this time the brigade of Hampton and Fitz-Hugh Lee came from behind a piece of woods that had concealed them from view. I cannot describe the engagement better than to copy from the address of Col. Wm. Brooke Rawl, delivered upon the occasion of the dedication of the Cavalry Monument on the field of the engagement. He says:

Every one saw at once that, unless the grandest attack of all was checked, the fate of the day would be decided against the Army of the Potomac. In close columns of squadrons, advancing as if in review, with sabres drawn and glistening like silver in the bright sunlight, the spectacle called forth a murmur of admiration. Then Gregg rode over to the 1st Michigan, which, as it had come on the field a short time before, had formed close columns of squadrons supporting the batteries, and gave the word to charge. As Town ordered sabres to be drawn and the column to advance Custer dashed up with similar orders and placed himself at its head. The two columns drew nearer and nearer, the Confederates outnumbering their opponents three and four to one. The gait increased, first the trot, then the gallop. Hampton's battle-flag floated on the van of his brigade. The orders of the Confederate officer could be heard, "Keep to your sabres, men, keep to your sabres," for the lessons they had learned at Brandywine Station and Aldie had been severe. There the cry had been, "Put up your sabres; Draw your pistols and fight like gentlemen."

As the approaching columns drew nearer and nearer, each with perfect alignment, every man gathered his horse under him and gripped his weapon the tighter. . . . Staggered by the fearful execution of the two batteries, the men in the front of the Confederate column drew in their horses and wavered, some turned, and the column fanned out to the right and left, but those behind came pressing on. Custer, seeing the men in the front ranks of the enemy hesitate, waved his sabre and shouted, "Come on, you Wolverines," and with a fearful yell the 1st Michigan rush on, Custer four lengths ahead. . . .

It is not my purpose to go into detail of the brave deeds

done that day, but to show, as on the first day the work of the cavalry held Seminary Ridge and gave the advantage of position to our army, so at this crucial moment the cavalry fought back those who if successful would have turned the success of Gettysburg into defeat. At this same time Kilpatrick, with Farnsworth's brigade, was on the left flank between Big Round Top and the Emmitsburg road; pushed forward he met the 1st Texas regiment and ordered General Farnsworth to charge them. This gallant officer knew that he was riding to his death, for Law's brigade was on each side of the valley he was to ride through, and largely protected by stone fences. But placing himself at the head of his men, with but a handful of his gallant followers left with him, he rode upon the skirmish line of the 15th Alabama regiment, and, pistol in hand, called up Lieutenant Adrian, who commanded the line to surrender. The skirmishers in turn fired upon him, killing his horse and wounding General Farnsworth in several places. As he fell to the ground Adrian approached him and demanded his surrender which he curtly refused. In an article written for the *Century Magazine* by the Confederate General Law, who held the extreme right of Lee's army, he speaks of the conspicuous gallantry of General Farnsworth in leading this charge, which was made against his judgment and was as desperate as that of Balaclava, where "some one had blundered." The total loss of the Army of the Potomac at Gettysburg was 23,000 men, more than half of which was sustained by the First, Second, and Third Corps. The loss of the cavalry corps in the three days' fighting there was about 900. Add to this the loss from June 9th, when we uncovered this movement of Lee's to invade Maryland and Pennsylvania, up to July 1st, and the percentage of loss to the cavalry corps shows their work to have been severe, and their per cent. of loss heavy. As I stated in the paper I read before this Commandery on "The Cavalry at Chancellorsville," the work that was done by the cavalry did not receive the recognition it was entitled to at the time; but since the war closed more attention has been drawn

to its achievements, and those of us who served with it feel proud that it was our privilege to follow the guidon and respond to the bugle call as

Our good steeds snuff the evening air,
Our pulses with their purpose tingle.
The foeman's fires are twinkling there:
He leaps to hear our sabres jingle!

Halt!

Each carbine sends its whizzing ball.

Now, cling-clang! forward all

Into the fight!

Dash on beneath the smoking dome!

Through level lightnings gallop nearer!

One look to heaven! No thoughts of home—

The guidons that we bear are dearer.

Charge!

Heaven keep those whose horses fall!

Cut left and right!

They flee before our fierce attack!

They fall! they spread in broken surges!

Now, comrades, bear our wounded back,

And leave the foeman to his dirges.

Wheel!

The bugles sound the swift recall:

Cling-clang! backward all!

Home, and good-night!

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOME OF OUR GREAT COMMANDERS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE, U. S. V.,
FEBRUARY 6, 1901.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

I FIRST met Abraham Lincoln in Council Bluffs, Iowa. It was, I think, in 1858. I had been making reconnaissances west of the Missouri River for the Union Pacific Railway, and on my return I stopped at the Pacific Hotel. After my dinner, Mr. Lincoln sought me out and engaged me in conversation about what I knew of the country west of the Missouri River. He very ingeniously extracted information from me, and I found that the secrets I was holding for my employers in the East had been given to him.

My second interview was in 1863. While in command at Corinth I received an order from General Grant to report to the President in Washington. No explanation coming with the order, it alarmed me, as I had been arming some negroes to guard a contraband camp; and, as there had then been no authority given me for it, I thought I was to be called to account. But when I reached Washington, and reported to the President, I found he had not forgotten our conversation on the Pacific House stoop, and he had called me to consult as to the proper place for the initial point of the Union Pacific Railway; and, after a full discussion of all the points, he decided upon Council Bluffs, the place I recommended.

Again, in 1864, after the Atlanta campaign, General Grant called me to City Point. It was in October, 1864,

and at a time when everything around Petersburg looked blue; the desertions from our army were about equal to the enlistments, and there was a general demand that Grant should move. I spent two weeks looking at one of the finest and best-equipped armies I ever saw. As I was leaving, General Grant suggested I should call on President Lincoln as I returned to my command in the Army of the Tennessee. General Rufus Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster of the Army of the Potomac, and Major-General Burk, of the British army, who commanded in Canada, were on the headquarters boat that took me to Washington. When I arrived I went immediately to the White House. In the anteroom I met Senator Harlan, of Iowa, who took me immediately to President Lincoln. He had a room full of callers, and asked me to sit down until he disposed of the waiting crowd. I sat there and watched President Lincoln dispose of one after another, always in a kindly way. After waiting a long time I felt that perhaps he had disposed of me in the same way that he had the others, and I took occasion to say to him that I had only called to pay my respects, and, unless he desired me to wait longer, I would bid him good-bye. He immediately asked me to wait, saying he desired to see me if I had the time to spare. After the crowd had gone the doors were closed. President Lincoln saw I was ill at ease, not knowing what I was there for or what to say, but he sat down near his desk, and, crossing his legs, took down a small book; I think it was called *The Gospel of Peace*; anyhow, it was very humorous, and as he read some extracts from it he soon had me laughing and at my ease.

He was called to lunch and took me with him; and then he continued the same methods he did the first time I saw him and extracted from me all I had seen on my visit to General Grant and the Army of the Potomac, got my views, and finally drew me out until he had obtained from me an answer to a question, something like this: "You know, Mr. President, we in the West have no doubts about Grant, and, if he is given the time, I have no doubt he will soon whip

Lee's army. When, or how, I confess I cannot see, but that he will I have no doubt whatever." As I said this we were leaving the table, and Lincoln brightened up, took my hand in his, and said, with great solemnity, "I am so glad to hear you say that!" As I bade him good-bye, in a cordial way I asked him if there was anything I could do to repay his great kindness to me. He answered only, "If you don't object, I would like to have you take to your army, when you go, my kindest regards."

I was then too young to weigh and comprehend all that was said, but in after years, when I learned the great crisis pending, I saw how completely he took me into his power and extracted my innermost thoughts, and what a satisfaction it was to have me express that implicit faith in General Grant while so many were disseminating charges and denouncing his great battles as great destruction of life without proper compensation.

In after years I learned that Grant knew the conflict in Washington and knew that, if I had the opportunity, I would give the President an unprejudiced view of what I saw and learned. I never saw President Lincoln afterward, but while in command of the Department of Missouri I daily saw what a kindly heart he had, and how his sympathies went out to every one in trouble, and his great desire to save life. The conflict in Missouri was a bitter, personal, revengeful one. I remember, the day before President Lincoln's assassination, a lady came to see me whose son was about to be executed for murder, committed as a guerrilla. She had been to Washington to save him, and had seen the President. She brought me Mr. Lincoln's card, on the back of which he had written:

"MY DEAR GENERAL DODGE:—Cannot you do something for this lady, who is in so much trouble?"

I understood the case: that, while he would not interfere, he hoped that I could see my way to do so, and he disposed of the lady in that way.

The lady, in presenting the case, supposed that card

alone would pardon her son, but when I told her I would consider it, she was indignant and left, no doubt determined to report me to the President and appeal over my head. That evening President Lincoln was assassinated; all officers holding important commands were notified in the night, so that they could prepare for the excitement that was bound to come. The lady called the next day and asked me for the card; said she desired to keep it as a memento, no doubt giving up all hope for her son; but I did not have it in my heart, after Lincoln's death, to carry out the order of the court, and therefore commuted the sentence to imprisonment.

GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

My first interview with General Grant was a day or two after the battle of Corinth. I was in command of the Fourth Division District of West Tennessee and was rebuilding the railway from Columbus to Corinth. I had just made the connection at Humboldt and had been several days at the front, giving personal attention to the work. I received a despatch from General Quimby, my commanding officer, directing me to report immediately at Corinth for orders. I was away from my own headquarters in a working, undress suit; had nothing with me and hesitated about going as I was, but I concluded it was best to report, so took the train and at Jackson, Tenn., General Rawlins, whom I had never seen, came on the train and asked if I was on board. I made myself known to him and General Rawlins said that General Grant was out on the platform and desired to see me. I apologized to General Rawlins, stating that I was not in a proper condition for presenting myself to the commanding officer. General Rawlins saw my predicament and he said: "Oh, we know all about you, don't mind that." I stepped out on the platform. General Grant met me, shook me cordially by the hand, and I then saw that he was no better dressed than I was, which greatly relieved me. In a few words General Grant informed me that he had assigned me to the command of the Second Division of the

Army of the Tennessee at Corinth, and quietly, but with a determination that struck me so forcibly that I could make no answer, said, "And I want you to understand you are not going to command a division of cowards." I stammered out something, I know not what, and tried to thank him, but had no comprehension of what he meant, as I had heard nothing against the division; but when I arrived at Corinth and assumed command, relieving General Davies, I found that in the battle of Corinth, on the second day, the division had been forced back into the town of Corinth, but had held their organization intact and finally regained all lost ground, really saving the day. I also found that it was the division that was organized by Grant at Cairo, that fought at Belmont, that stormed the works at Donelson and was a favorite with Grant. General Rosecrans, in his official report of the battle of Corinth, had branded the men as cowards and General Grant had disapproved his action and comments. The division won imperishable renown. Upon their banners was inscribed, "First at Donelson," and from that time until after the Atlanta campaign they served directly under me. From Corinth to the end of the war, they took no steps backward. Their great battle at Atlanta, where they held a whole corps of Hood's army; and afterward at Altoona, when, under General Corse, they held that strategic point against the terrific onslaughts of four times their number, gave me cause to always remember the words of General Grant.

I have not time to recite here many of the acts of General Grant which bound him so closely to those who served under him, and which marked him as the greatest general of this or any other age.

The great distinguishing qualities of General Grant were truth, courage, modesty, generosity, and loyalty. He was loyal to every work and every cause in which he was engaged; to his friends, his family, his country, and to his God; and it was those characteristics which bound to him with hooks of steel all those who served with him. He absolutely sank himself to give to others honor and praise

to which he himself was entitled. No officer who served under him but understood this. I was a young man and given much larger commands than my rank and experience entitled me to. Grant never failed to encourage me by giving me credit for whatever I did or tried to do. If I failed he assumed the responsibility; if I succeeded, he would recommend me for promotion. He always looked at the intention of those who served under him, as well as to their acts. If they failed him, he dropped them so quickly and so efficiently that the whole country could hear and see their fall.

I will give you an object lesson which shows Grant's idea of duty. While I was stationed at Corinth, looking after that flank of the army, Grant hammering away at Vicksburg, and Rosecrans pounding Bragg in Tennessee, it was necessary for me to be awake. I was in a dangerous position, and the enemy could have destroyed either campaign by establishing themselves in my position. I wrote Grant at Vicksburg that I thought, with the 12,000 men I had, I could penetrate by the Tennessee Valley to the rear of Bragg and destroy his communications and supplies concentrated in that valley and force him to retreat. I received no answer to my letter, and I began to think I had made a fool of myself and swore inwardly that it was the first and last time that I would ever be caught in such a boat. A long time (to me) after the suggestion, General Oglesby, who was commanding that district, received a despatch from General Grant, instructing him to have Dodge carry out the movement suggested in his letter, and that was all the order I received: and I marched up the Tennessee Valley, destroying the railways and stores, which the Confederate government estimated to be in value not less than \$20,000,000. Of course Bragg threw before me and behind me such forces as he could spare, so that the rumors that reached Corinth were, generally, that I was captured, whipped, etc. These reports were all fired into General Grant, and no doubt he became disgusted at them; but he finally wired in answer to them that "If Dodge has accomplished what he started out to do, we can afford to

lose him." That settled the question; they sent Grant no more rumors. The enemy was distracted by my sending out from my column General Streight, who had been sent out upon his celebrated raid by Rosecrans. Grant, in commenting on it afterward, said to me that he knew the troops I had, and he had no doubt they would be heard from before they were captured or destroyed. I did not start out to fight, but to destroy; and he thought the distraction of the movements of Streight would puzzle the enemy so much that I would be able to get out of harm's way before they could concentrate a force upon me which I could not whip.

After the war, it was my good fortune to be thrown with Grant a great deal, and I was associated with him in some of his enterprises, such as the railway from the city of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean; and it was impossible for me to meet him as I did and not comprehend that he was in civil life, as in military life, of that peculiar make-up which could let small matters go without attention, but in any crisis rise to command it. He was so modest and so simple that his greatness was absolutely forced on one from his very acts. Nevertheless, so far, no critic in this nation or any other has ever been able to write a word against his military course or civil life which carried strength enough to be mentioned the second time. Grant's greatness was admitted long before he left our shores, and, although a simple citizen, he was honored as no one ever was before, and his simplicity astonished the world.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

My first meeting with General Sherman was in the fall of '63. I was commanding at Corinth. Sherman had received orders from General Grant to move from Memphis to the Tennessee River and up that valley to rebuild the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. When he reached Corinth, he was to take my command with him. I was lying very ill in Corinth when General Sherman came to my bedside. He read me a long letter from Grant, outlining

what he expected of Sherman's movement. In the letter some complimentary things were said of me and my command. Sherman no doubt read the letter to me thinking it would do more to make me well than any other medicine, and it did so. After he had finished he said, "Now, do you think you are well enough to do what Grant wants you to do?" I said, "Yes." Sherman said, "I will give you plenty of time; there is no hurry." I soon got on my feet and in a few days was called to Iuka, and while there an order came to Sherman to drop everything and push for Chattanooga, and that remarkable march was made across the State. My command brought up the rear and Sherman would write back letters to me, encouraging me and telling me what roads to take so that I could feed my animals and men. I remember that at the crossing of Elk River he wrote back and told me not to try to follow the Fifteenth Corps, as they had literally skinned the country. He said he did not believe they had left a chicken for me and advised me to keep north toward Pulaski, and thus we forged along, living off the country. After Sherman had reached Chattanooga, he wrote me a letter stating that Grant could not wait until I got up and they would have to fight with what he had in the advance; but, to soothe our disappointment at not being in the fight, he wrote me that if I would ride from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, as he had, I would be glad not to force my corps through there, as the road was knee-deep in mud, and literally paved with dead mules.

After Chattanooga, when Grant had been called east and Sherman had returned from his Meridian raid, the corps commanders of the Army of the Tennessee were called to Nashville. None of us had ever been there. We had been without communication by rail and were a sorry-looking lot. Grant intended taking some of us east with him, but Sherman protested, and only Sheridan, from the Army of the Cumberland, went. We all arrived in Nashville in the evening—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, Rawlins, and some others that I do not now remember. We were poorly, roughly dressed, generally wearing a

soldier's overcoat. Grant took us to call on Andrew Johnson, the military governor of Tennessee, who was very emphatic in his denunciation of what a rebel deserved and what he would get under him; but while I was in Tennessee I never put my hand upon a prominent rebel, taking his stock and provisions, that Johnson did not try to pull it off.

As soon as our call was over, Sherman said we would go to the theatre. No one in Nashville had heard of our being there, so we paid our way in and had front seats in the balcony. The house was filled with soldiers, going to and returning from veteran furlough. No one observed us. The play was *Hamlet*, which was simply being murdered. General Sherman was a fine Shakespearean scholar and he criticised the play severely and loudly. As I sat next to him, I cautioned him that we would be recognized and that there would be a scene. The grave-digger scene was on, and the actor was soliloquizing on Yorick's skull, when a soldier way back called out so that the whole audience could hear, "Say, pard, what is it, Yank or Reb?" and the whole house was in an uproar. Grant said we had better get out, so we left undiscovered. Sherman then said we had better get some oysters, and put General Rawlins forward to find a place. He took us to a very fair saloon. We went in and found that all the tables were occupied but one; that, a large table with only one man sitting at it. Rawlins, who was a retiring man, asked this person if he would not take a small table near by and give our party the other one. He did not mention who his party was, but the man replied that the table was good enough for him and he guessed he would keep it. So Rawlins said we had better hunt another place, and out we went. Sherman told Rawlins we would never get anything under his guidance, so he stopped some one and asked for an oyster saloon. The man pointed out one kept by a widow and we went in and ordered our oysters, and naturally all hands got to discussing matters until the hour was getting late, when the woman came in and told us we must leave, as the rules of the city were that every place must be closed

by midnight; so we were turned out with our meal about half concluded, and then we went up to General Grant's headquarters, which were in a large house presided over by Colonel Bowers. We camped there over night, some in beds and some on the floor. Our experience of the evening was, of course, discussed, and the aids heard it, and before breakfast the next morning Grant and Sherman were overrun with callers who came to apologize—the theatre proprietor, the saloon keeper and the widow—all expecting to be summarily disposed of for their inhospitality; but Sherman laughingly told them it was all right, that it was what they might expect from a lot of Rebels and that they would not be hurt.

The next evening we were invited to dine at the house of the commanding officer. We were in the Department of the Cumberland, and at the dinner there was a lady who had known Grant and Sherman in the old army, and was still of that army; but she was very critical and found fault with the way Sherman made war, especially with the treatment his troops gave the East Tennesseans in the march to Knoxville. Sherman tried to fend off and change the conversation, but the lady stuck to him, and finally Sherman turned on her and said: "Madam, my soldiers were without food, blankets or shoes, and no doubt they took what they could find. My men had to subsist even if the whole of Tennessee was ruined to sustain them. There are two armies here, one in rebellion against the other fighting for the Union. If either must starve to death, I propose it shall not be the one fighting for the Union. There is nothing too good for them. War is cruelty; there is no use trying to refine it; the crueller the sooner ended." That ended the talk about the Army of the Tennessee, and the dinner was a very cool one from that moment on.

When we parted at Nashville, Sherman accompanied General Grant as far east as Cincinnati. When the Society of the Army of the Tennessee had its meeting in Cincinnati in 1889, Sherman pointed out to me the room in which Grant developed his plan for the grand movement of our

army on May 1, 1864. They pored over their maps, and they agreed that all armies should move at once, and Grant told Sherman he must press Johnston so that he could not send any troops to help Lee, and Grant said he would give Lee all he wanted to do to take care of the Army of the Potomac. You all know the result of these brilliantly conceived and energetically executed campaigns that closed out all the Rebel armies within one year after that time. I have no time to follow Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from Atlanta to the sea, and in his strategic movement from Savannah to the time of Johnston's surrender. In my opinion, that movement alone is all Sherman needs to fix for all time his place in history as one of the greatest masters of the art of war.

After the battle of Chattanooga the government had been issuing and selling rations to the citizens of Tennessee. When General Sherman prepared for his Atlanta campaign he knew that its success depended upon his ability to feed his men and animals, and he, therefore, issued order No. 8 stopping this issue to citizens. In a few days he received the following despatch from President Lincoln, dated May 4, 1864:

I have an imploring appeal from the citizens, who say your order No. 8 will compel them to go north to Nashville. This is in no sense an order, nor is it even a request that you will do anything which in the least shall be a drawback upon your military operations, but anything you can do consistently with the appeals of these suffering people I should be glad of.

On May 5th General Sherman sent an answer characteristic of the man and general:

A. LINCOLN, President:

We have worked hard with the best talent of the country, and it is demonstrated that the railroad cannot supply the army and the people too: one of them must quit, and the army does not intend to unless Joe Johnston makes us. The issues to citizens have been enormous, and the same weight of corn and oats would have saved thousands of the mules whose carcasses now corduroy

the roads, and which we need so much in war. I will not change my order, and I beg of you to be satisfied that the clamor is partly humbug and for effect. I advise you to tell the bearers of the appeal to hurry to Kentucky and make up a column of cattle and wagons and go over the mountains on foot by Cumberland Gap and Somerset to relieve their suffering friends, as they used to before the railroad was built. Tell them they have no time to lose. We can relieve all actual suffering by each company and regiment giving their savings. Every man who is willing to fight and work gets a full ration, and all who will not fight and work we offer them free passage in the cars.

Sherman always sustained his officers who assumed great authority in an emergency, although they might be wrong. As an instance, I give you the following:

Before General Sherman crossed the Chattahoochee for his attack upon Atlanta, his army was stretched from Soap Creek to Sandtown Ferry, facing the river. My corps, the sixteenth, was upon the extreme right, and I thought the crossing was to be by the right flank, as it was so much nearer to Atlanta, and my orders were to seize all ferryboats and other means of crossing. General Sherman came to my headquarters, took out his map, and asked how long it would take me to construct a bridge across the river at Roswell, some forty miles away beyond our extreme left, telling me it was rock bottom and could be forded, and that there was a road bridge at that point which the Confederates had destroyed. I supposed I would have to go into the woods and cut the timber, and told him it would require at least a week. He had not been gone more than an hour when I received orders from General McPherson to move to Roswell, and that General Sherman would communicate directly with me. The march was a hot, dusty one, in the rear of the army, but I did not halt, except for our meals and an occasional hour's rest. I received at Marietta a despatch from Sherman urging me to get there as soon as possible.

On arriving, I immediately put a brigade across the river, and it was as fine a sight as I ever saw when Fuller's Ohio brigade, in line of battle, forded the river. The ene-

my's cavalry held the other side. As they moved across, holding their guns and cartridge boxes high above their heads, the bands of the corps struck up lively tunes. The Rebels poured in a heavy fire, but it was too high. Now and then a boy would step into a hole and disappear for a moment, but all got across and immediately sought shelter under the steep cut bank, where Fuller re-formed and made his charge, cleared out the enemy in short order, and built a strong *tête de pont*.

Roswell had cotton and woollen factories that had been running up to the time that General Garrard's cavalry captured, and burned most of the them. The operatives were chiefly women, and these Garrard moved to Marietta by detailing a regiment of cavalry, each member of which took one of the operatives on his horse; in this way they were all taken into Marietta, and were sent north by Sherman. Over the proprietor's house was flying a French flag. I saw immediately that if I utilized the balance of the buildings I could erect the bridge in half the time, and instructed Captain Armstrong, who had charge of the 1,500 men detailed to build the bridge, to tear down the buildings which were left from Garrard's fire, and utilize them. The next morning some of my officers, who were better lawyers than I was, told me that the proprietor was making a strong protest, and that I was liable to get into trouble on account of violation of international law. Although I was using the material, I thought it best to write General Sherman a letter stating what I had done, and what the claims were, at the same time notifying him that by using this material I would have the bridge completed by Wednesday. I arrived there by noon on Monday, the 10th of July. Sherman answered in the following characteristic letter:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI. IN
THE FIELD NEAR CHATTAHOOCHEE RIVER.

July 11, 1864.

GENERAL DODGE,

Roswell, Ga.:

I know you have a big job, but that is nothing new for

you. Tell General Newton that his corps is now up near General Schofield's crossing, and all is quiet thereabout. He might send down and move his camps to proximity of his corps, but I think Roswell and Shallow Ford so important that I prefer him to be near you until you are well fortified. If he needs rations tell him to get his wagons up, and I think you will be able to spare him day after to-morrow. I know the bridge at Roswell is important, and you may destroy all Georgia to make it good and strong.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General Commanding.

You will perceive it is very diplomatic; he says nothing in relation to international law, or the French flag, but ends his letter by telling me that I may destroy all Georgia to accomplish what I am sent to do. Of course I read between the lines, and paid no further attention to the French flag. After the war great claims were made, and we were censured by the government, which I have no doubt paid roundly for the factories.

On July 12th, just three days after I arrived there, I notified General Sherman that the bridge was completed, and the army commenced crossing on the final movement to Atlanta. Sherman was greatly surprised, as it had been represented to him by officers he had sent there that it would require a much longer time to erect the bridge.

My official report read as follows:

A foot bridge 710 feet long was thrown across the river, and from Monday noon, July 10, until Wednesday night, July 12, a good, substantial, double track, trestle road bridge, 710 feet long and 14 feet high, was built by the pioneer corps of and detailed from the command.

Sherman as a soldier and as a citizen was two different men. As a soldier, he demanded the utmost limit of a man's endurance. His own loyalty and energy were such an embodiment and absolute obedience to orders, that he could conceive no duty for a subordinate that he could not cheerfully perform and consider it a privilege instead of a duty.

His appreciation of what the war meant, and his papers written during the war upon the different military and civil phases of it, stamp him as a soldier, statesman, and one who could advise and lead in civil life, but who absolutely knew himself so well that no inducement could entice him to enter the political field.

After the war, as a citizen, Sherman was one of the most genial of companions. It was his delight to surround himself with comrades and distinguished citizens and recount the good qualities of the soldiers who served with him, and to hold them always to the front. Then what soldier is there here who, when he met Sherman at reunions and encampments, did not feel his kindly words and his great efforts to make their meetings jolly, happy, successful ones; and above all, none of the sophistries or ingenious arguments that have been used since the war to prove that this country is doing more for the soldier than he is entitled to, ever had for one moment the countenance or even the silence of Sherman to prove it. He could not discuss the bad qualities of the soldier who had faced bullets, and did not consider such a discovery pertinent to the question, but as a discovery after the fact.

Sherman's after-dinner speeches were always happy and to the point, and always with a new thought, so that he was always in demand. I saw a great deal of him after the war—travelled with him; and it was a long time before I could fathom the soldier who was so exacting, whom we called "The Old Tycoon," and the citizen who responded to every request, and who delighted in doing kindly acts for all of us, and kept himself poor in answering the appeals of his old comrades.

GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN.

My first promotion in a command was in 1861, to the post of Rolla, Missouri, and concentrated there, preparatory to the march to the southwest, was the nucleus of that army that Curtis led so successfully to victory. A young staff officer reported to me there, small in stature, very modest

in his ways; in fact, his diffidence belittled his great abilities. I was inexperienced in the necessities of the campaign, and my troops had about three wagons to a company. This staff officer was Captain Phil. Sheridan. His first order at Rolla was to reduce transportation to three wagons to a regiment and I had a small rebellion on my hands, every regimental, every company officer applying to me to countermand the orders of such an unfeeling regular army officer. The German regiments absolutely refused to obey it; but I had learned myself to respect the experience of educated soldiers, and when I supported Sheridan, and endeavored to carry out his orders, I came in for a share of the blessings which came from our people and press. However, the 4th Iowa Infantry, which I commanded, fell promptly into line.

The army was one half American and one half German, with the Germans under the command of Sigel, who had been deposed by Halleck from the command of the army and succeeded by General Curtis, who had no bed of roses to lie upon. Sigel was then considered a great general. We were then learning that retreat was often as much a victory as success which came from advance. Sheridan in that campaign fed and furnished transportation for an army hundreds of miles from its base, with neither rail nor water to aid him, and stamped himself as a great staff officer. Where he got the corn for the animals and bread and meat for ourselves was a puzzle to every soldier who tramped from Rolla to Pea Ridge.

Sheridan says in his *Memoirs*: "In accomplishing this I was several times on the verge of personal conflict with irate regimental commanders, but Colonel G. M. Dodge so cordially sustained me with General Curtis by strong moral support, and by such efficient details from his regiment, the 4th Iowa Volunteer Infantry, that I still bear him and it a great affection and lasting gratitude."

Unfortunately for that army, General Curtis relieved Sheridan just as we needed him most, but it was a great favor to Sheridan. During that campaign Sheridan, when

he came to the army, shared my tent and told me of his difficulties and of his efforts and failures. I sometimes had detailed to help him almost all of the 4th Iowa Infantry, in squads, at once. He often said to me, "Dodge, I believe I could do something if I could get into the line," telling me what a field was before me, so young and in command of a brigade. It seemed to be his ambition to get the command of troops. A brigade was his idea.

After Pea Ridge my duties took me to Corinth, where I found Sheridan as quartermaster to General Halleck's personal headquarters, and it was there that he got his first commission in the line as colonel of a Michigan cavalry regiment.

There have been a great many statements as to how General Sheridan obtained his first commission as colonel of the 2d Michigan Cavalry. I can give it to you authoritatively. Colonel Gordon Granger was the first colonel of the regiment. When he was made a brigadier-general, Governor Blair of Michigan was at the front at Farmville, near Corinth. He was opposed to appointing another regular army officer to command that regiment, but General Gordon Granger told Captain Alger, late Secretary of War, that he had found a colonel for the regiment in Sheridan, and induced Captain Alger to go personally to Governor Blair, whom he found at Pittsburg Landing, and with whom was his adjutant-general, General Robertson. Blair at first absolutely refused to appoint Sheridan, but after a long discussion of the matter, and the condition of the regiment being such that it needed a head immediately, he finally acquiesced, and the adjutant-general, upon a dry-goods box at Pittsburg Landing, wrote out the order on a sheet of paper. Captain Alger took it back, and he with the quartermaster of the regiment went to Sheridan with it, who was surprised to receive it; on that very night, 27th of May, Sheridan took command of the regiment, and moved with Elliott's brigade of cavalry to Beauregard's rear, at Booneville, south of Corinth. They reached Booneville and destroyed the railroad. Beauregard's army was

on the retreat. They struck Elliot's command and forced them to retreat. Sheridan captured a great many prisoners, but he had to let them go. They also captured and destroyed a large amount of Beauregard's transportation. After the evacuation of Corinth, Colonel Sheridan was posted at Booneville, the outpost of the army on the south. While stationed here, on July 1st, with a view of surprising Sheridan, General Chalmers attacked him early one morning with 5000 men. Sheridan had with him less than 1000 men, and soon discovered that if he stood on the defensive he would be defeated, and probably captured. He immediately determined to take the offensive, and sent Captain Alger with four companies of cavalry, ninety-two men, about three miles to the rear of Chalmers's force, giving him about one hour to get there, and instructed him that the moment he reached Chalmers's rear he was to form in fours and charge through his force, and, if possible, join him (Sheridan), who would attack in the front at the same moment. Alger carried out his orders to the letter, but was unable to charge completely through, although he lost half of his command. At the appointed time Sheridan charged in front, and Chalmers, attacked in front and rear, became demoralized, and his force was soon defeated and scattered. This was a great victory, and immediately brought Sheridan to the front as a great cavalry leader, for up to that time our cavalry had not been very successful. For this battle Sheridan was made a brigadier-general. He says that when he was appointed colonel of this regiment he felt that his fortunes had turned, and he was getting into line with what his wishes had been during the whole war. He did not appreciate as fully as others what he had done. From that time on he steadily advanced until he became one of the great commanders of the Civil War.

I met him again after Missionary Ridge as commander of a division, Grant taking him east from what he saw of him during that battle and giving him command of his cavalry, where he demonstrated how valuable an arm cavalry was to the service, and that they could fight as well as travel.

When I was at City Point Grant told me of the great ability and fighting qualities of Sheridan, and of his differences with Meade and the trouble he had to keep two fiery dispositions from conflict. He said that after the battle of the Wilderness Meade and Sheridan had some hot words, and Meade came to him and said: "Do you know what Sheridan said to me last night? He was mad and told me if I would let him out he would wipe up the earth with Jeb Stuart," whom they were all so afraid of. Grant answered, in his quiet way: "Why, Meade, why did n't you tell him to go and do it? Let him out; that's just what we want." Meade gave Sheridan the order, having no confidence in his success, but we know the result of those brilliant marches and battles in the rear of Lee until Stuart was killed and one half of the Rebel cavalry destroyed. That made permanent Sheridan's position in that army. The battles of the Valley of Virginia and Five Forks followed, and from a captain and quartermaster at Rolla we find him a lieutenant-general, dying while in command of our army.

GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

In the winter of 1863-4 it fell to the lot of my corps to be quartered in the richest part of Tennessee, both in what it produced and in Rebels. I occupied the country extending from Columbia to Decatur. I had 12,000 men and 10,000 animals to feed off the country. I was quartered in the Department of the Cumberland, commanded by General George H. Thomas, but I was not subject to his orders; a difficult position, as my troops had lived so long on foraging that no doubt they committed many depredations, and the complaints of the officers of the Army of the Cumberland and the citizens of that country piled up against me mountains-high. They appalled even myself, and, as they passed on up through different headquarters, the indorsements upon them virtually made me command a lot of undisciplined, depredating bummers that ought to be driven out of the department for the benefit of the service. The com-

plaints finally reached General Thomas. General Sherman was away on the Meridian raid and I was reporting directly to General Grant. General Thomas knew the work I had before me in rebuilding the railway to Decatur and Huntsville, and had kept watch of my progress, and, instead of following the indorsements of his subordinates, passed the papers on to General Grant, stating that probably I was so engaged in my other work that I was not aware of the depredations and that they were unauthorized. When the charges reached Grant, he put an indorsement on them that, as it travelled back the same way that it came, must have made the indorsers' ears tingle; for Grant knew the Sixteenth Army Corps, and what it was made of, and the great work it was doing, and made it very plain in his reprimands to those who had denounced us without a hearing. When the documents finally reached me, I felt it my duty to write General Thomas a letter stating how difficult my position was and how much I regretted that I should have fallen under the ban of his officers, but how much we appreciated his courtesy and commendation.

In May, 1864, I came into the same grand army with Thomas, and he made it a point, so plain that every one could see it, to be very friendly with me. I was brigadier-general commanding a corps, while under him were major-generals commanding divisions. Thomas always had a word of encouragement for me and always a kind word for me when he was with other officers, and you can appreciate what a help it was. After Atlanta I fell to the command of the Department of the Missouri. General Thomas was facing Hood at Nashville and I had an opportunity to return some of his thoughtful aid to me, for I sent him every organized command in my department. I had nothing left but a few companies of Missouri State militia, to take care of a great department, and it was those troops that, in the battle of Nashville, under that superb soldier A. J. Smith, crushed Hood's left and almost captured his command.

After the war, General Thomas, when *en route* to his com-

mand on the Pacific coast, stopped off and visited me at my home. Thomas told me how thankful he was and how much he appreciated my efforts to send him troops and how opportune their arrival was. Thomas was then a happy, satisfied soldier; in fact, I never saw any of those disappointments, or anything of that feeling that has been depicted by some of his historians, and I do not believe the thought ever entered his head that his superior officers or his government did not appreciate the great work he did in the war. It seems to me nothing can be more unfortunate to a general than to have, after the fact, himself depicted as not having had the proper appreciation or credit for what he had done. Especially must this be the case in a person of the sturdy disposition and soldierly qualities of the "Rock of Chickamauga," General George H. Thomas.

These great commanders brought the Civil War to a successful issue. They were all born great captains, and the closer you got to them, the longer you saw and studied them, the greater they grew—not only to the officers, but to the boys who shouldered the muskets, who, in fact, were clear-headed and just critics. They seldom applauded their Commanders, but they never lost faith in them. These boys followed willingly and eagerly wherever they were led. They judged them then as the world judges them now—not by their words, but by their great deeds.

WITH SHERIDAN'S CAVALRY.

A PAPER READ BY SURGEON ALPHONSO D. ROCKWELL, U. S.
VOLS., DECEMBER 4, 1901.

NO one who has not participated in the strange and stirring scenes of actual war can even faintly appreciate, I fancy, the fascination that attaches to all its memories. The old soldier will tell one that even the odor of burning leaves carries him back instantly to the bivouac and camp-fire. The crack of the sportsman's rifle recalls the picket line, and the simultaneous discharge of a score or more is wonderfully suggestive of the ominous reports along the skirmish line. More than all else, perhaps, the roar of the cannon, according to its nearness and the volume of its sound, suggests the threatening or fully opened conflict, and brings fresh to mind the mingled and peculiar sensations experienced by every participant. Because of these common experiences, dear to the memory of all, I venture to offer to-night a few purely personal recollections and impressions.

The spring of 1864 saw the Army of the Potomac, with its encampments along the northern line of the Rapidan, in momentary expectation of the order to prepare for another wrestle with its ever watchful, its desperate, but incomparable antagonist, the Army of Northern Virginia.

Grant had recently assumed command of all the Federal armies, his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac, while Sheridan, with the halo of his recent brilliant record in the West fresh around him, took in hand, for the first time, as his sole command, the cavalry corps attached to this army. On the 2d of May came the looked-for orders that were to end the quiet and uneventful monotony of

camp life, and set in motion an army of more than 100,000 men with its "rolling of drums, tramp of squadrons, and immeasurable tumult of baggage wagons." To adequately describe the commingled scenes of earnest preparation, vociferous salutations and commands, ludicrous incidents and picturesque movements, associated with such a general disruption calls for an abler pen than mine. Confusion reigns supreme seemingly, but soon it becomes evident that this "mighty maze is not without a plan." Scattered formations begin, and soon, companies of men, like rills flowing to their streams, assume the concrete form of a regiment, regiments coalesce into brigades, brigades into divisions, until finally the whole cavalry corps of 12,000 moves grandly away to meet the enemy, but when, or where, or how, it knows not.

Shortly after midnight on the 4th of May the crossing of the Rapidan began. Opposition to the passage had been expected, and, although not a shot was fired, yet no one will forget the strained and expectant state of mind as we plunged into the cold waters in anticipation of a volley from the opposite shore.

Galloping up the hill to the plain, no reminder of the enemy was seen, with the exception of torn bags of grain and meal which the Confederate pickets had left in their hasty flight. A few miles further the outskirts of the famous Wilderness was reached, and here in a few hours were gathered the converging lines of troops which had crossed on pontoons further up the river. The cavalry took but little part in the battle of the Wilderness, but on the 8th of May Sheridan was ordered to concentrate his scattered forces, pass around the right of Lee's army to its rear, and after doing all the damage possible by destroying railroads, burning supplies, etc., proceed to Haxall's Landing, on the James.

This historic raid consumed fifteen days, in which time was concentrated perhaps as much movement and incident as in any other operation of similar length during the war. Early on the morning of the 9th we were in motion, the

object being to get away from Lee's infantry before meeting Stuart's cavalry. It was early spring, and a cloudless sky and clear invigorating atmosphere contributed to render the day nearly perfect. The roads were in excellent condition, free from mud or dust, and we were passing through a country untouched by the ravages of war. Few whites were seen, but the negroes from every hamlet and hut gathered along the roadside in undisguised admiration at the ceaseless stream of artillery and horse. "Pompey, have you seen any soldiers go along this way to-day?" was asked of a grayheaded old negro, and the old fellow lifted up both hands and excitedly ejaculated, "Yes, Marsers, tousands, and tousands, and tousands; you go right ahead into Richmond now, sure." It was sufficiently evident by the old man's unfeigned action and tone that he, at least, was heart and soul with the Union cause.

Our regiment, the 6th Ohio, brought up the extreme rear of the line, and the beauty and quiet of the day was still upon us when, as we made a turn through a stretch of wood, the advance was startled by the well-known Confederate call, accompanied by rapid firing. The colonel commanding, turning in his saddle, saw the rear of his regiment scattering in every direction, closely pressed by the attacking party. In an instant everything was in the utmost confusion. The artillery, pack-train, and forming bodies of troops seemed to be inextricably mixed, and the writer found himself in a sort of pandemonium, separated from every familiar face, and uncertain which way to turn, to avoid the increasing fire, or to find a post of duty. Just then a staff officer galloped past, and with a shout "You are wanted this way, Doctor," he swept by, and I followed on.

In a moment a position was attained enabling me to witness the rare sight of cavalry fighting hand to hand with sabre and pistol. The excitement was too great to allow the details to be firmly fixed in mind. A swaying mass of horsemen, and the roar of a section of artillery in the rear, were the main impressions made. Only one distinct act

can be recalled at this day. The adjutant of the regiment, whose death occurred but a short time subsequently, had just received the ineffectual fire of a Southern soldier. I see the adjutant now, as I have in imagination seen him hundreds of times before, with that expression of concentrated excitement characteristic of such scenes of peril. With horses careering side by side, he had grasped the Confederate by the collar of his coat with one hand, and with the other was in the act of striking him from his saddle with the butt of his pistol.

One poor fellow was lying upon the turf bleeding and pale, and, dismounting, I gave the reins of my horse to an attendant who had just joined me. It was anything but a pleasant time or place for the exercise of the gentle ministrations of the healing art. Bullets were whistling through the air on every side, and it needed only the ear to assure us that the enemy were in close proximity. The wounded man was too weak to lift his head from the ground, and as I was intently examining the arm, through which a bullet had passed, the startling cry of "Here they come" was heard.

We were in a ploughed field, and in looking up a body of Confederate cavalry was seen, not over a hundred yards away, coming towards us, as rapidly as the nature of the ground would permit, firing their carbines and with all manner of exclamations.

Not one of us stood on the order of his going. The orderly gallantly led the flight, followed by the surgeon, who was in turn followed by the wounded man. He, poor fellow, had not feigned anything, as he lay there apparently unable to rise. It was only the stimulus of imminent danger that enabled him to leap unassisted to his feet and to his saddle. My own horse, left to himself, started, and there was only time to grasp him around the neck, and throw one leg over the saddle. The efforts of the thoroughly terrified horse, as he plunged through the soft earth, were frantic enough, but not more so than my own as I strained every nerve to retain my hold and right myself. Success finally crowned these efforts, and our speed was

further rewarded by the welcome sight of a line of our own forces just ahead. These were flanked, and as we came to a halt the wounded man was close at our heels. In a sudden attack such as this there could be no very satisfactory or permanent alignment. The scene of contest constantly shifted; hence no sooner had we alighted, and stretched the almost fainting man upon the ground, than we had the extraordinary experience of being exposed for a second time in five minutes to the enemy's charge, and were compelled to fly once more; this time we did not halt until we had safely outdistanced that persistent body of Rebels.

Pressing on towards Richmond, we found that Stuart, the brilliant Confederate cavalry leader, had, by moving on roads parallel to ours, outstripped us and planted himself in our path at Yellow Tavern, six miles from the Capitol. In this severe skirmish General Gordon was killed, and the renowned Stuart mortally wounded. Following up his successes, Sheridan penetrated the outer defences of Richmond, causing the greatest excitement and consternation.

On the morning of the 12th it was proposed to recross the Chickahominy, but the bridge was found destroyed, and had to be rebuilt under a heavy fire from a force of the enemy on the opposite side, while at the same time we were harassed by attacking bodies from the direction of Richmond.

For a few hours it was a season of anxiety to Sheridan, lest he should be attacked by an increasing force before the completed bridge afforded him an opportunity to go on his way.

The story was current among us that, when the bridge was finished and the troops about to cross, the General seized a bottle and, lifting it to his mouth with a "Here's to you, Johnnies," a stray bullet effectually shattered it. Nothing daunted, it is further related, the General, turning in the direction whence came the missile, quickly substituted for his salutation the reproach, "That's d—d unhandsome of you, Johnny."

For the next few weeks the cavalry were incessantly active. The disastrous assault at Cold Harbor took place, in which they took vigorous part, losing heavily in killed and wounded, and almost immediately after were ordered to proceed along the Central Railroad of Virginia, damage it as much as possible, and then join the command of General Hunter in the lower valley. When Sheridan reached Trevilian Station he found himself opposed by a large force of cavalry under Hampton and Lee, who had followed closely and on interior lines to intercept him. On the morning of the 11th of June the opposing forces met, and through all that day the fighting was desperate, and the losses great. The advantage was on our side perhaps, but learning from prisoners that Hunter was not in a position to be readily reached, and that he was likely to be opposed by both Ewell and Breckinridge, Sheridan decided to withdraw quietly under the cover of darkness. It was twilight when my regiment was sent out to do picket duty, covering the withdrawal of the rest of the troops. The dust raised must have been seen, for a furious storm of shell was opened upon us. Shells exploded around and above us, and the brilliant illumination in the twilight added to the impressiveness of the scene.

The storm lasted but for a few minutes, but in that time it seemed as if the regiment would be annihilated. Many of us were struck in face and body by branches and bits of flying bark from the trees, but no one was hurt. The fact that not a man was injured illustrates how out of all proportion to the damage inflicted may be the noise and demoralizing effect of an artillery fire. After midnight the withdrawal was successfully accomplished, and with entire secrecy, and a backward march began, which in some respects was more painful than anything we experienced before or after. We had captured some six hundred prisoners, who had to be guarded, and were encumbered with nearly the same number of wounded men. We were far from our base of supplies, and five hundred helpless men, suffering from injuries of almost every conceivable character,

had to be transported for days, over rough roads, in ambulances, and in army wagons without springs, and in the heat and thick dust of summer.

Look not for the extremest horrors of war upon the battle-field, however awful the carnage or cruel the adversary, but find it rather in some of the experiences of prison life, and the unutterable and prolonged agonies of a retrograde march, such as ours of eight days' duration.

From sunrise to sunset the long cavalcade of canvas-covered vehicles toiled along with jar and jolt, enveloped in clouds of dust and eliciting from the wretched sufferers a continuous succession of groans and heartrending outcries. Soldiers in general know little of such scenes as these. The excitement and danger of the battle over, the resultant suffering is quickly removed and left to its proper care.

Our brave and humane old colonel had occasion to ride forward along the line of the moving ambulances. He returned actually pale with suppressed emotion and exclaimed: "My God! No consideration would tempt me to go over that course again and see the sights and hear the groans I have this day seen and heard."

Glad enough were we to reach our supplies at the White House on the 21st, where we passed the night. On the 22d an immense train of 900 wagons started to join the main army. The cavalry was ordered to protect these trains until they crossed the James at Bermuda Hundred.

Beyond the Chickahominy, Torbert with one division was held with the train, while General Gregg with the other was sent to St. Mary's Church to protect an uncovered flank. We were here confronted again by our agile and valiant opponents, the cavalry division of Hampton and Lee, who were eager to obtain some of the rich pickings in the trains, moving along "so near and yet so far." Several hundred yards in our front was the edge of a dense forest, and from the frequent interchange of shots between our pickets and the concealed foe it was apparent that danger lurked in those dark recesses.

The morning wore wearily away and a portion of the afternoon.

The train to be protected had nearly passed, and the troops were drawn up ready to retire, when suddenly the enemy opened a furious fusilade from the woods.

Henceforth until darkness ended the conflict it was with us a series of stands and retreats. All the noncombatants were soon in full retreat. At every position lost by us the enemy planted his artillery and vigorously bombarded the retreating mass. The usual field hospital was established, a mile or two in the rear, where the wounded were brought.

Orders soon came to move further on, and the wounded were relifted into the ambulances and carried to a place supposed to be secure, but presently an aid dashed up with the cry, "Get out of here!" A few bursting shells gave emphasis to these words, and with no delay the wounded were again hustled into the waiting ambulances. The last one had disappeared, and I was about to follow, when four men came up bearing a wounded man on a shutter. Dismounting and kneeling by his side I found him to be the adjutant of our regiment, suffering evidently from a fatal wound in the side. He recognized me only by my voice, and asked in faltering tones if his wound was mortal. My answer was perhaps evasive, but he divined instantly the truth, and in tones intensely pathetic and which seem to me as real now as then he said, "My time has come—I must die." But even then men were rushing to the rear and on a crest of ground, not far away, the enemy could be seen.

The "boys," although quite exhausted, cheerfully lifted the dying man again, in a last attempt to place him beyond the reach of danger. A loud shout, sharp firing, and the tread of horses revealed at that moment a body of charging Confederate cavalry directly in our rear.

There was not a moment to lose seeing which, the adjutant with a supreme effort, raising himself upon his elbow and looking behind, cried, "Leave me, boys. Leave me," and he was dropped and left to his fate.

The foe rushed by, but fortunately without injuring him, and the next day we found his dead body by the roadside.

We learned that he lived but a short time after our departure, and was ministered to by a kindly old negro.

I can never recall without emotion the evidence of his inherent nobility of character, illustrated by his quick cry of "Leave me, boys."

How the cavalry took part in the capture of the Weldon Railroad and the siege of Richmond and Petersburg is too long a story to be told here. These cities finally fell; the decisive battle of Five Forks was fought, and then began in good earnest the flight of the enemy's army with ours in close pursuit, and General Custer in the van. It was but six days that this race kept up, when, like a lion driven to his lair, the enemy's remnant, on the morning of the 9th of April, made its last desperate struggle. How describe the incessant activity of the two armies during this brief period!—every road for miles was thronged with the pursued and the pursuing. With every nerve strained to its highest tension, Lee had for his objective point Lynchburg with its rations and defences. The very poverty of his troops was an aid towards this. Lightly loaded, and impelled by every impulse of self-preservation, they marched with quick step, and, although suffering from hunger and the depression of expiring hope, they for a time repelled with all their old-time vigor and dash every onslaught of ours. The two armies were now moving parallel to each other along the Appomattox River and every day had its battle. Owing to the rapid movements of the troops, the wounded were left behind, and in attending to them my little party of attendants found itself far in the rear. While overtaking the regiment our route lay along roads crowded with marching columns of infantry and artillery, and as we prolonged our chase into the night, the scene on every hand was rare and picturesque beyond description. Passing along the highway, through the encampment of some corps or division, the gleam of innumerable fires would redden

the atmosphere for miles. In every direction they could be seen, now blazing up brightly, now glimmering faintly, while in closer proximity every fire had its group of weary men intent on refreshment and repose. As the light played over the forms and faces of these men and those that were sleeping, with here and there a blood-stained bandage; as it was reflected from the stacked arms and penetrating woody recesses revealed still other groups of blue-coated soldiers, scenes were presented well worthy to be reproduced upon canvas.

We finally overtook our command at Prince Edward Courthouse and as I write this name an incident related by Colonel Newhall¹ is recalled that is worth repeating. When General Sheridan reached this hamlet, he dismounted at the fence of a stiff old gentleman, who was sitting on his high piazza and scowling fiercely at him as he rode up. He bowed in a dignified way to the General, who bobbed at him carelessly, drew out his inevitable map, lighted a fresh cigar, and asked if any of Lee's troops had been seen about there that day. "Sir," he answered, "as I can truly say that none have been seen by me, I will say so, but if I had seen any, I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I cannot give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee." This was very patriotic and all that, but the General was not in the humor to chop patriotism just then, so he only gave a short whistle of surprise and asked, "How far is it to Buffalo River?" "Sir, I don't know." "The devil you don't. How long have you lived here?" "All my life." "Very well, sir. It is time you did know. Captain, put this gentleman in charge of a guard, and when we move, walk him down to Buffalo River, and show it to him." And so he was marched off five miles from home to look at a river which was as familiar to him as his own family.

If it had not been for the persistent attacks of the cavalry upon the flank and rear of the rapidly retreating enemy, there can be no question but that he would have eluded us.

¹ *With Sheridan in Lee's Last Campaign.*

It was the cavalry which, marching night and day, finally forged ahead of the Confederate army, and on the 8th of April threw itself boldly across the enemy's path. That night from their elevated position the sleepless pickets of the 6th Ohio saw the camp-fires of what was left of Lee's weary troops, as they flared and finally died away in the amphitheatre below. To be directly in the pathway of a desperate enemy at bay is not the most pleasant of positions, but even the rank and file had heard that the infantry supports were being pushed rapidly forward, and knew that the expected morning attack must be held in check at whatever cost. At daybreak could be plainly seen the forming lines, and soon our brigade and that of Mackenzie were attacked in front and flank, and so rapidly were we pushed back that it seemed as if they would after all escape us. All this time, however, the infantry had been hurrying with might and main; and at the supreme moment when the cavalry was giving way in every direction, Lee found two solid lines of infantry blocking the way. As the white flag was borne out from the broken ranks of the enemy toward us, how our cheers echoed and re-echoed through the morning air at the thought of peace! Who can describe these things, and also the unutterable sadness incident to the last conflict of a long struggle? Men who had passed unscathed through four long years of active warfare fell on this last day and closing hour. One poor fellow lay dying, and, on being told the cause of the cheering that reached his ears, ejaculated, "Too bad, too bad!" It was only a few months before that I had occasion to proffer assistance to young Colonel Janeway with his eighth wound. He was perhaps the youngest commanding colonel, being but little over twenty years of age, and that he was brave and of splendid promise goes without saying. Urgent appeals from loving friends had extorted from him the promise that if he was wounded again he would resign. Shortly before the last shot was fired, I saw him gayly riding at the head of his regiment, smoking a cigar, preparing to lead his men into

action. Ten minutes later I kneeled at his side as he lay with his ninth wound—dead—with a bullet through his head.

Thus here, at Appomatox, ended the sad and bloody work that attended the progress of Sheridan's cavalry.

MAJOR ZAGONYI'S HORSE-GUARD.

A PAPER BY BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES TREICHEL, U. S. VOLS. READ BY THE RECORDER, OCT. 2, 1901.

ON the 25th of October, 1861, the anniversary of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, an action was fought at Springfield, Missouri, so remarkable in its character, in view of the disparity of forces engaged, the spirit and desperation of the attack, and the distance marched by the victorious troops, that we can scarcely wonder at the incredulity with which the first accounts of the affair were received on both sides of the Atlantic. As, however, all the official reports have been made public, and the engagement has, moreover, been made the subject of a military investigation, the means of arriving at the truth in relation to it are accessible; and from these sources principally the following description of this brilliant charge is derived.

The body-guard of Major General Frémont, during his command of the Western Department, consisted of about three hundred mounted men, mostly natives of western States, commanded by Major Zagonyi, a Hungarian exile, and officered by gentlemen from various cities of the United States—two lieutenants, Newhall and Treichel, being residents of Philadelphia. Both officers and privates were, to a great extent, men of education and means; and this circumstance, together with the fact that they were enlisted as a body-guard, gave rise to many ill-natured criticisms and sneers, which, as the confidence of the Administration was gradually withdrawn from General Frémont, grew into direct attacks upon their bravery and efficiency. Their uniforms, their kid gloves, their bay horses, their foreign commander, were each, in turn, subjects of ridicule.

General Frémont, in his pursuit of Price, after the fall of Lexington, had crossed the Osage with his troops, and on the 24th of October, after a march of twelve miles with his guard and the advance of the army, encamped on the prairie, not far from the Pomme-de-terre River. During the march of that day, Major Zagonyi had received information that a small body of the enemy, said to number only four hundred, were encamped at Springfield.

Burning with desire to retrieve the reputation of his corps, and to indulge their eagerness for a battle, the Major begged permission to go forward and attack. To his earnest request General Frémont finally yielded, upon condition that Major Zagonyi should take, in addition to the three companies of his guard, a body of about two hundred men then engaged in making a reconnoissance some miles in advance of the army.

At eight o'clock in the evening of the 24th, Major Zagonyi started with one hundred and seventy men, all the effective force of his guard, and took the road to Springfield, then fifty-four miles distant. At midnight he reached Bolivar, where he overtook the reconnoitring party commanded by a Major W.; and, after leaving directions for that force to follow him at once, proceeded seven miles further on to a farmhouse on "Three Mound Prairie," where he halted to feed his horses and wait for the reinforcements. Some two hours after, Major W. arrived with his troops, but as he had been taken suddenly ill, Major Zagonyi directed him to remain at the farm, take some rest, and follow in a carriage at daybreak with a small escort.

With his force thus increased to about four hundred men, Major Zagonyi left "Three Mound Prairie," and proceeded at a walk due south, towards Springfield. Shortly after sunrise the advance of his little column surprised and captured a small foraging party of the enemy, one only escaping. He, however, dashed off in the direction of Springfield, and all hope of a surprise upon the enemy was lost.

From these prisoners, moreover, and a Union man who met them near this point, the startling intelligence was gained that the forces of the enemy, who were said to be stationed on the direct road between Bolivar and Springfield, were not fewer than twenty-two hundred, and consisted of both cavalry and infantry. To go forward and attack seemed desperation, but to turn back involved the certainty of malicious remark. The following curious despatch sent back at this moment to General Frémont shows that there was no hesitation as to the course to be pursued:

MAJOR GEN'L FRÉMONT.

Near Springfield, Oct. 25, 1861.

GENERAL: I have just learned that the force of the enemy is over nineteen hundred. I go forward, and will try what I can do. At the same time, I suggest the sending of reinforcements, so that if defeated I may be able to fall back with my wearied troops, and if victorious I may have a force to hold the town.

Respectfully,

CHAS. ZAGONYI.

About six miles from Springfield a loyal farmer met the body-guard, confirmed the previous statement as to the number of the enemy, described their position on the north side of the town, on the road by which Major Zagonyi was then approaching, and, after some persuasion, consented to guide the troops to a road which, entering Springfield, from the west, might still enable the Major to attack the enemy on their weakest side. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, therefore, the column left the road, and struck off in a southwesterly direction, partly through a grove of oak, and partly over a small prairie, until they reached the Neosho road at a point about four miles due west of Springfield,

Failing to receive intelligence of this detour, Major W., with his escort of five men, drove into Springfield about three o'clock in the afternoon, and was, of course, immediately made prisoner. But the enemy, probably fearing that the approaching force was but the advance of a much larger body, hastily left their encampment on the Bolivar

road and, passing through the town, took up a position on the Neosho road, about a mile west of Springfield, where they halted and awaited the attack.

The road from Neosho, after leaving the small prairie over which Major Zagonyi passed, enters a dense forest of oak, covered with underbrush and made absolutely impenetrable for cavalry by a profuse growth of the wild grape-vine. Passing through this for a quarter of a mile, it emerges upon a cleared space from which the village of Springfield is visible. From this point it descends rapidly about a hundred and fifty yards, to a small creek, and then ascends again to the high ground on which the town is situated. It was on this high cleared ridge at the entrance of the wood that the enemy posted themselves. At about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon, the column of Major Zagonyi came through the wood at a rapid trot. The instant the head of the column appeared, it was assailed by a murderous fire of small arms from both sides of the road. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that, for a second, the whole body halted. But immediately ordering them forward, Major Zagonyi and the first company of the body-guard, under the command of Lieutenant Newhall, galloped down the hill to the creek at its foot. For a moment it appeared as if this little band of only about seventy men was utterly lost, for Captain Foley of the second company, misunderstanding the momentary halt, had thrown himself from his horse with two or three of his men, at the entrance of the wood, and was taking down the rail fence which bordered both sides of the road. Discovering his mistake, however, he remounted and the two remaining companies of the guard dashed down the road under the galling cross-fire, and joined Major Zagonyi at the creek.

The two hundred men of the reconnoitring party attempted to follow, but were unable to face the storm of bullets which met them as they emerged from the forest, and after losing two of their officers and several men turned and fled in disorder, firing a random volley into the woods as they retreated.

Meanwhile, the fence at the creek had been taken down, and the body-guard, passing into the field on the north side of the road, formed in line of battle under the fire of the enemy. Twenty of them had been killed or disabled in their dash down the road, and only one hundred and fifty were left to attack a force of cavalry and infantry twenty-two hundred strong. On the extreme left of the enemy, resting on a cornfield, was a body of about six hundred cavalry; between this force and the road were stationed two regiments of infantry numbering about twelve hundred, while on the south side of the road, with two rail fences intervening, were about four hundred more. Within five minutes from the time the first gun was fired, the guard were in the field and formed in line of battle. At this moment, the fire of the enemy slackening a little, Major Zagonyi shouted: "They have discharged their pieces—don't give them time to load again. Charge!" Hardly waiting for the word of command, the brave men, who less than three months before had been quietly pursuing their peaceful avocations at home, dashed up the hill, spreading out like a fan as they went, and attacking at the same moment both the infantry and cavalry. The impetuosity of their onset, their wild shouts, and the apparent desperation of the attack were too much for the enemy. The cavalry did not wait to receive the charge, but fled headlong in all directions; many of them in their affright throwing themselves from their horses and seeking refuge in the standing corn or the thick wood. The infantry attempted to stand, and fought desperately for a minute or two, but the line at first wavered, and soon broke, and all, except a few hundred who continued to fire from behind the shelter of trees, fences, and stacks of corn, fled precipitately. Many retreated up a narrow lane which led to the north, and were pursued by a lieutenant at the head of about thirty men, who inflicted frightful havoc upon the flying mass. Another lieutenant coolly took down the fences which separated him from the small force on the south side of the road, and dispersed or sabred all who had dared

to remain in there after the defeat of the main body. In the recklessness of success, some of the guard attempted to follow the fugitives who were retreating through the dense woods in the rear; but their horses were unable to penetrate the thick and matted underbrush, and several, entangled in the vines, fell by the hands of the enemy's sharpshooters.

The rout was complete. One hundred and six of the enemy were left dead on the field; the number of wounded was never ascertained. Of the body-guard, sixteen were killed, and about forty wounded; of the latter only one mortally and few seriously.

In less than half an hour the pursuit was over, and Major Zagonyi collected such of his followers as were still mounted and charged through the town of Springfield, to which many of the fugitives had escaped, and were making feeble efforts to resist still further. In no instance, however, could their officers rally them sufficiently to make a stand, and in a short time the streets were entirely cleared, the flag of the United States flying from the courthouse in the centre of the town, and the loyal inhabitants of the town collecting to welcome their defenders.

It was now dark, and Major Zagonyi, having only about one hundred effective men, and being more than fifty miles distant from the nearest Union troops, feared that the enemy might discover his weakness and return to attack him at night, when his wearied men would fall an easy prey. He therefore decided to withdraw to a safe position and return to the town on the next day. Without dismounting, therefore, he commenced his march north. Soon after his departure, Corporal Sloan of the body-guard, with sixteen men who had lost their horses in the attack, came into the town, took possession of the courthouse, and held the place until the return of Major Zagonyi. About twelve o'clock at night Major Zagonyi reached the farm on "Three Mound Prairie," at which he had halted in the morning. Here the wearied soldiers, too tired even to throw out pickets, rested till day. From eight o'clock on

the previous evening they had, without food or rest, marched (including the detour near Springfield) eighty-five miles; had fought and routed an enemy of nearly fifteen times their strength, and had pursued his scattered forces for more than two hours.

Unfortunately for the body-guard, the order superseding General Frémont had already been issued and was on its way to his camp. Their battle cry, "Frémont," was supposed to indicate rather enthusiasm in their commander than in their cause, and orders were issued from Washington to disband them. General Frémont made urgent but unavailing appeals to have them retained, and on the 28th of November they were dismissed from the service. From their three months' service they carried back to their peaceful firesides the memory of one fierce and bloody but glorious engagement.

PATRIOTISM.

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE,
U. S. ARMY, FEBRUARY 5, 1902.

I HAVE acceded with reluctance to the request of our Commander to make you an address this evening. It is foreign to my habit to make any set address. A short after-dinner speech or talk in a reminiscent vein, to those with whom I have been closely associated in war, is a different thing. Besides that, all themes have been exhausted within the last thirty years before our commanderies. "There is nothing new under the sun." This is very true in our order, and the ground has been so thoroughly covered that I would fain depart from the usual practice, and speak to you to-night on a subject which has often been spoken upon before, but which is ever new, and will continue to be so to the end of time, in so far as our country is concerned.

I desire to say a few words to you to-night on Patriotism. And what I say is not taken from books, but is a short *résumé* of the history of our country where patriotic effort has been put forth. The love of country, otherwise Patriotism, commenced when the Europeans first put their feet upon these shores. I do not refer to those colonies which were established in the far South, but particularly to those which were established on the New England coast, on this Island of Manhattan, on the Delaware River, on the Rappahannock and the James, and in Georgia and the Carolinas—in fact, the Anglo-Saxon colonies; and our Dutch friends of New Amsterdam, the Cavaliers, and the Huguenots will not, I hope, resent the grouping of them in this way.

The long, desperate battle with the old country, with

the aborigines and the elements, which extended throughout all the colonies on this Atlantic coast to establish their right of possession and to religious freedom, begot that independence of thought and action which led finally to their severance from the domination of the old country. The struggle, commencing at Concord and continuing to Appomattox, established the colonies and succeeding States as a nation. It is a matter of history that the efforts from 1775 to 1783 were opposed by many who had the same material interest in this new world as those who fought the battle of freedom. On Washington's shoulders rested the greatest responsibility. It was he who carried to a successful termination that desperate struggle of eight years, and we know that his heart was often heavy; we know that his hands were frequently tied by those who should have assisted him to bear the burden; we know there were those in his army who tried to overthrow him; we know that he bore all the calumnies which were begotten of the various cabals with that dignity and with that patriotic spirit which impelled him to bear all things so that our country might emerge from under the cloud which hung over it during the whole time of the Revolution.

There were other struggles following, difficulties which finally resulted in the War of 1812. The responsibilities, however, of the new government had gained a strong hold in the minds of our people, and they were not disposed to yield to any effort to belittle them, but were ready to maintain the results of the Revolution with their treasure, their blood, and their lives.

Then we come to the Mexican War. The gallantry of those who went forth under the flag of our country is too well known to us to need repetition here. Suffice it to say that in this war were trained those men who led the opposing armies in the War of the Rebellion. In this dreadful war, where our people were arrayed against their brethren, was shown to the world that devotion to principle, that patriotic impulse to do what was thought to be right, on both sides, which were a legacy from our Revolutionary sires.

We pass on from that war, which is too well known to you to need any special reference here, to the time, in 1898, when, after thirty years of peace with foreign nations, our country was again called to arms to assist a people who were trying to throw off a yoke which, in comparison with that which our forefathers threw off in the Revolutionary War, was heavy indeed. In that, as was the case on land and sea in all the wars in which our country has engaged with foreign foes, deeds of gallantry were displayed which compare with the fabled achievements of the great soldiers of all preceding ages.

It must not be supposed that the interval between these wars was all peace. Our little army at the close of the Revolution, consisting of a few hundred men, was stretched along our northern and western borders, protecting the first wave of immigration that pressed on into the great valley of the Mississippi. The Army was always in the van of those who came to us from foreign shores to enjoy the freedom which our institutions assured them. Wave upon wave this great sea rolled westward, until to-day the Pacific Ocean on the west, like the Atlantic on the east, is the boundary of what we know as the United States of America. This wave of pioneers, following this long, thin line of border defenders, appreciated the gallantry and devotion to duty of the little army whose bones lie scattered in successive lines from north to south throughout the whole of our western territory. This appreciation and the trust engendered thereby, resulted in the settlement of the part of our country lying between the Alleghany Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

To turn back a moment: The impulse for freedom was first manifested at Lexington, in Massachusetts Bay Colony, and had its fruition at Yorktown, Va. Between those events, deeds of heroism, deeds of patient long-suffering and constancy, gave birth to what we revere to-day—Patriotism. On land and on sea we had exhibitions of brilliancy and daring on the part of commanders that have inspired our sister services down to this day. No one,

while our flag flies, will forget the names of Washington, of Greene, of "Light-Horse Harry" Lee, of Sumter, of Anthony Wayne, and a host of other gallant men on land, of John Paul Jones, of Connyngham, of Arnold on Lake Champlain, and their compatriots who sailed the seas.

In the War of 1812, at Chalmette, Jackson drove back the pride of English arms and we had peace. On the sea, the names of Hull, Lawrence, Decatur, and Perry became forever renowned. Scott, Jackson, Perry, Lawrence, Decatur, and oh! so many others of soldiers and sailors, that the list is too long to speak of more. Then comes the long roll of gallant men in our border wars, who by their indomitable courage drove back, step by step, to the west, savagery and the wilderness, exhibiting that highest order of patriotic effort which induced them to do their brave deeds in silence in the deep forests, on the broad plains, and on the rocky heights of the great mountain chains; written history is silent regarding them. Their memory is enshrined in the hearts of those who followed in the path pointed out by them.

Now come we to the great leaders of our great war for the maintenance of the Union. In its beginning we had no developed great leaders. In time, in the Mississippi Valley, a man grew, and grew, and grew, until his fame covered all the land,—his name was Grant. Another by his side took up the work he left undone when he went to broader fields. Sherman, grand, brilliant, meteor-like, is known throughout the world. Thomas, a man of cool, calm temperament, thorough, taciturn, and clear-headed in all he did; the gallant McPherson, whose blood soaked the earth in July, 1864; Howard, who took his place; and amongst your brothers here is one whom Fame touched with her magic wand,—Grenville M. Dodge. In the East, Meade turned back the tide at Gettysburg; here fell, seriously wounded, one who stood from the beginning of our order as its Commander-in-Chief, to the end of his life, an example to all the youth of the land, of patriotism, bravery, ability, and singleness of purpose,—Hancock "the Superb." Here

Gregg defeated "Jeb" Stuart in his effort to turn our right with intent to interfere with our communications. Sedgwick laid down his life at Spottsylvania; Sheridan destroyed the armies of the rebellion in the Shenandoah Valley with brilliant effort and superb generalship. These were all professional soldiers. Our armies during that great struggle were filled with the best and ablest men of our country,—men who knew at first but little of the tented field or clash of battle, but whose patriotism moved them forward to do their mightiest; many of them lie in honored graves, some still live to walk the earth. Their names are too numerous for me to repeat them here.

In civil affairs, we have Washington and those who succeeded him in the Presidency; Jackson, whose exclamation, "By the eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved," put off the issue then born until the day when we were called to arms by the immortal Lincoln who, many of us believe, was endowed by the Creator to meet the awful crisis when a government of the people, by the people, and for the people was endangered, and to guide our ship of state safely through the storms which then assailed it into the harbor of peace, so that a government of the people, by the people, and for the people has not perished from the earth.

Again, in a very recent time, our country has as a result of war been compelled to emerge from the seclusion which it so long enjoyed, and under the able guidance of William McKinley stands in the front rank of great powers. Patriotism has been the guiding sentiment in the hearts of those here mentioned, and of our people in all the trials through which our country has passed. Patriotism has inspired us to uphold our flag and our institutions, until we can now feel that our nation is standing on a solid basis, and receives the respect of the civilized world.

Recently, one whom we delight to honor, one of the great thinkers of our country, is reported to have foretold a reaction in patriotic expression. I hope and pray that he has been misquoted. God forbid that in patriotism there should be any reaction and the consequent subsidence!

THE ARMY IN THE PHILIPPINES.

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
U. S. VOLS., MAY 7, 1902.

I DESIRE to enter my protest, and call the attention of the Companions, to the position of a portion of the public press, and some people, towards our army in the Philippines, and what they assert are cruelties perpetrated there.

There is a certain portion of the press, and also of the people, who are, and always have been, absolutely opposed to the operations of our army in the Philippines. They were very anxious to push us into a war, which we were all opposed to, but after getting us there they refused to accept the results, and have persistently opposed everything done that was not in exact accordance with their views. In order to work upon the sympathies of the people, some of the papers are publishing pictures showing our soldiers in the very act of committing great outrages; the pictures were manufactured in their own offices, as were also most of the outrages complained of. You have not, however, seen in these papers any pictures portraying the cruelties perpetrated upon our soldiers, which have been worse than any acts ever committed by the savages in our wars with them; they are, in fact, too revolting to relate. I have had much to do with Indian warfare, but have never seen any cruelties to be compared with those inflicted upon our soldiers by the Filipinos, and these occurrences were not rare, but general,—happening all the time. Very little has been said on this subject, for it was not the policy of the government to have the stories of these atrocities printed, or brought before the people; but now that our army is being so bitterly at-

tacked, it is time that the soldiers' side of the question should be presented, and we are learning of the soldiers who have been assassinated, their feet burned, buried alive, killed by slow-burning fires, their bowels cut open and wound around trees. The Filipinos indulged in every torture and indignity that was possible, and, as a general thing, our soldiers did not retaliate. How they managed to refrain from taking vengeance is beyond my comprehension, but their action is greatly to their credit and honor.

The question I wish to bring before you, however, is what are the rights of an officer in such matters; what are his duties and privileges in war in an enemy's country that is under martial law? Take, for instance, General Smith's position when he was sent to Samar, with instructions to wipe out the insurrection there. He is said to have issued instructions to kill everybody found in arms who was over ten years of age, and to burn the country, if it was necessary to wipe out the insurrection, and the result is that in ninety days or less he did wipe out the insurrection, and without any great loss on our side or on the part of the enemy. Now they are denouncing him for a threat,—not an act. The temptation to retaliate must have been very great, for the treatment the 9th Infantry received from those savages was nothing short of murder, followed with the most horrible mutilations, by a people who pretended to be their friends, and at peace. In the ninety days he was operating there General Smith brought the island to peace; everybody in it surrendered, and it is quiet. If he had made war under the methods advocated, allowing no one to be hurt, in all probability the subjugation of the island would have required a year's time, and there would have been ten times the suffering and loss of life that actually occurred. He simply followed the plan of war that was pursued by Grant, Sherman, and the other commanders in the Civil War,—that is, made it just as short and effective as possible. You know Sherman's position was that after a certain length of time, when an enemy had been whipped, it was their duty to cease making war, and if they did not

do so, he considered that any means were justifiable in order to bring it to an end. He stated this very clearly in his St. Louis speech, in which he said:

I claim that when we took Vicksburg, by all the rules of civilized warfare, the Confederates should have surrendered, and allowed us to restore peace in the land. I claim also that when we took Atlanta they were bound by every rule of civilized warfare to surrender their cause, which was then hopeless, and it was clear as daylight that they were bound to surrender and return to civil life. But they continued the war, and then we had a right under the rules of civilized warfare to commence a system that would make them feel the power of the government, and cause them to succumb. I had to go through Georgia to let them see what war meant. I had a right to destroy, which I did, and I made them feel the consequences of war so fully that they will never again invite an invading army.

You all know of the troubles that occurred in the border States during the Civil War, and of the cruelties to the families of Union men who entered our army. It was father against son, brother against brother, and, as General Sherman said, "It was cruelty and there was no refining it." We know that severe orders were given for treatment of enemies within our lines, when their acts were in violation of the laws of war. In one case torpedoes were placed under a road over which our troops were marching, and several soldiers were killed. Sherman happened to come along just at that time, and said to the Colonel of the 1st Alabama Cavalry, which was his escort, "Burn the country within fifteen miles surrounding this spot." You all know what that meant; it was a license under which other things besides burning were done. An eyewitness describes Sherman's march to the sea and through the Carolinas as a cloud of smoke by day, and a pillar of fire by night. Who ever made the suggestion that Sherman's uniform should be stripped off for this, or that he should be shot, as some of our representatives in Congress and our press now demand should be done for making war in earnest?

Take another case, where Captain Anderson captured

a train of convalescent unarmed Union soldiers in North Missouri, and placed them in a line and shot every one of them. Shortly afterwards Colonel Johnson, of the Missouri State Militia, who was following Anderson, came up. Anderson attacked this militia command of 170 men and killed 143, only 17 getting away. Only one man was taken alive, and he saved himself by giving a masonic sign. The *War Records* are full of cases of individual acts, and I select one of which I had personal knowledge. It is found in volume 38 of the *War Records*. The orders in Missouri at that time were that any person who harbored a guerilla, and did not report the fact to the nearest commanding Union officer, should receive the same treatment as the guerilla. A man by the name of McReynolds violated these orders, and harbored Quantrell, the guerilla, and the officer who detected it, after stating all the facts and evidence, reported to me as follows: "On consultation with the squadron commanders, Captain Hamblin and Lieut. Grain, it was decided to execute McReynolds, which was carried out under my orders. R. M. Box, Capt. Co. H, 7th Cavalry, Missouri State Militia." In reporting this case to the Adjutant-General in Washington I did not approve it, as my investigation showed that the statements of McReynolds' acts were not true. I did not censure the officers, but issued an order that officers should follow more closely the orders of the Department, and ended that order as follows: "Hereafter men caught in arms will have no mercy shown them."

General John McNeil, of Missouri, took twelve citizens out and shot them, it being claimed they were connected with a guerilla that shot a Union man. In local history it was known as the Palmyra Massacre. It is claimed that the Union man turned up alive.

If the reports of the numbers of robbers, guerillas and outlaws who were shot on sight in Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee, and elsewhere, by both sides in 1864 and 1865 could be gathered up, they would furnish sensations and cruelties enough for these water-cure journals for years.

Consider this matter in a broader sense. Take the order of General Grant to General Sheridan to make the Shenandoah Valley a barren waste. It was absolutely destroyed so that the enemy could not again occupy it. I can see no difference between an order to make a country a barren waste and Smith's order to make Samar a howling wilderness. Take the order I received to go to the rear of Bragg's army and destroy the valley of the Tennessee, and all the supplies gathered there for the use of his army, which valley was burned from Bear River to Decatur. These were orders from principal officers in our army, and I only quote them to show the contrast between that time and the present. Senators in their places in Congress find it necessary in these days to take up the question. Senator Rawlins of Utah made an attack upon our officers, and especially upon General Chaffee, which was nothing short of disgraceful, and should not be allowed to go without vigorous condemnation. He represents a State and people under whose orders Lieutenant Gunnison and his party were massacred by Mormons disguised as Indians. Someone should get up in the Senate and call him to account for these things, and ask him, in consideration of these facts, why he is so deeply outraged by the orders of General Chaffee, a gallant soldier and gentleman, a humane man, and one who, in my opinion, has done nothing in the Philippines but what was perfectly justified, and will in time be considered to have been humane.

The two senators from Colorado have taken it upon themselves to denounce in bitter terms what they call unheard-of acts and cruelties of our army. I would point out to them a case in their own State, which was more severe than any act in the Philippines has been. A regiment of Colorado cavalry under Col. J. M. Chivington, a minister by profession, attacked and destroyed a band of Indians encamped on the Big Sandy, near Camp Lyon, who claimed to be under the protection of the officers at Fort Lyon. This was a massacre of men, women, and children of a friendly band of Indians, and was one of the

main causes of bringing into arms against the United States every tribe of Indians south of the Yellowstone. When an investigation of this affair was ordered, the State of Colorado almost unanimously protested against it, upholding the act, and quoting that old saying, "There is no good Indian except a dead one." Think of our wars with the Indians in which whole bands were wiped out, even the women and children being destroyed; think of the wars in which we employed Indians against Indians; they not only killed, but scalped. I do not know of a single treaty ever made with the Indians that the United States has not violated, and when an Indian had the hardihood to object, the government started in to wipe him out. This has been the treatment of the Indians from the Atlantic to the Pacific, until at the present time there is not a wild Indian living in the entire country; yet I cannot remember that this press has ever been aroused; it was too near home.

Take the case of Major Glenn, who is about to be court-martialled, as the testimony goes to show, for giving the water cure to the presidente in one of the provinces in Luzon. This presidente had been appointed to office by our government, had taken the oath of allegiance, and was there to represent us. While he was occupying this position, it was discovered that he was the captain of an insurgent company, giving active assistance to the enemy, and he was, therefore, a traitor and a spy, and under the laws of war deserved to be shot; but instead they propose to court-martial Glenn for simply giving him the water cure, and this I believe is a great wrong.

Order 100, which is often quoted, was issued in the Civil War to govern officers. It was prepared by Professor Lieber, and was considered and adopted, I believe, by a board of officers; anyhow, it was very carefully drawn. I am told it has been considered and used by nearly all the nations. It gives an officer great latitude, and where an officer meets a savage enemy, or one that is violating the laws of war, those laws are suspended and it is virtually left to his own judgment as to how far he should go in

inflicting punishment, and under this order there is no doubt both Smith and Glenn were protected in their actions. It may seem harsh, but you are all aware how many harsh orders were given in the Civil War for the purpose of forcing the enemy to comply, and how often these orders and threats accomplished the purpose without any other act. When the colored troops were first organized, on several occasions Confederate officers sent in demands for them to surrender, coupled with the threat that if they refused the place would be taken and no quarter granted. I know of one instance where an officer believed this threat and surrendered a regiment of colored infantry for the purpose of having them protected. Then there is the case of Fort Pillow; whether or not Forrest gave the order it is claimed he gave, I do not know, but the fact that no quarter was shown there has been amply verified.

Within the past week there has been appointed a committee of distinguished citizens, most of whom are well-known opponents of our government in its policies and acts during the Spanish War. They propose to hunt up and lay before Congress all cases of cruelty on the part of our Army, with the avowed purpose of sustaining the national honor. I must say that this is the first time I ever heard of national honor being sustained by such methods. Have you, or any one else, ever heard a single word of protest from these people, or any one connected with them, against the revolting cruelties of the enemy in the Philippines? They evidently have no desire to learn about these things, but want some excuse for attacking our Army, hoping thereby to bring dishonor upon our country before the world. The national honor never has, never can, and never will be protected by such methods. It is upheld and maintained to-day, as it always has been, by the patriotism of our people as represented by our Army in the Civil War, Cuba, the Philippines, and China.

These attacks upon the Army are for a double purpose, and you should not forget it. Every time they make this great hubbub about cruelties they are hitting back to

those that were in the Civil War. There is an element in this country that already has no use for the soldier of the Civil War. They are continually crying about the pension he is getting, that he is favored in the government service, etc., etc. They do not dare attack him openly, as yet, but do it covertly. There is no officer listening to me that did not see cruelties in the Civil War. Many of you have had to order them, but you know you were never brought to account for them when they were acts of necessity. We were always careful that no cruelties were committed by enlisted men, but whatever was done was by the order of an officer. It was the practice of the War Department never to interfere in these matters, leaving them to the officer who was in charge of the forces in the field. None of these things occurred without his knowledge; he was on the spot and knew the necessity for them, and if he did not take action it was considered that none was necessary, and they were seldom called to account for it afterwards. But in the Philippines they are bringing officers to account simply because of the outcry of people who care nothing for the merits of the case, except to make capital against our country's policy in maintaining itself in the Philippines. In view of all the facts, I must doubt the sincerity of those who are seeking to bring discredit upon our little Army, the marvellous efficiency of which has won the admiration of the world. Under the regulations, it is impossible for the Army to defend itself and make answer to these attacks, except through its own officers, and their reports do not reach the public, for the press seems to use only that which reflects upon the Army, and omits that which is in its favor. It is the duty of every Companion here, as well as of every good citizen, to enter his protest against these unjust attacks. The right side is beginning to get a hearing, and when the facts and causes for the action of the Army are generally known, it will be found that our Army is as humane and well-behaved a body of troops as ever went into a foreign country, and we must all assist in seeing that it receives justice.

APPOMATTOX

A PAPER READ BY BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL JOSHUA L.
CHAMBERLAIN, U. S. VOLS., OCTOBER 7, 1903.

I AM to speak of what came under my observation in the action at Appomattox Courthouse and the circumstances attending the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, April 9, 1865.

You will understand that I am not attempting to present matters upon a uniform scale or to mark the relative merits of participants. This is only the story of what I saw and felt and thought,—in fact, my personal experience, including something of the emotions awakened and the reflections suggested by that momentous consummation.

In order that you may understand the pressure of conditions and the temper of our spirits in this last action, permit me to recur briefly to the situation of affairs. The great blow had been struck, the long hold loosened. Lee's communications had been cut; his intrenched lines broken and overrun; his right rolled up; Richmond and Petersburg evacuated by the Confederate forces and officials, and in our possession; his broken army in full retreat, or rather, desperately endeavoring to get off,—either to Danville, to effect a junction with Johnston in North Carolina, or to Lynchburg, where they might rally for one more forlorn but possibly long resistance. Meade with two corps of the Army of the Potomac—the Second and Sixth—was pressing Lee's rear; while Sheridan with his cavalry—three divisions—and our Fifth Corps of infantry under Griffin was making a flying march to circumvent Lee's path and plans; our combined forces all the while seeking to draw him to final battle, or compel him to surrender.

The 8th of April found the Fifth Corps at Prospect

Station, on the South Side Railroad, nearly abreast of the head of Lee's retreating column, while Meade was with his two corps close upon Lee's rear at New Store, ten miles north of us, across the Appomattox. At noon of this day General Ord, of the Army of the James, joined us with two divisions of the Twenty-fourth Corps under General Gibbon, and Birney's division of the Twenty-fifth Corps,—colored troops; Ord, by virtue of seniority, becoming commanding officer of the whole. He was a stranger to us all, but his simple and cordial manner towards Sheridan and Griffin, and even to us subordinates, made him welcome. We pushed on,—the cavalry ahead.

The Fifth Corps had a very hard march that day,—made more so in the afternoon and night by the lumbering obstructions of the rear of Ord's tired column, by courtesy given the road before us, the incessant check fretting our men almost to mutiny. We had been rushed all day to keep up with the cavalry, but this constant checking was worse. We did not know that Grant had sent orders for the Fifth Corps to march all night without halting; but it was not necessary for us to know it. After twenty-nine miles of this kind of marching, at the blackest hour of night, human nature called a halt. Dropping by the roadside, right and left, wet or dry, down went the men as in a swoon. Officers slid out of saddle, loosened the girth, slipped an arm through a loop of bridle-rein, and sunk to sleep. Horses stood with drooping heads just above their masters' faces. All dreaming,—one knows not what, of past or coming, possible or fated.

Scarcely is the first broken dream begun when a cavalry man comes splashing down the road, and vigorously dismounts, pulling from his jacket front a crumpled note. The sentinel standing watch by his commander, worn in body but alert in every sense, touches your shoulder. "Orders, sir, I think!" You rise on elbow, strike a match, and with smarting, streaming eyes read the brief, thrilling note, from Sheridan—like this, as I remember: "I have cut across the enemy at Appomattox Station, and captured

three of his trains. If you can possibly push your infantry up here to-night, we will have great results in the morning." Ah, sleep no more! The startling bugle notes ring out "The General"—"To the march!" Word is sent for the men to take a bite of such as they had for food: the promised rations would not be up till noon, and by that time we should be—where? Few try to eat, no matter what. Meanwhile, almost with one foot in the stirrup you take from the hands of the black boy a tin plate of nondescript food and a dipper of miscalled coffee,—all equally black, like the night around. You eat and drink at a swallow; mount, and away to get to the head of the column before you sound the "Forward." They are there—the men: shivering to their senses as if risen out of the earth, but something in them not of it! Now sounds the "Forward," for the last time in our long-drawn strife; and they move—these men—sleepless, supperless, breakfastless, sore-footed, stiff-jointed, sense-benumbed, but with flushed faces pressing for the front.

By sunrise we have reached Appomattox Station, where Sheridan has left the captured trains. A staff-officer is here to turn us square to the right,—to the Appomattox River, cutting across Lee's retreat. Already we hear the sharp ring of the horse-artillery, answered ever and anon by heavier field guns; and drawing nearer, the crack of cavalry carbines; and unmistakeably, too, the graver roll of musketry of infantry. There is no mistake. Sheridan is square across the enemy's front, and with that glorious cavalry alone is holding at bay all that is left of the proudest army of the Confederacy. It has come at last,—the supreme hour! No thought of human wants or weakness now: all for the front; all for the flag, for the final stroke to make its meaning real. These men of the Potomac and the James, side by side, at the double in time and column, now one and now the other in the road or the fields beside. One striking feature I can never forget,—Birney's black men abreast with us, pressing forward to save the white man's country.

I had two brigades, my own and Gregory's, about midway of our hurrying column. Upon our intense procession comes dashing out of a woods road on the right a cavalry staff-officer. With sharp salutation he exclaims: "General Sheridan wishes you to break off from this column and come to his support. The rebel infantry is pressing him hard. Our men are falling back. Don't wait for orders through the regular channels, but act on this at once!"

Sharp work now! Guided by the staff-officer, at cavalry speed we break out from the column and push through the woods, right upon Sheridan's battle-flag gleaming amidst the smoke of his batteries in the edge of the open field. Weird-looking flag it was: fork-tailed, red and white, the two bands that composed it each charged with a star of the contrasting color; two eyes sternly glaring through the cannon-cloud. Beneath it, that storm-centre spirit, that form of condensed energies, mounted on the grim charger, Rienzi, that turned the battle of the Shenandoah,—both, rider and steed, of an unearthly shade of darkness, terrible to look upon, as if masking some unknown powers.

Right before us, our cavalry, Devins's division, gallantly stemming the surges of the old Stonewall brigade, desperate to beat its way through. I ride straight to Sheridan. A dark smile and impetuous gesture are my only orders. Forward into double lines of battle, past Sheridan, his guns, his cavalry, and on for the quivering crest! For a moment it is a glorious sight: every arm of the service in full play,—cavalry, artillery, infantry; then a sudden shifting scene as the cavalry, disengaged by successive squadrons, rally under their bugle-calls with beautiful precision and promptitude, and sweep like a storm-cloud beyond our right to close in on the enemy's left and complete the fateful envelopment.

We take up the battle. Gregory follows in on my left. It is a formidable front we make. The scene darkens. In a few minutes the tide is turned; the incoming wave is at high flood; the barrier recedes. In truth, the Stonewall

men hardly show their well-proved mettle. They seem astonished to see before them these familiar flags of their old antagonists, not having thought it possible that we could match our cavalry and march around and across their pressing columns.

Their last hope is gone,—to break through our cavalry before our infantry can get up. Neither to Danville nor to Lynchburg can they cut their way; and close upon their rear, five miles away, are pressing the Second and Sixth Corps of the Army of the Potomac. It is the end! They are now giving way, but keep good front, by force of old habit. Half way up the slope they make a stand, with what perhaps they think a good omen,—behind a stone wall. I try a little artillery on them, which directs their thoughts towards the crest behind them, and stiffen my lines for a rush, anxious for that crest myself. My intensity may have seemed like excitement. For Griffin comes up, quizzing me in his queer way of hitting off our weak points when we get a little too serious; accusing me of mistaking a blooming peach tree for a rebel flag, where I was dropping a few shells into a rallying crowd. I apologize—I was a little near-sighted, and had n't been experienced in long-range fighting. But as for peaches, I was going to get some if the pits did n't sit too hard on our stomachs."

But now comes up Ord with a positive order: "Don't expose your lines on that crest. The enemy have massed their guns to give it a raking fire the moment you set foot there." I thought I saw a qualifying look as he turned away. But left alone, youth struggled with prudence. My troops were in a bad position down here. I did not like to be "the under dog." It was much better to be on top and at least know what there was beyond. So I thought of Grant and his permission to "push things" when we got them going; and of Sheridan and his last words as he rode away with his cavalry, smiting his hands together—"Now smash 'em, I tell you; smash 'em!" So we took this for orders, and on the crest we

stood. One booming cannon-shot passed close along our front, and in the next moment all was still.

We had done it,—had “exposed ourselves to the view of the enemy.” But it was an exposure that worked two ways. For there burst upon our vision a mighty scene, fit cadence of the story of tumultuous years. Encompassed by the cordon of steel that crowned the heights about the courthouse, on the slopes of the valley formed by the sources of the Appomattox, lay the remnants of that far-famed army, counterpart and companion of our own in momentous history,—the Army of Northern Virginia—Lee’s army!

It was hilly, broken ground, in effect a vast amphitheatre, stretching a mile perhaps from crest to crest. On the several confronting slopes before us dusky masses of infantry suddenly resting in place; blocks of artillery, standing fast in column or mechanically swung into park; clouds of cavalry, small and great, slowly moving, in simple restlessness;—all without apparent attempt at offence or defence, or even military order.

In the hollow is the Appomattox,—which we had made the dead-line for our baffled foe, for its whole length, a hundred miles; here but a rivulet that might almost be stepped over dry-shod, and at the road crossing not thought worth while to bridge. Around its edges, now trodden to mire, swarms an indescribable crowd: worn-out soldier struggling to the front; demoralized citizen and denizen, white, black, and all shades between,—following Lee’s army, or flying before these suddenly confronted, terrible Yankees pictured to them as demon-shaped and bent; animals too, of all forms and grades; vehicles of every description and non-description,—public and domestic, four-wheeled, or two, or one,—heading and moving in every direction, a swarming mass of chaotic confusion.

All this within sight of every eye on our bristling crest. Had one the heart to strike at beings so helpless, the Appomattox would quickly become a surpassing Red Sea horror. But the very spectacle brings every foot to an

instinctive halt. We seem the possession of a dream. We are lost in a vision of human tragedy. But our light-twelve Napoleon guns come rattling up behind us to go into battery; we catch the glitter of the cavalry blades and brasses beneath the oak groves away to our right, and the ominous closing in on the fated foe.

So with a fervor of devout joy,—as when, perhaps, the old crusaders first caught sight of the holy city of their quest,—with an up-going of the heart that was half pæan, half prayer, we dash forward to the consummation. A solitary field-piece in the edge of the town gives an angry but expiring defiance. We press down a little slope, through a little swamp, over a bright swift stream. Our advance is already in the town,—only the narrow street between the opposing lines, and hardly that. There is wild work, that looks like fighting; but not much killing, nor even hurting. The disheartened enemy take it easy; our men take them easier. It is a wild, mild fusing,—earnest, but not deadly earnest.

A young orderly of mine, unable to contain himself, begs permission to go forward, and dashes in, sword-flourishing as if he were a terrible fellow,—his demonstrations seemingly more amusing than resisted; for he soon comes back, hugging four sabres to his breast, speechless at his achievement.

We were advancing,—tactically fighting,—and I was somewhat mazed as to how much more of the strenuous should be required or expected. But I could not give over to this weak mood.

My right was “in the air,” advanced, unsupported, towards the enemy’s general line, exposed to flank attack by troops I could see in the distance across the stream. I held myself on that extreme flank, where I could see the cavalry which we had relieved, now forming in column of squadrons ready for a dash to the front, and I was anxiously hoping it would save us from the flank attack. Watching intently, my eye was caught by the figure of a horseman riding out between those lines, soon joined by another, and

taking a direction across the cavalry front towards our position. They were nearly a mile away, and I curiously watched them till lost from sight in the nearer broken ground and copses between.

Suddenly rose to sight another form, close in our own front,—a soldierly young figure, handsomely dressed and mounted,—a Confederate staff-officer undoubtedly, to whom some of my advanced line seemed to be pointing my position. Now I see the white flag earnestly borne, and its possible purport sweeps before my inner vision like a wraith of morning mist. He comes steadily on,—the mysterious form in gray, my mood so whimsically sensitive that I could even smile at the material of the flag,—wondering where in either army was found a towel, and one so white. But it bore a mighty message,—that simple emblem of homely service, wafted hitherward above the dark and crimsomed streams that never can wash themselves away.

The messenger draws near, dismounts; with graceful salutation and hardly suppressed emotion delivers his message: "Sir, I am from General Gordon. General Lee desires a cessation of hostilities until he can hear from General Grant as to the proposed surrender."

What word is this! so long so dearly fought for, so feverishly dreamed, but ever snatched away, held hidden and aloof; now smiting the senses with a dizzy flash! "Surrender"? We had no rumor of this from the messages that had been passing between Grant and Lee, for now these two days, behind us. "Surrender"? It takes a moment to gather one's speech. "Sir," I answer, "that matter exceeds my authority. I will send to my superior. General Lee is right. He can do no more." All this with a forced calmness, covering a tumult of heart and brain. I bid him wait a while, and the message goes up to my corps commander, General Griffin, leaving me mazed at the bod-ing change.

Now from the right come foaming up in cavalry fashion the two forms I had watched from away beyond. A white flag again, held strong aloft, making straight for the little

group beneath our battle-flag, high borne also,—the red Maltese cross on a field of white, that had thrilled hearts long ago. I see now that it is one of our cavalry staff in lead,—indeed I recognize him, Colonel Whitaker of Custer's staff; and, hardly keeping pace with him, a Confederate staff-officer. Without dismounting, without salutation, the cavalryman shouts: "This is unconditional surrender! This is the end!" Then he hastily introduces his companion, and adds: "I am just from Gordon and Longstreet. Gordon says 'For God's sake, stop this infantry, or hell will be to pay!'" I'll go to Sheridan," he adds, and dashes away with the white flag, leaving Longstreet's aide with me.¹

I was doubtful of my duty. The flag of truce was in, but I had no right to act upon it without orders. There was still some firing from various quarters, lulling a little where the white flag passed near. But I did not press things quite so hard. Just then a last cannon-shot from the edge of the town plunges through the breast of a gallant and dear young officer in my front line,—Lieutenant Clark, of the 185th New York,—the last man killed in the Army of the Potomac, if not the last in the Appomattox lines. Not a strange thing for war,—this swift stroke of the mortal; but coming after the truce was in, it seemed a cruel fate for one so deserving to share his country's joy, and a sad peace-offering for us all.

Shortly comes the order, in due form, to cease firing and to halt. There was not much firing to cease from; but "halt," then and there? It is beyond human power to stop the men, whose one word and thought and action through crimsomed years had been but forward. They had seen the flag of truce, and could divine its outcome. But the habit was too strong; they cared not for points of direction, but it was forward still,—forward to the end; forward to the new beginning; forward to the Nation's second birth!

But it struck them also in a quite human way. The

¹I think the first Confederate officer who came was Captain P. M. Jones, now U. S. District Judge in Alabama; the other, Captain Brown of Georgia.

more the captains cry "Halt! the rebels want to surrender," the more the men want to be there and see it. Still to the front, where the real fun is! And the forward takes an upward turn. For when we do succeed in stopping their advance, we cannot keep their arms and legs from flying.

To the top of fences, and haystacks, and chimneys they clamber, to toss their old caps higher in the air, and leave the earth as far below them as they can. Dear old General Gregory gallops up to inquire the meaning of this strange departure from accustomed discipline. "Only that Lee wants time to surrender," I answer with stage solemnity. "Glory to God!" roars the grave and brave old General, dashing upon me with impetuosity that nearly unhorsed us both, to grasp and wring my hand, which had not yet had time to lower the sword. "Yes, and on earth peace; good will towards men," I answered, bringing the thanksgiving from heavenward, manward.

"Your legs have done it, my men," shouts the gallant, gray-haired Ord, galloping up cap in hand, generously forgiving our disobedience of orders, and rash "exposure" on the dubious crest. True enough, their legs had done it,—had "matched the cavalry" as Grant admitted, had cut around Lee's best doings, and commanded the grand halt. But other things too had "done it"; the blood was still fresh upon the Quaker road, the White Oak Ridge, Five Forks, Farmville, High Bridge, and Sailor's Creek; and we take somewhat gravely this compliment of our new commander, of the Army of the James. At last, after "pardoning something to the spirit of liberty," we get things "quiet along the lines."

A truce is agreed upon until one o'clock,—it is now ten. A conference is to be held,—or rather colloquy, for no one here is authorized to say anything about the terms of surrender. Six or eight officers from each side meet between the lines, near the courthouse, waiting Lee's answer to Grant's summons to surrender. There is lively chat here on this unaccustomed opportunity for exchange of notes and queries.

The first greetings are not all so dramatic as might be thought, for so grave an occasion. "Well, Billy, old boy, how goes it?" asks one loyal West Pointer of a classmate he had been fighting for four years. "Bad, bad, Charlie, bad I tell you; but have you got any whisky?" was the response,—not poetic, not idealistic, but historic; founded on fact as to the strength of the demand, but without evidence of the questionable maxim that the demand creates the supply. More of the economic truth was manifest that scarcity enhances value.

Everybody seems acquiescent, and for the moment cheerful,—except Sheridan. He does not like the cessation of hostilities, and does not conceal his opinion. His natural disposition was not sweetened by the circumstance that he was fired on by some of the Confederates as he was coming up to the meeting under the truce. He is for unconditional surrender, and thinks we should have banged right on and settled all questions without asking them. He strongly intimates that some of the free-thinking rebel cavalry might take advantage of the truce to get away from us. But the Confederate officers, one and all, Gordon, Wilcox, Heth, "Rooney" Lee, and all the rest assure him of their good faith, and that the game is up for them.

But suddenly a sharp firing cuts the air about our ears,—musketry and artillery,—out beyond us on the Lynchburg pike, where it seems Sheridan had sent Gregg's command to stop any free-riding pranks that might be played. Gordon springs up from his pile of rails with an air of astonishment and vexation, declaring that for his part he had sent out in good faith orders to hold things as they are. And he glances more than inquiringly at Sheridan. "Oh, never mind," says Sheridan, "I know about it. Let 'em fight!" with two simple words added, which literally taken are supposed to express a condemnatory judgment, but in Sheridan's rhetoric convey his appreciation of highly satisfactory qualities of his men,—especially just now.

One o'clock comes; no answer from Lee. Nothing for us but to shake hands and take arms to resume hostilities.

As I turned to go, General Griffin said to me in a low voice, "Prepare to make, or receive, an attack in ten minutes!" It was a sudden change of tone in our relations, and brought a queer sensation. Where my troops had halted, the opposing lines were in close proximity. The men had stacked arms and were resting in place. It did not seem like war we were to recommence, but wilful murder. But the order was only to "prepare," and that we did. Our troops were in good position,—my advanced line across the road; and we stood fast intensely waiting. I had mounted and sat looking at the scene before me, thinking of all that was impending and depending; when I felt coming in upon me a strange sense of some presence invisible but powerful—like those unearthly visitants told of in ancient story, charged with supernal message. Disquieted, I turned about; and there behind me, riding in between my two lines, appeared a commanding form, superbly mounted, richly accoutred; of imposing bearing, noble countenance, with expression of deep sadness overmastered by deeper strength. It is no other than Robert E. Lee! And seen by me for the first time within my own lines. I sat immovable, with a certain awe and admiration. He was coming, with a single staff-officer¹ for the great appointed meeting which was to determine momentous issues.

Not long after, by another inleading road, appeared another form—plain, unassuming, simple, and familiar to our eyes; but to the thought as much inspiring awe as Lee in his splendor and his sadness. It is Grant! He, too, comes with a single aide,—a staff-officer of Sheridan's.² Slouched hat without cord; common soldier's blouse, unbuttoned, on which, however, the four stars; high boots, mud-splashed to the top; trousers tucked inside; no sword, but the sword-hand deep in the pocket; sitting his saddle with the ease of a born master; taking no notice of anything, all his faculties gathered into intense thought and mighty calm. He seemed greater than I had ever seen him,—a

¹Colonel Marshall, chief of staff.

²Colonel Newhall.

look as of another world about him. No wonder I forgot altogether to salute him. Anything like that would have been too little.

He rode on to meet Lee at the courthouse. What momentous issues had these two souls to declare! Neither of them, in truth, free, nor held in individual bounds alone; no longer testing each other's powers and resources; no longer weighing the chances of daring or desperate conflict. Instruments of God's hands, they were now to record His decree!

But the final word is not long coming now. Staff-officers are flying, crying "Lee surrenders!" Ah, there was some kind of strength left among those worn and famished men belting the hills around the springs of the Appomattox, who rent the air with shouting and uproar, as if earth and sea had joined the song. Our men did what they thought their share, and then went to sleep, as they had need to do; but in the opposite camp they acted as if they had got hold of something too good to keep, and gave it to the stars.

Besides, they had a supper that night,—which was something of a novelty. For we had divided rations with our old antagonists now that they were by our side as suffering brothers. In truth, Longstreet had come over to our camp that evening with an unwonted moisture on his martial cheek and compressed words on his lips: "Gentlemen, I must speak plainly; we are starving over there. For God's sake, can you send us something?" We were men; and we acted like men, knowing we should suffer for it ourselves. We were too short-rationed also, and had been for days, and must be for days to come. But we forgot Andersonville and Belle Isle that night, and sent over to that starving camp share and share alike for all there with ourselves; nor thinking the merits of the case diminished by the circumstance that part of these provisions was what Sheridan had captured from their trains the night before.

At last we sleep—those who can. And so ended that 9th of April, 1865,—Palm Sunday—in that obscure

little Virginia village now blazoned for immortal fame. Graver destinies were determined on that humble field than on many of classic and poetic fame. And though the issue brought bitterness to some, yet the heart of humanity the world over thrilled at the tidings. To us, I know, who there fell asleep that night, amidst memories of things that never can be told, it came like that Palm Sunday of old, when the rejoicing multitude met the meekly riding King, and cried "Peace in Heaven; glory in the highest!"

Late that night I was summoned to headquarters, where General Griffin informed me that I was to command the parade on the occasion of the formal surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's army. He said the Confederates had begged hard to be allowed to stack their arms on the ground where they were, and let us go and pick them up after they had gone; but that Grant did not think this quite respectful enough to anybody, including the United States of America; and while he would have all private property respected, and would permit officers to retain their side arms, he insisted that the surrendering army as such should march out in due order, and lay down all tokens of Confederate authority and organized hostility to the United States, in immediate presence of some representative portion of the Union army. Griffin added in a significant tone that Grant wished the ceremony to be as simple as possible, and that nothing should be done to humiliate the manhood of the Southern soldiers.

We felt this honor, but fain would share it. We missed our Second and Sixth Corps. They were only three miles away, and just moving back to Burkeville. We could not but feel something more than a wish that they should be brought up to be participants in a consummation to which they perhaps more than any had contributed. But whatever of honor or privilege came to us of the Fifth Corps was accepted not as for any pre-eminent work or worth of ours, but in the name of the whole noble Army of the Potomac; with loving remembrance of every man, whether on horse

or foot or cannon-caisson, whether with shoulder-strap of office or of knapsack,—of every man, whether his heart beat high with the joy of this hour, or was long since stilled in the shallow trenches that furrow the red earth from the Antietam to the Appomattox!

On the morning of the 11th our division had been moved over to relieve Turner's of the Twenty-Fourth Corps, Army of the James, near the courthouse, where they had been receiving some of the surrendered arms, especially of the artillery on their front, while Mackenzie's cavalry had received the surrendered sabres of W. H. F. Lee's command.

At noon of the 11th these troops of the Army of the James took up the march to Lynchburg, to make sure of that yet doubtful point of advantage. Lee and Grant had both gone,—Lee for Richmond to see his dying wife, Grant for Washington, only that once more to see again Lincoln living. The business transactions had been settled; the parole papers made out; all was ready for the last turn,—the dissolving-view of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It was now the morning of the 12th of April. I had been ordered to have my lines formed for the ceremony at sunrise. It was a chill gray morning, depressing to the senses. But our hearts made warmth. Great memories uprose; great thoughts went forward. We formed along the principal street, from the bluff bank of the stream to near the courthouse on the left,—to face the last line of battle, and receive the last remnant of the arms and colors of that great army ours had been created to confront for all that death can do for life. We were remnants also,—Massachusetts, Maine, Michigan, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York,—veterans, and replaced veterans; cut to pieces, cut down, consolidated, divisions into brigades, regiments into one gathered by State origin, back to their birth-place; this little line—quintessence or metempsychosis of Porter's old corps of Gaines's Mill and Malvern Hill; men of near blood born, made nearer by blood shed. Those facing us—now thank God,—the same.

Our earnest eyes scan the busy groups on the opposite slopes, breaking camp for the last time,—taking down their little shelter-tents and folding them carefully, as precious things, then slowly forming ranks as for unwelcome duty. And now they move. The dusky swarms forge forward into gray columns of march. On they come, with the old swinging route step, and swaying battle-flags. In the van, the proud Confederate ensign,—the great field of white and for canton the star-strewn cross of blue on a field of red, this latter escutcheon also the regimental battle-flags—following on crowded so thick, by thinning out of men, that the whole column seemed crowned with red. At the right of our line our little group mounted beneath our flags, the red maltese cross on a field of white, erewhile so bravely borne through many a field more crimson than itself, its mystic meaning now ruling all.

This was the last scene of such momentous history that I was impelled to render some token of recognition; some honor also to manhood so high.

Instructions had been given; and when the head of each division column comes opposite our group, our bugle sounds the signal and instantly our whole line from right to left, regiment by regiment in succession, gives the soldier's salutation,—from the "order arms" to the old "carry"—the marching salute. Gordon at the head of the column, riding with heavy spirit and downcast face, catches the sound of shifting arms, looks up, and, taking the meaning, wheels superbly, making with himself and his horse one uplifted figure, with profound salutation as he drops the point of his sword to the boot toe; then facing to his own command, gives word for his successive brigades to pass us with the same position of the manual,—honor answering honor. On our part not a sound of trumpet more, nor roll of drum; not a cheer, nor word nor whisper of vain-glorying, nor motion of man standing again at the order; but an awed stillness rather and breath-holding, as if it were the passing of the dead!

As each successive division masks our own, it halts

the men face inward towards us across the road, twelve feet away; then carefully "dress" their line, each captain taking pains for the good appearance of his company, worn and torn and half starved as they were. The field and staff take their positions in the intervals of regiments; generals in rear of their commands. They fix bayonets, stack arms; then, hesitatingly, remove cartridge-boxes and lay them down. Lastly,—reluctantly, with agony of expression,—they tenderly fold their flags, battle-worn and torn, blood-stained, heart-holding colors, and lay them down; some frenziedly rushing from the ranks, kneeling over them, clinging to them, pressing them to their lips with burning tears. And only the Flag of the Union greets the sky!

What visions thronged as we looked into each others' eyes! Here pass the men of Antietam, the Bloody Lane, the Sunken Road, the Cornfield, the Burnside-Bridge; the men whom Stonewall Jackson on the second night at Fredericksburg begged Lee to let him take and crush the two corps of the Army of the Potomac huddled in the streets in darkness and confusion; the men who swept away the Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville; who left six thousand of their companions around the bases of Culp's and Cemetery Hills at Gettysburg; these survivors of the terrible Wilderness, the Bloody-Angle at Spottsylvania, the slaughter pen of Cold Harbor, the whirlpool of Bethesada Church!

Here comes Cobb's Georgia Legion, which held the stonewall on Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg, close before which we piled our dead for breastworks so that the living might stay and live.

Here too come Gordon's Georgians and Hoke's North Carolinians, who stood before the terrific mine explosion at Petersburg, and advancing retook the smoking crater and the dismal heaps of dead—ours more than theirs—huddled in the ghastly chasm.

Here are the men of McGowan, Hunton, and Scales, who broke the Fifth Corps lines on the White Oak road,

and were so desperately driven back on that forlorn night of March 31st by my thrice-decimated brigade.

Now comes Anderson's Fourth Corps,—only Bushrod Johnson's division left, and this the remnant of those we fought so fiercely on the Quaker road, two weeks ago, with Wise's Legion, too fierce for its own good.

Here passes the proud remnant of Ransom's North Carolinians we swept through Five Forks ten days ago,—and all the little that was left of this division in the sharp passages at Sailor's Creek five days thereafter.

Now makes its last front A. P. Hill's old corps,—Heth now at the head, since Hill had gone too far forward ever to return: the men who poured destruction into our division at Shepardstown Ford, Antietam, in '62, when Hill reported the Potomac running blue with our bodies; the men who opened the desperate first day's fight at Gettysburg, where withstanding them so stubbornly our Robinson's brigades lost 1185 men, and the Iron Brigade alone 1153,—these men of Heth's division here too losing 2850 men, companions of these now looking into our faces so differently.

What is this but the remnant of Mahone's division, last seen by us at the North Anna? its thinned ranks of worn, bright-eyed men recalling scenes of costly valor and ever-remembered history.

Now the sad great pageant,—Longstreet and his men! What shall we give them for greeting that has not already been spoken in volleys of thunder and written in lines of fire on all the river-banks of Virginia? Shall we go back to Gaines's Mill and Malvern Hill? Or to the Antietam of Maryland, or Gettysburg of Pennsylvania?—deepest graven of all. For here is what remains of Kershaw's division, which left 40 per cent. of its men at Antietam, and at Gettysburg with Barksdale's and Semmes's brigades tore through the Peach Orchard, rolling up the right of our gallant Third Corps, sweeping over the proud batteries of Massachusetts,—Bigelow and Philips,—where under the smoke we saw the earth brown and blue with prostrate bodies of horses

and men, and the tongues of overturned cannon and caissons pointing grim and stark in the air.

Then in the Wilderness and at Spottsylvania Kershaw again, in deeds of awful glory, and thereafter, for all their losses, holding their name and fame, until fate met them at Sailor's Creek, where all but these, with Kershaw himself, and Elwell, and so many more, gave up their arms and hopes,—all, indeed, but manhood's honor.

With what strange emotion I looked into these faces before which in the mad assault on Rives's Salient, June 18, '64, I was left for dead under their eyes! It is by miracles we have lived to see this day,—any of us standing here.

Now comes the sinewy remnant of fierce Hood's division, which at Gettysburg we saw pouring through the Devil's Den, and the Plum Run gorge; turning again by the left our stubborn Third Corps, then swarming up the rocky bastions of Round Top, to be met there by equal valor, which changed Lee's whole plan of battle, and perhaps the story of Gettysburg.

Ah, is this Pickett's division?—this little group, left of those who on the lurid last day of Gettysburg breasted level cross-fire and thunderbolts of storm, to be strewn back drifting wrecks, where after that awful, futile, pitiful charge we buried them in graves a furlong wide, with names unknown!

Met again in the terrible cyclone-sweep over the breast-works at Five Forks; met now, so thin, so pale, purged of the mortal,—as if knowing pain or joy no more. How could we help falling on our knees,—all of us together,—and praying God to pity and forgive us all!

Thus, all day long, division after division comes and goes,—the surrendered arms being removed by our wagons in the intervals, the cartridge-boxes emptied in the street when the ammunition was found unserviceable, our men meanwhile resting in place.

When all is over, in the dusk of evening, the long lines of scattered cartridges are set on fire; and the lurid flames

wreathing the blackness of earthly shadows give an un-earthly border to our parting.

Then, stripped of every token of enmity or instrument of power to hurt, they march off to give their word of honor never to lift arms against the old flag again till its holders release them from their promise. Then, their ranks broken,—the bonds that bound them fused away by forces stronger than fire,—they are free at last to go where they will; to find their homes, now most likely stricken, despoiled by war.

Twenty-seven thousand men paroled; seventeen thousand stand of arms laid down or gathered up; a hundred battle-flags. But regiments and brigades—or what is left of them—have scarce a score of arms to surrender; having thrown them away by road and riverside in weariness of flight or hopelessness of heart, disdaining to carry them longer but to disaster. And many a bare staff was there laid down, from which the ensign had been torn in the passion and struggle of emotions, and divided piece by piece,—a blurred or shrunken star, a rag of smoke-stained blue from the war-worn cross, a shred of deepened dye from the rent field of red,—to be treasured for precious keepsakes of manhood's test and heirlooms for their children.

Nor blame them too much for this; nor us for not blaming them more. Although, as we believed, fatally wrong in striking at the old flag, misreading its deeper meaning and the innermost law of the people's life, blind to the signs of the times in the march of man, they fought as they were taught, true to such ideals as they saw, and put into their cause their best. For us they were fellow-soldiers as well, suffering the fate of arms. We could not look into those brave, bronzed faces, and those battered flags we had met on so many fields where glorious manhood lent a glory to the earth that bore it, and think of personal hate and mean revenge. Whoever had misled these men, we had not. We had led them back, home. Whoever had made that quarrel, we had not. It was a remnant of the inherited curse for sin. We had purged it away, with blood-offerings. We

were all of us together factors of that high will which, working often through illusions of the human, and following ideals that lead through storms, evolves the enfranchisement of man.

Forgive us, therefore, if from stern, steadfast faces eyes dimmed with tears gazed at each other across that pile of storied relics so dearly there laid down, and brothers' hands were fain to reach across that rushing tide of memories which divided us yet made us forever one.

It was our glory only that the victory we had won was for country; for the well-being of others, of these men before us as well as for ourselves and ours. Our joy was a deep, far, unspoken satisfaction,—the approval, as it were, of some voiceless and veiled divinity like the appointed "Angel of the Nation" of which the old scriptures tell—leading and looking far, yet mindful of sorrows; standing above all human strife and fierce passages of trial; not marking faults nor seeking blame; transmuting into factors of the final good corrected errors and forgiven sins; assuring of immortal inheritance all pure purpose and noble endeavor, humblest service and costliest sacrifice, unconscious and even mistaken martyrdoms offered and suffered for the sake of man.

THE GENERAL STAFF CORPS

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. CORBIN,
U. S. ARMY, DECEMBER 2, 1903.

IN treating a subject so comprehensive as the one under consideration, it will be necessary for us to take a glimpse at the laws creating staff organizations for our Army, the importance of which has not always been fully understood. Naturally, much of the staff legislation in this country found inspiration in the organization and the experience of armies of other countries.

The first hint we can find anywhere of a "general staff" is as early as 1655, previous to which time it was employed in the Swedish army, but about that date adopted by the Prussian army under the Great Elector. The chief principle of the general staff organization in all armies has been to make it the eyes and the ears, so to speak, of the commander, obtaining for him the most complete information that is possible for military experts to gather and compile. The thought that there has always been a fixed law and regulation for a general staff of one country, applicable to any and all others, is erroneous, and yet this seems to have found lodgment in the minds of even the most intelligent military writers. While the same general principles have necessarily obtained in the organization of the general staff, yet in every instance they have been made to fit the peculiar laws, conditions, and form of government existing in the countries to which applied. So that it is necessary for us to get rid of the impression that we have adopted any peculiarly foreign system. The War Department and the Congress may possibly have been influenced by the knowledge of wise and efficient army administration in

other countries; but as a matter of fact the present law was constructed wholly upon lines consonant with our own form of republican government, keeping always in mind that the administration of our military affairs shall both in letter and in spirit be subordinate to the civil authority.

In order that the law providing for a general staff corps may be better understood we shall have to examine with some care the laws for the organization of the present staff departments. To do this I shall ask you to consider the staff departments as fixed by General Washington and other founders of the Republic. It will be seen that all along the line, from the beginning down to almost the very date of the passage of the general staff law, officers of the Army, Secretaries of War, and the Congress, have confused staff departments with the "general staff."

General Washington in 1775 was unanimously elected "to command all the continental forces raised or to be raised for the defence of American liberty." Beginning with June of the same year, we have this record:

"The Congress then proceeded to the choice of the officers in the Army by ballot.

* * * * *

"Resolved, that Horatio Gates, Esq., is now chosen Adjutant-General, and shall have the rank of Brigadier-general."

The same day Congress resolved that General Schuyler was a proper person for Deputy Adjutant-General, and two days later three additional majors were elected.

General Thomas Conway was elected Inspector-General.

William Tudor, a law pupil of John Adams and a leading counsellor of Boston, was elected the Judge Advocate General.

General Mifflin was elected Quartermaster-General.

Joseph Trumbull was elected Commissary-General of Stores and Provisions for the Army of the United Colonies, and on the 31st of the same month there were ten deputy Commissary-Generals elected.

The medical branch of the service was first created in

1775 by the designation of an "Hospital Department for the Army," under the several heads of Director-General and Chief Physician, of which there were three; Physician-General, of which there were five; Surgeon-General, of which there were three; Chief Physician and Surgeon, of which there were three; Chief Physician; and one Purveyor and one Apothecary.

The Corps of Engineers was formed on the 11th of March, 1779, although there appears to have been a Chief of Engineers, with two assistants, on the 16th of June, 1775, the day before the battle of Bunker Hill; but the records at my command regarding the organization of this corps are somewhat obscure, and the earliest date of which we have any clear account was the 11th of March, 1779. It is well established, however, that Colonel Richard Gridley, of Massachusetts, was the first Chief of Engineers, and that he was succeeded by Colonel Rufus Putnam of the same State.

The Ordnance Department was also organized in 1775, and what is now known as the Chief of Ordnance was then called the Commissary of Artillery. Mr. Ezekiel Cheever was the first to hold that office.

The Signal Corps was provided for by act of March, 1863, and its first organization consisted of Major Albert J. Myer, Signal Officer. This corps has gradually grown in importance until now it is recognized as one of the most potent factors in the make-up of our Army.

More recently there have been provided by Congress the Record and Pension Office and a Bureau of Insular Affairs.

So that, with these latter exceptions, the organization of the staff departments of the Army was on the 14th day of February, 1903—the date of the approval of the Staff Bill—very much the same as provided by the Continental Congress on the recommendation of General Washington at the beginning of the Revolutionary War.

On the 4th of July, 1798, General Washington, in addressing the Hon. James McHenry, then the Secretary of War, uses the following language:

"In forming an army, if a judicious choice is not made of the principal officers and, above all, of the *general staff*, it never can be rectified thereafter. The character then of the Army would be lost in the superstructure. The reputation of the commander-in-chief would sink with it and the country be involved in inextricable expense. To remark to a military man how important the *general staff* of an army is to its well-being seems to be unnecessary."

It will be noticed that General Washington himself used the term "general staff" in speaking of the organization of the original staff departments.

Again, on the next day, General Washington addressed the Secretary of War in the following terms:

"The appointment of general officers is important, but of those of the *general staff* all-important."

Again it will be observed, General Washington treated the organization of the several staff departments as a *general staff*. It is but fair to interpret his use of the phrase "general staff" as referring to the staff departments. It is presumably the use of a term having a significance at that date that it does not now possess.

Further on he says:

"The Inspector-General, Quartermaster-General, Adjutant-General . . . ought to be men of the most respectable character and of first rate abilities, because from the nature of their respective offices and from their being always about the Commander in Chief, who is obliged to intrust many things to them confidentially, scarcely any movement can take place without their knowledge. . . . Besides . . . they ought to have those of integrity and prudence in an eminent degree that entire confidence might be reposed in them. Without these, and their being on good terms with the commanding general, his measures, if not designedly thwarted, may be so embarrassed as to make them move heavily on."

On December 27, 1815, the Hon. William H. Crawford, then the Secretary of War, in a report remarks:

"A complete organization of the staff will contribute as much to the economy of the establishment as to its efficiency. The

stationary staff of a military establishment could be substantially the same in peace as in war, without reference to the number or distribution of the troops of which it is composed."

In 1818, Mr. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, in addressing the Congress, said:

"The staff, as organized by the act of last session, combines simplicity with efficiency. . . . Were our military establishment reduced one half, it is obvious that, if the same posts continued to be occupied which now are, the same number of officers in the Quartermaster's, Paymaster's, Medical, and Adjutant- and Inspector-General's Department would be required.

To compare, then, as is sometimes done, our staff with those of European armies assembled in large bodies is manifestly unfair. The act of last session, it is believed, has made all the reduction which ought to be attempted. It has rendered the staff efficient without making it expensive. Such a staff is not only indispensable to the efficiency of the Army, but it is also necessary to a proper economy in its disbursements; and should an attempt be made at retrenchment by reducing the present number, it would, in its consequences, probably prove wasteful and extravagant.

In fact, no part of our military organization requires more attention in peace than the *general staff*. It is in every service invariably the last in attaining perfection; and if neglected in peace, when there is leisure, it will be impossible, in the midst of the hurry and bustle of war, to bring it to perfection. It is in peace that it should receive a perfect organization, and that the officers should be trained to method and punctuality, so that at the commencement of a war, instead of creating anew, nothing more should be necessary than to give it the necessary enlargement.

With a defective staff we must carry on our military operations under great disadvantages, and be exposed, particularly at the commencement of a war, to great losses, embarrassments, and disasters."

It will be noted here that so learned a man as Mr. Calhoun—in 1818, in speaking of the staff departments—used the term *general staff*.

Until the passage of the General Staff Bill the several

staff departments, excepting in a way the Adjutant-General's and Inspector-General's departments, were by law under and subject only to the control of the Secretary of War—the Adjutant-General and Inspector-General reporting to both the Secretary of War and to the commanding general. It was not possible under the statutes for the commander-in-chief to give an order of any character to any of the supply departments. This was in no sense due to the judgment or the whims of any one connected with the War Department, but was a matter of iron-clad laws. The general commanding was not required or even expected to examine estimates. This, too, by statute was left entirely to the head of the War Department. For many years the senior officer of the Army was clothed with the title of Commander-in-Chief. He was possessed of but limited legal authority to command the line, and none at all over the supply and staff departments.

Lieutenant-General Schofield, a most distinguished soldier and an eminent student of constitutional law, in his memoirs characterized the only true function of the senior general in time of peace as being that of chief of staff to the Secretary of War and the President.

The only countries of the civilized world which were for many years without an organization such as is understood by the term of "General Staff Corps" were the United States and Great Britain. The reason therefor is found in the fact that the institutions of both countries are based upon the representative principle and a strict subordination of the military to the civil authority, demanding a rigid separation, as far as the Army is concerned, of the purse and the sword; the King of England and the President of the United States each having the prerogative of command, with the representatives of the people in each country holding the purse-strings under the constitutional power vested in them of making appropriations for the support of the Army.

The irritating differences in England between these two authorities have been not unlike our own. It is gratify-

ing to notice that our British cousins are about to follow in our footsteps and are seeking to establish a similar remedy for the establishment of unity of administration of the affairs of the Army.

It is true that we have taken but little if any heed of the lessons of our several wars. We have never been prepared for any contingency. We have in every instance prepared for war only after war has been declared. What this neglect has cost us as a nation in the way of lives and money would be difficult for the most intelligent to determine. That it has been very great any novice can readily show. As a matter of fact, any companion of this order knows this to be too true, and we hesitate to speak or write of it, as it involves national reproach; and yet we should not be true to the best interests of the Republic, to ourselves, and those coming after us, if we did not lay bare these facts and apply remedies that have been too long neglected. This can well be made the unfinished business, so to speak, of the members of the Loyal Legion. Those of you charged with large business undertakings would soon lose the confidence of all business men if you did not make wise provisions against the possibilities of the future; and those charged with the great responsibility of our national defence should at least be as wise, as prudent, as men in ordinary business affairs. By this light, who will undertake to say that placing the staff departments by law under military authority, and yet within the supervisory control of the Secretary of War and the President, was not a step well taken?

In August, 1899, a distinguished citizen of our own State and city—Mr. Elihu Root—was called by President McKinley to the head of the War Department. From the very beginning of his work he made a careful analysis of the laws and regulations governing the War Department. He soon discovered a lack of authority on one hand and the binding by the statutes of the staff departments on the other. He sought a remedy which he found in the general staff idea that had been abroad in the Army for a number

of years—having been advocated by such officers as Schofield, McClellan, Hazen, Upton, Ludlow, George W. Davis, and many others. The combination of these views with Mr. Root's great genius has found a solution from which the Army and country may rightfully expect only satisfactory results. It is not too much to say that, for the first time since the founding of the Republic, harmonious administration of Army affairs has been provided for by law; and regulations conflicting with law, and laws clashing with the Constitution, have either been eliminated or so adjusted by the genius of Mr. Root as to make any misunderstanding most difficult. From the beginning of the government until the passage of the Staff Act, the Army was possessed of two commanders—first, the President, the constitutional Commander-in-Chief, with the senior general officer also as Commander-in-chief under the provisions of regulation and assignment. That these conditions led to friction is a fact which is apparent almost in every chapter of the military history of the last hundred years, and no fair-minded man could do otherwise than hold the laws and regulations conflicting with the requirements of the Constitution responsible for this unfortunate state of affairs. That this impediment to harmony has been removed is a matter for congratulation by every well-wisher of the Republic; and, as I have already said, the credit of this wise solution is due more to Mr. Root than any, or I may say than to all, other men.

Under the new régime, it can reasonably be expected that the War Department in the future will be administered with intelligence and harmony; if not, it will be due to a lack of proper feeling on the part of those charged with the work. Not only has the administration of the Staff Corps been wisely provided for by law, but great care has been taken to safeguard the rights of commanders; and henceforth the administration of the War Department must necessarily be separate and distinct, and yet supporting, in the most intelligent way, generals in command of armies and troops in the field.

The act of February 14, 1903, creating the General Staff Corps declares:

"That there is hereby established a General Staff Corps, to be composed of officers detailed from the Army at large under such rules as may be prescribed by the President."

The second section provides:

"That the duties of the General Staff Corps shall be to prepare plans for the national defence and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war; to investigate and report upon all questions affecting the efficiency of the Army and its state of preparation for military operations . . . and co-ordinating the action of all the different officers who are subject under the terms of this Act to the supervision of the Chief of Staff. . . .

Section 3 provides

one Chief of Staff and two general officers, all to be detailed by the President, and not below the grade of brigadier-general. In addition there shall be four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, twenty captains."

Right here will be noted, and with interest, the latitude given the President by Congress in the selection of a Chief of Staff. The field embraces all general officers from the lieutenant-general to and including the junior brigadiers in either the line or the staff departments.

The regulations made under this act—defining the more specific duties of the General Staff—place all under the direction of the Chief of Staff, who in turn in all matters acts only under the authority and direction of the President and Secretary of War—thus recognizing without any reservation whatever that under our Constitution the command of our Army and Navy can rest with none other than the President and his duly constituted agent, the Secretary of War. In this connection the provisions of that great instrument are mandatory, and cannot be set aside in any other way than by a constitutional amendment. Any legislation or administration of military affairs that does not have this fact well in mind is wholly illegal. The manifold duties of our constitutional Commander-in

Chief, as well as the absence often of a military training, make it necessary that both the President and Secretary of War shall have at hand for guidance the best military eyes and ears and thought that the Army can give. These it is felt have been provided in the existing staff departments, supported by a Chief of Staff and a corps of military experts detailed from all branches of the service and known as the "General Staff Corps"—all fully in accord with the Commander-in-Chief. In this connection the present regulations say:

"The Chief of Staff is detailed by the President from officers of the Army at large not below the grade of brigadier-general. The successful performance of the duties of the position requires what the title denotes—a relation of absolute confidence and personal accord and sympathy between the Chief of Staff and the President, and necessarily also between the Chief of Staff and the Secretary of War. For this reason, without any reflection whatever upon the officer detailed, the detail will in every case cease, unless sooner terminated, on the day following the expiration of the term of office of the President by whom the detail is made; and if at any time the Chief of Staff considers that he can no longer sustain toward the President and the Secretary of War the relations above described, it will be his duty to apply to be relieved."

It is a pleasure, no less than a duty, to correct any impression that may be in your minds that the General Staff Corps was bred and born on lines of hostility to or doubt or dissatisfaction with existing staff departments. The prevailing thought of the author was to make stronger and better that which was already good, and to make efficient administration more so by bringing into action the highest intelligence of the service, be it either from the staff or line. No one can doubt for a moment the general efficiency of a staff that gave supreme satisfaction to Washington, Scott, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan. From Concord to Appomattox, and all through our Indian wars, its record stands approved; its service during the war with Spain will, as it is better understood, have the appreciation of all patriotic

citizens. A staff that put in the field nearly 300,000 efficient troops, fully clothed, armed, and equipped, within eight weeks from the date of declaration of war, cannot but challenge the admiration of all those who examine its work with fairness and intelligence.

The best answer that can be made to the critics of our Army in the Spanish War is the fact that the Republic put to rout the army and navy of one of the oldest countries of Europe in one hundred and twelve days—hardly more time than was required to organize some of our regiments for service in the Civil War. This thought alone will give some idea of the rapidity with which work was accomplished.

The improvements in arms have been so great that if General Grant himself should be called back he, the great master of military science and war, would not understand the handling of a single arm now in use. In addition, the use of high explosives and the rapidity of transportation, the application of electricity to military operations, etc., make it necessary that we should improve all that is possible in the way of administration. It should be made quick, direct, and comprehensive—it was this thought, more than all others, that inspired the law providing for the organization of the General Staff Corps. As yet it is in its infancy; it will be in order for it to be afflicted with all infantile diseases, and possibly experience may suggest legislative remedies, but these will be of minor importance. Its principles are right and it will stand every test of a fair trial. The better it becomes known the more the people will like it.

We have been too unmindful of the injunction of Washington that in peace we should prepare for war. We have trusted to luck quite enough, and wisdom insists that we shall risk it no more. Any further trifling on these lines may mean the life of our country. To make this preparedness complete and comprehensive is the important work with which the General Staff Corps is charged.

THE LAST FIGHT FOR MISSOURI.

A PAPER READ BY ADJUTANT WM. FORSE SCOTT, FOURTH
IOWA CAVALRY VET. VOLS., FEBRUARY 3, 1904.

THIS is a story of the war in the West, of the last campaign beyond the Mississippi; a campaign in which a part of the Union troops and most of the Confederates marched over 1500 miles, beginning in torrid heat and ending in snow and zero cold; a campaign begun for politics and ending with dramatic coincidence on the day on which politics were finally swept out of the war in the defeat of McClellan and re-election of Lincoln; a campaign so disastrous to the enemy that from Iowa to the gulf peace prevailed during the remaining six months of the war.

In 1864 the Confederate "Trans-Mississippi Department" was commanded by Lieutenant-General Edmund Kirby Smith, with headquarters at Shreveport in the northwest corner of Louisiana. He had usually from 30,000 to 50,000 men within reach, and a plenty of supplies. He was a man aggressive in words, but not in acts, and so he always magnified his difficulties. But he was secure in his place because he was a favorite of Davis, one of the few who enjoyed that distinction. His department included Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Territories. Having an ambition for administration he looked upon himself as a sort of governor-general of that region as well as its military general. And he must have had time enough for affairs of state; for, although he commanded the department more than two years, he neither originated a campaign nor marched upon one (except a short distance in repelling Banks) and the War Department at Richmond repeatedly complained that his despatches were few and meagre.

His camp was the rendezvous of all the political "lame ducks" of Missouri and Arkansas, the governors, congressmen, and other statesmen who could n't stay at home because of the Yankees and who could n't go into the army because their country would then suffer for lack of statesmanship. For, although Legislatures could not meet and elections could not be held in Missouri, Arkansas, or Louisiana during that time, these statesmen solemnly kept up, in one place or another, on one pretence or another, the hollow performance of their political functions. Even the holy doctrine of State rights did not prevent some of them from holding on to office. The State of Missouri voted against secession by a great majority, yet not one of its State-righters "followed his State according to his true allegiance," as the imposing phrase then ran. They followed its enemies and fled to other countries, where, under various fantastic theories, they persuaded themselves that they were holding the offices of Missouri—the "true" Missouri.

Before they went, however, they proclaimed their undying devotion to their people, their State, their institutions, and always their honor, in an infinite number of speeches, all filled with impassioned language, decorated with classic parallels, supported now and then by ingenious arguments, and closing with heroics and self-dedication. Some of the conceits of these logic-choppers are funny enough now. For an instance, when they got breath again after the adverse vote on secession (which vote, under the doctrine of State rights, of course clearly kept the State in the Union) they said that those who had voted against secession were not the true sons of Missouri and that the duty of the hour was to be true sons, that is, to go into or with the Confederate army; and the governor, the lieutenant-governor, the general commanding the State militia, and some of the members of the Legislature promptly did so.

That idea seems absurd enough, but it is outdone by others that sprang from these feverish brains. Safe within the lines of the Confederate army in the wilds of the Ozark Mountains, the faithful governor, Claiborne F. Jackson,

invented a dazzling scheme for the salvation of his people. Seeing that he could not bring about a convention or a Congress or a session of the Legislature, because his orders would not be obeyed, he realized that all the powers which a convention or Congress or Legislature might exercise must, in such an emergency, devolve upon the governor. He could not see where else the powers were at such a time: they must therefore be in himself. He rose grandly to his duty in this stern hour, and all alone by himself he issued a declaration of independence,—a long, solemn, stilted paper, imitating the declaration of '76, in which he appealed to the Supreme Judge of the World for the rectitude of his intentions, declared that the political connection between the United States and the people and government of Missouri is and ought to be totally dissolved, and that the State of Missouri is a sovereign, free, and independent republic, with full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, etc.

If you follow out Mr. Jackson's document, you will see that he had rather more right and power to strike that great blow than the Revolutionary fathers had to issue their declaration in '76. At any rate he was sure of it himself, and, as his mighty act has never been repealed or repudiated, Missouri would seem still to be a free and independent republic.

Yet this lofty governor was only a dull plodder when compared with the genius who permitted himself to fill the office of lieutenant-governor. This serious-minded youth, Thomas C. Reynolds, carefully examined himself and found that he too was full of powers that no one else had suspected. He posted off to Richmond, without waiting for the slow governor to issue his declaration of independence, and set up as the "ambassador" of his "sovereign State." He formed an "alliance" between Missouri and the Confederate States, turned over to the Confederate President the army of his government and all the property of the United States in Missouri, and came back staggering under a load of still more powers invented

and conferred upon him by the "warrior statesman," as he called Davis. He halted at New Madrid, in the midst of a noisy little rebel army, which, under Davis's direction, General Polk had sent from Kentucky. There were two small divisions under General Pillow. As many more Confederates were in northeast Arkansas under General Hardee. These bodies were to be joined as "The Army of Liberation," the Missouri rebels were to be added, St. Louis was to be taken, and the vandal hordes swept from the State. Great Reynolds reached New Madrid just after Pillow, exulting to find himself supported by a Confederate army. Governor Jackson was not then in Missouri, having gone just over the line, in Arkansas, to try to get the aid of Hardee. Reynolds immediately saw that he was governor, at least for a day or two, and promptly issued *his* proclamation. It begins: "I return to the State, to accompany in my official capacity one of the armies which the warrior statesman whose genius now presides over the affairs of our half of the Union has prepared to advance against the common foe. . . . The sun which shone in its full mid-day splendor at Manassas is about to rise upon Missouri." Then, himself rising superior to the awkward fact that a great majority of his fellow-citizens had voted against secession, he said that as for himself he disregarded forms and looked to realities; that therefore he viewed any ordinance for the separation of Missouri from the United States as a mere outward ceremony; that in fact the act of secession was already consummated in the hearts of her people, and that "therefore all persons co-operating with the expedition I now accompany may expect that in the country under its influence no authority of the United States will be permitted, and that of Missouri as a sovereign and independent State will be exercised, with a view to her speedy regular union with her Southern sisters." That is, the tread of Reynolds upon the trembling earth was alone the equivalent of secession. Only his magic foot upon the various parts of the State and the thing was done.

But that was only one of the hard knots that came easy

to this Alexander. He found the problem of the right of secession in Missouri quite simple. The slave States on the Atlantic coast based their secession upon the theory of powers reserved to themselves when they agreed to the Constitution of 1789. Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi had to have another ground, but they professed to find it in the claim that they were formed in territory originally belonging to the Atlantic States. But the States beyond the Mississippi, in the Louisiana purchase, were without either of these grounds. Their territory had been bought with money paid in by all the States, and chiefly by the Northern States. The ordinary Southern statesmen spun out several specious arguments to evade this difficulty, but Reynolds soared above them all. He admitted that the territory had been purchased by the general government and with funds supplied by all the States, but he found that the sale was made by France *on condition* that the United States should never part with the territory and he said that that constituted a "condition running with the land" (as the lawyers say); that the act of secession would part Missouri from the United States and thus make a breach of the condition; that the land would therefore revert to France and become a colony of that empire; and that the emperor would undoubtedly send an army to recover his own, which army, with the true sons of Missouri, would easily defeat the United States.

But Louis Napoleon neglected his great opportunity, and that brilliant child of the little governor's warm fancy was never able to get on its legs, but died without baptism. In fact, very soon afterward both the governors had to retire in humiliation to the wilds of Arkansas before the march of the Union volunteers, enlisted mostly in their own unappreciative Missouri.

They were accompanied by other statesmen of the unhappy minority and by Sterling Price, who was both statesman and soldier. Here is the most noted man produced by Missouri on the Confederate side. He was a lawyer, he entered politics at an early age, was a conspicuous mem-

ber of the Legislature for several terms, and a member of Congress, he led a regiment of Missouri cavalry in the Mexican War and was promoted to brigadier-general. He was governor of the State twice between 1850 and 1860, and although a Democrat was very popular among the Whigs. A Virginian, a tall man, of fine presence, of a genial spirit, persuasive and patriotic in speech, he had a wider influence than any man in the State. He was a "Douglas" man in 1860 and a "Conditional Union" man until Lyon's famous capture of Camp Jackson; he was president of the convention which voted against secession, but finally, late in May, 1861, accepted from Governor Jackson the appointment of general in command of the Missouri State Guard, a kind of an army of militia just then authorized by the secessionist Legislature. Under this commission he organized several brigades of Missouri secessionists and fought with them in the west and southwest of the State half a dozen of the haphazard engagements which were frequent in the first year of the war; but his forces were not strong enough to hold the country, the Confederate generals of neighboring States would not or could not help him, and within six months he was driven into Arkansas.

But the secessionists who remained in Missouri and those who were in the rebel armies constantly dreamed of the return of Price at the head of a conquering column, and he himself was always nursing hopes and schemes to that end. He considered himself especially the soldier of Missouri, and all or nearly all Missouri regiments and batteries in the Trans-Mississippi department were assigned to his command. The exiled governor and lieutenant-governor and other Missouri statesmen who found it prudent to remain in Arkansas often communed with Price upon these dreams.

When Governor Jackson died in Arkansas in 1862, the lieutenant-governor (Reynolds) assumed to be governor. Reynolds was a remarkable man. He was a young lawyer, trained in politics, fiery and vindictive in spirit, with no sense of humor, but with a vast conceit of his abilities and

of his office; and he looked upon his return to the capital of Missouri as a holy crusade. Having had no military experience himself, Price appeared to him to be the one man to direct the military work of the crusade. There must have been many conferences between the two in Arkansas and Louisiana. Reynolds' term as lieutenant-governor expired at the end of 1862, and another governor and lieutenant-governor had been elected; but it was clear to him that that election was illegal, that he was the only lawful governor, and Price and his Missouri soldiers cheerfully recognized him. He kept up strenuously his communications to the Confederate government and with the governors of the other trans-Mississippi States, who, like himself, were unwilling sojourners away from their capitals; and he constantly tried to persuade the powers at Richmond that the one thing that would win the cause of the Confederacy was a vigorous campaign in Missouri.

But no great attention was given to him except by the Missourians until the summer of 1864. Then there was a concurrence of events which led Davis to consider that, if not clearly practicable, such a campaign was at least desirable; and he gave General Smith authority to try it.

Lee's army in Virginia was staggering under the blows of Grant; Hood's in Georgia was being ground by Sherman; but Forrest had achieved two brilliant successes in Mississippi, and Smith had defeated Banks on the Red River. The Presidential campaign was on between Lincoln and McClellan, between the war party and the anti-war party, and the secessionists not only watched the political campaign with keenest interest, but with desperate zeal made many attempts to aid the McClellan cause. Not only in Missouri, but in Illinois, in Indiana, and even in Iowa; there were secret societies—the "Sons of Liberty," the "Order of American Knights," the "Knights of the Golden Circle," the "Copperheads," etc., all in communication with Southern spies and emissaries, and busy in discouraging Union enlistments, in exaggerating or inventing Union defeats and Confederate successes, and in

many ways seeking to obstruct the prosecution of the war and to encourage the hopes of the rebels. Price himself was said to be "Grand Commander" of one of these societies—the "O. A. K's."

Now, on account of the geographical position of Missouri, its possession was of very great importance, and it was even more important to the Confederates than to the Federals. If a Southern army could occupy Missouri just before the Presidential election, hold the capital and perhaps St. Louis, the vote of the State could not be taken, or if taken would go for McClellan; the vote in the neighboring States would or might also be turned to McClellan, and Sherman would be compelled to retire from Atlanta to the Ohio. A rosy dream it looks from our side, but such visions were not uncommon in the warm Southern imagination. Indeed, when Hood left Atlanta it was with a definite idea of driving Sherman back to the Ohio by the easy process of marching there ahead of him, and at the same time Price was marching north to the recovery of Missouri.

Kirby Smith grumbled against the proposed campaign, but grumbling was one of his characteristics, and he was jealous of Price, who had become a Confederate major-general and inevitably would have command. A campaign for the recovery of Arkansas would have been more to his liking, and from a right military point of view that is what ought to have been undertaken.

Though Smith at last consented, he was not at all zealous. He found difficulties in the way of supplying a force as large as Price wanted; but Price would go anyhow and his Achates Reynolds was more than eager. These two had a common cause and worked out the plans in loving harmony. Æneas was marching to redeem Missouri and his Achates was going along to govern it.

To meet this movement no definite preparations were made on our side until Price was on his march. General Rosecrans, then at St. Louis in command of the Department of Missouri, heard rumors of it in July and August, and

reported them to Washington; but Halleck and Grant were not inclined to credit the reports, and treated them indifferently. This was in part because they relied upon General Steele at Little Rock, who held the fortified line of the Arkansas River and who was sure that all movements of the enemy west of the Mississippi were designed only against his position.

But in fact communications between Price's army and the secessionists and secret societies in Missouri and especially in St. Louis were several times detected, showing schemes of organizing to aid Price's campaign. Indeed there was so little effort at concealment that in August Price's minor officers, and even the soldiers, talked openly in their camps, within a hundred miles of Steele's headquarters, of the object of their preparations then plainly in progress.

As there had been no regular Confederate forces in Missouri for two years, nearly all United States volunteers had been taken from the State to distant fields; and Rosecrans was often at his wit's end for means of defence against the guerillas and bushwhackers who swarmed all over the State. These miscreants doubled their numbers and activity when the rumors of Price's coming were spread, and every county clamored for protection against them.

Rosecrans' chief support was an organization called the State Militia Cavalry, about 4000 of whom formed a division of three brigades under General Sanborn. With this division were several battalions of Iowa and Illinois cavalry volunteers. Another body called the Provisional Enrolled Militia had been recently enlisted under Rosecrans' orders, especially to defend their own towns against the guerillas, but, excepting a portion organized into two mounted regiments and attached to Sanborn's "Cavalry Militia," they proved of no use against Price. Rosecrans was also then trying to raise in the State several new regiments of United States volunteer infantry, and two of these were organized so far as that a part of them did good service in the first engagement.

For the rest, all of Rosecrans' appeals to the War Department, to the governors of neighboring States, and the generals of neighboring departments, brought him at the last hour, only a few regiments of "hundred-days" men from Illinois, to help defend St. Louis.

But early in September that old Roman, General Andrew J. Smith arrived at Cairo from Memphis, on his way to join Sherman at Atlanta, with one of his divisions of veteran infantry, numbering 5000. By dint of much telegraphing Rosecrans got Grant to direct Smith to take the field against Price; and he moved on up to St. Louis. Then all in Missouri waited to see what Price would do.

Meantime, in July and August, small bodies of Price's cavalry made short raids and dashes upon Steele's outlying posts and gave him much trouble. He believed these attacks were only leading up to an assault in force upon Little Rock, and called loudly for more troops. Accordingly he received 7000 infantry from General Canby, commanding at New Orleans, and a little later 4000 infantry and nearly 2000 cavalry from Memphis.

These Memphis troops were "lent" by General Washburn for a special emergency supposed to exist at Devall's Bluff, the strongest post on the Arkansas below Little Rock. The infantry was one division of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by General Joseph A. Mower, and the cavalry was composed of detachments from two brigades of the cavalry corps of the District of West Tennessee, commanded by a born cavalryman, now a member of this commandery, General Edward F. Winslow.

The infantry moved by boats down the Mississippi and up the White River to Des Arc. The cavalry was ferried over the Mississippi at Memphis, marched across the country through the great swamps of the Saint Francis valley, and halted at Brownsville, within a few miles of Little Rock. The weather was sultry almost beyond endurance.

This was September 6th, the very day on which Price was crossing the Arkansas, 60 miles above Little Rock, with two of his divisions, on his way to St. Louis. But General

Steele still insisted that the movement was designed against Little Rock.

When the expedition was ordered Price was in command of the District of Arkansas, and he was to take all the cavalry in that district. He did take all except a few regiments and scattered companies. He had 33 regiments and 10 battalions, with 6 batteries, all Arkansans and Missourians. When they entered Missouri they numbered about 15,000, with 18 guns. They were all mounted, but about 3000 were then unarmed. They were organized as the "Army of Missouri," in three divisions, one commanded by Major-General James F. Fagan, a famous Arkansas soldier, one by Major-General John S. Marmaduke, a Missourian, afterward governor of Missouri, and a third by Brigadier-General Joseph O. Shelby, also a Missourian and a cavalry officer almost without a superior in marching and in boldness.

Early in August Price received his instructions from Smith, but he did not move until the 28th. On that day he left Camden, in the south of Arkansas, with the two divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke, and marched north and east toward the Arkansas River, passing west of Little Rock hardly twenty miles distant. He had already sent Shelby into northeast Arkansas to collect recruits and horses. On September 6th and 7th, at Dardanelle, he crossed the Arkansas, without resistance from Steele, and within a few days joined Shelby at Pocahontas, on the Black River, within one day's march of the Missouri line.

Here the organization of his army was completed, and the three divisions, moving on different roads, entered Missouri September 19th, at a point nearly south of St. Louis and distant by the roads about 250 miles.

General Steele finally heard of Price's concentration near the Missouri border, and decided upon pursuit. This was September 17th, and the next morning he started Mower's division of infantry and Winslow's cavalry from Brownsville. None of his own troops were sent. Twelve days had thus been lost while Price was riding steadily away.

What the theory of this pursuit was does not appear in the records; what might have happened if Price had been overtaken can only be guessed; but what was actually done is a painful memory to the survivors, and especially to the unfortunate infantry, for they not only had to march over 300 miles to the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau in the terrible heat, half the way through malarious swamps and lowlands, but they had to keep up with the cavalry, which could be done only by marching far into the night. They actually did bivouac near the cavalry every night for a week.

On the 29th Winslow's cavalry reached the Missouri line on Price's trail, the infantry coming up two days later. It was not known where Price then was, but his road was followed 60 miles further, to Greenville, Mo., where, on October 2d, definite news came of the battle at Pilot Knob, six days before, with orders to Mower and Winslow to move their men to the Mississippi at Cape Girardeau and take boats for St. Louis.

They had been out five weeks from Memphis; had lost and left behind, by sickness and death, a large part of their numbers; the remainder were exhausted by the extraordinary march and the heat; nothing had been accomplished, and the end was within one day's ride by steamboat from the starting-point. But this is only one of the many times during the war when a long and laborious struggle reached its end with no record but one of costly waste and suffering.

THE INVASION OF MISSOURI.

When Price crossed the border he looked upon himself and his coming fame very seriously. His mission was to redeem the State. The pretending Governor Reynolds with him also looked upon himself and his future seriously—*very* seriously. There was a hated usurper in his chair at Jefferson City and the executive mansion was closed against the lady of the lawful governor. He was eager to share the dangers of the campaign and insisted upon a place at the head of the column, notwithstanding the advice that his

great office justified him in taking a safer position. He proudly replied that the proper place for the governor of Missouri, marching to restoration, was in the front.

Not only high hopes, but virtuous resolutions for the good of their countrymen, filled the breasts of these patriot leaders. At the border Price announced that his campaign was "not a raid," but for the "occupation" of Missouri; and he and his division generals and Governor Reynolds and General Kirby Smith all joined in a chorus of proclamations, declarations, and instructions, to the effect that they were undertaking a just and holy cause, that there must be no influence of personal feeling or revenge, no wanton acts of destruction or devastation, or any seizure of property except under necessity, by proper authority and upon compensation. Formal orders were issued, embodying these pious resolves and declaring that any disobedience was simply a short way to death. As more than half of Price's men were Missourians coming to their own country, and one of the expectations of the campaign was the enlistment or conscription of many more Missourians at their homes, the necessity for these orders suggests a singular moral character in this army of redeemers.

But the high virtues thus published never got into practice. The actual march of the patriots was more fearful than a cyclone. Neither friend nor enemy was spared. With unwavering impartiality they robbed secessionist and Unionist alike. They plundered and burned houses and stores, they drove people from their homes, desolated the farms, carried off or killed the live stock, and whatever they could not put to use they wantonly destroyed. The orders of the General were repeated and repeated, but nobody would submit to restraint in the midst of such opportunities. A provost-guard was organized in each brigade, and there was a provost-marshal-general, who declared that the officers of his department were extremely active in efforts to enforce orders; there was a court-martial, organized at the beginning of the campaign, which held sittings from time to time on the march. The inspector-

general has testified that he rode two horses to death trying to prevent straggling and "scouting." This scouting was not the service implied in the ordinary use of that word, but was simply marauding by authority, the objects being plunder and personal vengeance. The Missourians, returning near their old homes under the protection of an army, could not resist the desire to punish their former neighbors whom they believed to be their enemies. General Price absolutely and repeatedly forbade the horrid practice, but it appeared in the court of inquiry which was held after this campaign that, in spite of his stringent orders, permits were granted for these "scouts," not only by company and regimental officers, but even by brigade and division commanders.

For disobedience of these orders arrests were made from time to time, from privates up to colonels, but there is no evidence that any one was tried or punished, except that one brigadier, in a passion, shot down two of his men out of hand, not so much for committing crimes as because one of them imprudently declared that they meant to keep at it.

But if the rough riders had no respect for their general's orders, neither had they any for their governor's comfort or dignity. That precious little man, whom they had for six weeks carried along at the head of the main column, in all the glory of a four-horse ambulance, complained bitterly to Price, in front of Jefferson City, the capital he had come to possess, that the plunder was so complete and the management so bad that he could not even get shoes for his horses; and he said, in extremity of grief, that "the wholesale pillage of horses and mules, as of goods generally in the vicinity of the army, has made it impossible for me to obtain anything by purchase. In fact, in an expedition designed to re-establish the rightful government of Missouri, the Governor of the State cannot even purchase a horse or a blanket, while stragglers and camp-followers are enriching themselves by plundering the defenceless families of our own soldiers in the Confederate service."

After a time Price gave up even the reiteration of his orders, and he seems to have considered it a defence, before the court of inquiry after the campaign, when his witnesses said that his men were largely recruits, conscripts, "absentees," and deserters, that they were officered by men of their own kind, were undisciplined, and that discipline was impossible with such a command. But that was when he was required to explain his crushing defeat.

When Price entered the State his organization and marching orders were elaborately complete. General Fagan, with the largest division, marched in the middle toward Pilot Knob, General Marmaduke on the right about ten miles distant, and General Shelby at the same distance on the left.

Each column took in the towns and villages within its reach, occasionally driving out or destroying a small party of militia, converged at Fredericktown, and moved on to the front of Pilot Knob, where they halted the night of September 26th.

The next day was to witness Price's first engagement and his humiliating defeat, and on the Union side one of the most brilliant achievements of the war.

BATTLE OF PILOT KNOB.

Pilot Knob is 86 miles southwest of St. Louis. It was then the terminus of the Iron Mountain railroad from St. Louis, a central depot for military supplies for southeast Missouri, and the site of large and very important ironworks. The chief defence was an earthwork called Fort Davidson, which was simply a large bastion, then mounting four siege guns and three large howitzers. It stood in a rounded plain or basin, surrounded except on the northwest by steep hills five or six hundred feet high. Field guns planted on any of these hills could fire directly into the fort, and there were no bomb-proofs. From the east hills a creek ran westward across the plain 500 yards south of the fort and then turned to the northwest. Along the east side of this stream was the road to Potosi, a post 20 miles north. A

curtain of rifle pits ran out on the east and west sides of the fort, facing southward. Directly south of the fort was a gap between two of the hills, through which came the road from the south, the way the enemy would be expected to come.

The night of September 24th Rosecrans heard that Price was nearing Pilot Knob. He directed Brigadier-General Thomas Ewing, Jr., then commanding the District of St. Louis, which included Pilot Knob, to take one brigade of Smith's division and patrol and garrison the railroad. Ewing was busy in these duties, the morning of the 26th, forty miles north of Pilot Knob, when scouts reported the enemy at Fredericktown, twenty miles southeast of it. He took five companies of the 14th Iowa Infantry, veterans, and went down to Pilot Knob by rail. He found Major Wilson, of the State Militia, in command, gathering his men from small posts in the district and preparing for defence. Wilson has got together eight companies from different regiments of volunteers, raw troops who had just been enlisted, eight companies of the State Militia, seven of them mounted and one dismounted, one battery of field guns and two mortars. With these and the 14th Iowa detachment, Ewing could number 1051 officers and men. He at once organized all into a defensive force, and also armed and organized the men employed in the quartermaster and commissary departments, with some citizens, so that, altogether, he had a mixed lot of about 1200 to hold the fort.

A reconnoitring force, sent out as soon as Ewing arrived, returned within a few hours, reporting the rebel advance not far beyond Ironton, a village two miles south of the fort; but it was yet uncertain whether it was part or all of Price's force. Ewing thereupon sent down to Ironton the four companies of the 14th Iowa and all his mounted men, the best half of his command, under Major Wilson, to feel of the enemy and if possible drive him back. This was apparently successful, but it turned out that only Price's advance had been met. During the night Wilson

had to retire to Ironton, and at daybreak he was pushed back to the gap, which he then attempted to hold.

Ewing's orders had been to hold the fort against any mere detachment, and to evacuate if the main army of the rebels should appear; but he could not yet learn the numbers of those advancing; there were large quantities of supplies at the post; the ironworks were of great importance, and there would be great advantages in delaying the enemy two or three days and in making a stubborn fight. To gain these advantages and to develop the plans of the enemy by conflict Ewing determined to hold on.

And then this bold young general, who came from the State where in those days generals grew, and who was schooled in Kansas where, a little earlier, men learned the courage of their convictions, performed one of the most brilliant deeds of the war, without a parallel unless it be in Corse's defence of Allatoona.

It was not, indeed, Price's whole force that was advancing upon him, but the two divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke, with ten guns, numbering nine or ten thousand. The third division, Shelby's, had been sent, by a westward circuit, to strike the railroad twenty miles north of the fort, which was successfully done, and thus General Smith was prevented from reinforcing or communicating with Ewing.

Ewing directed Wilson to hold the gap by fighting at the southern end, and if overpowered to fall back along the hillside, so as to be out of the range of the fort guns. Wilson resisted long and obstinately. Marmaduke tried to flank him by going westward around or over the western hill, but as soon as his men appeared they were picked off by skirmishers and broken up by the howitzers in the fort. Then a larger force was pushed into the gap along the hill-sides, and Wilson was driven back; but all the guns of the fort could be turned in that direction, which was done, and the gap was again cleared and again seized by Wilson.

For an hour now no further attempt was made. Then Price advanced his entire force, covering the gap and the

hills on both sides, and Ewing's men retired to the fort. The rifle pits were manned, supported by two of the field guns, and a plenty of canister was supplied to the guns in the fort, to sweep the plain. The lines of the enemy were seen coming down the slopes of the two hills in front. On the west hill they had planted four guns within 800 yards of the fort, and were getting its range and dropping shell into it.

Under cover of this fire, Price ordered an assault. Each of his two division generals present had urged the assault and had assured Price that he could with his division take the fort within a few minutes. Marmaduke's line was formed near the foot of the west hill, facing the southwest front of the fort, and Fagan's near the foot of the east hill, facing the southeast front. There were six brigades and several unattached commands in these lines, a seventh brigade having been sent, mounted, round the west hill and across the creek to the Potosi road, to cut off retreat in that direction. Fagan's line was more or less broken by the necessity of moving through the village of Pilot Knob, and Marmaduke's by the ravines, rocks, and fallen trees in his way; but they advanced steadily.

With canister and shell Ewing swept the slopes, and when the lines reached the plain his muskets had easy and destructive range. Marmaduke's men would not stand it. When they reached the creek and found they were sheltered in its dry bed they stuck there. Only a part went further and hardly a hundred approached the ditch under the fort. Then the survivors turned and fled, and, getting again into the dry creek, they hugged that safe position until after dark.

Fagan's men did better. They moved up with fine courage, though harassed and disordered by a few companies which obstinately occupied several positions of advantage in succession and retired only when the muskets in the fort and east rifle pits could open at short range. Then they made a rush for the ditch and the advance reached it, but they too then lost heart and fled, leaving the plain covered with dead and wounded.

Meantime Fagan's mounted brigade, which had flanked the fort on the west and taken the Potosi road, moved down from the north, but was met by a sortie and fierce attack from the rifle pits and driven off. Desultory firing followed in front, at long range, for an hour, and night closed the conflict.

Ewing now found that Price himself was there, with two of his divisions, and that Shelby's third division was between him and St. Louis. He believed he had been attacked by 12,000 men with ten guns, and these numbers were not much beyond the truth. But he did not know that Price had sent north for Shelby's division to aid in the next assault, nor that Shelby, without receiving the order, was already moving down by night. He was expected to come by the Potosi road, a movement which would have cut off Ewing's retreat, but it happened that he followed the railroad, on a line parallel with the Potosi road and a few miles east of it. Ewing had lost a full quarter of his men, had but 900 left, and these were worn by two days' strenuous efforts, one whole day in fighting.

He saw that fighting outside the fort was hopeless, and he felt sure that daylight would find all the enemy's guns planted on the hillsides, firing directly into the fort. His last news of General Smith's forces was that two regiments were at Mineral Point, near Potosi, twenty-three miles north, but Shelby had cut the telegraph line and the railroad. He determined to evacuate. It was the only chance to escape surrender or destruction.

On the Potosi road the enemy had had no guns and only the mounted brigade which had been driven off. Ewing hoped that it had left the road or that he could evade it or, if necessary, drive it again. At any rate it was the only road or pass not found heavily guarded. To add to his troubles a great fire at the neighboring ironworks, burning a vast pile of charcoal, lighted up the fort and valley like noonday.

But nothing could daunt this splendid soldier. He sent out scouting parties to clear the village and the valley of

any straggling or reconnoitring rebels, and kept his chain of pickets alert; and, to diminish the chances of discovery, he did not begin preparations till midnight. Then he had his men busy, filling knapsacks, haversacks, and cartridge boxes, and piling on or near the magazine all the materials he could not take away but which the rebels might. At three o'clock, the infantry, led by Colonel Fletcher, of the 47th Missouri, afterward governor of Missouri, moved out into the ditch and through the upper rifle pit, and formed in a deep shadow. The cavalry and guns went over the drawbridge, after covering it with tents and soft stuff to prevent noise. Some one was left to make sure of the firing of the magazine before daybreak.

Now the forlorn column took the road and moved as fast as could be done quietly. The fires of a camp were seen on the right and another on the left, but not a rebel was met.

There is a romantic tale told by Confederate officers since the war, to explain their failure to watch this road. It is the old story of the impressionable young brigadier and the fascinating lady who wiles him and his staff away from their posts, to a feast in her mansion, until the plans of her friends succeed. There was in fact a brigade of Arkansans, commanded by Colonel Dobbin, directed to hold this road; but whether it was the deceitfulness of woman or only commonplace neglect of duty that caused his failure I do not know.

Ewing pushed his column more and more rapidly. Ten miles away, before the day broke, he heard the explosion of the magazine, and knew that if a pursuit was not already begun it would soon begin. He sent a party across the country, to reach the troops at Mineral Point and have them march down to meet him, but it had to return with the report that these regiments had fallen back toward St. Louis and that Shelby had taken Potosi. Ewing at once turned off westward, on the road to Rolla. Shelby had in fact halted on the Potosi road, only a few miles ahead, and was waiting for Ewing to appear.

At sundown this plucky little column had made thirty-one miles from Pilot Knob. But both Shelby and Marmaduke were closing up in pursuit with their men mounted. Learning that the further road to Rolla was mostly open and easily attacked by cavalry, Ewing now turned off to the northeast, toward Harrison, thirty-five miles distant, and marched all night. He meant to gain the advantage of a road which ran for many miles along the side of a steep ridge, where his column could not be flanked. In the morning, just after the ridge was reached, the enemy's advance charged upon the rear, but Ewing kept his veterans and two guns there, and it was impracticable to flank him. Repeated attempts to break the rear were made, and fighting went on all day. Near Harrison the country became open and the whole command had to be kept fighting in rear and on both flanks. But night came to their relief and they got into Harrison. The horses were sheltered in a railway cut and the men posted behind barricades of railway ties and buildings, where they received and repulsed another assault.

Now a train of cars appeared from St. Louis, carrying stores to Rolla. Ewing turned out the goods and put in his men, but before he could move he saw that the stations nearest Harrison, on both sides, were burning. He took the men off the cars and spent the night fortifying.

At daybreak the enemy appeared in force, and held their position all day, but did not assault until night, when again they failed. But they maintained a constant fire from skirmish lines, while Ewing kept all the men possible at work in strengthening his defences. All that night too was devoted to this work, though there were frequent harassing alarms. Saturday morning Price showed larger forces and drew in nearer, with an incessant skirmish fire. Every moment an assault was expected. Ewing had sent to Rolla and Franklin, the nearest posts, and to St. Louis, for help, but no word came back to him. Suddenly, early in the afternoon, the rebels withdrew from the front, and two hours later 500 men of the 17th Illinois Cavalry rode

in from Rolla. There was still a night's march before Ewing's devoted band, but there was no more fighting, and the next day it was safe under the guns at Rolla.

Seven days these stubborn fellows had been "on the jump," as they say in the west, three days and nights they had marched, covering nearly 100 miles, three days and nights they had been fighting and fortifying, always against many times their number, and all with no thought in the mind of their fearless and indefatigable leader except that of compelling success. One third of his men were lost, but for these the enemy had had to pay four or five for one. At Pilot Knob alone Price's killed and wounded were reported by the post-surgeon there at over 1500.

To the unfortunate Price it must have seemed that he had struck a tiger, but to those of us who have had the privilege of knowing General Ewing he was not a tiger at all, but a gentle, kindly man, a lofty, unyielding patriot.

It was a disastrous day for Price. Of course he tried to minimize it in his official report, but it stands out in his court of inquiry; and it is plain enough in the records that it changed his mind and his plans and was a serious blow to his confidence of the success of his campaign.

He marched on toward St. Louis, but when within forty miles he turned to the left, sent a brigade to take Washington, a small town on the Missouri, forty miles from St. Louis, and then moved west upon Jefferson City. He reports that he had learned that the defences of St. Louis were so strong that it would not be prudent to attack them; and so he easily abandoned that first great goal of his campaign and set out for the second,—the capture of the State capital. His men were very active, making extra marches, capturing small posts, sometimes by assault, sometimes without, breaking up the Pacific railroad, then in construction, burning bridges, plundering towns and farms, and making a wide swath of desolation. On October 4th he passed the Gasconade River, after some resistance by the militia, but at the Osage River, twelve miles from Jefferson City, and at the Moreau, six miles, he met some experienced

troops and had to fight hard, suffering severely and losing, among other officers, one of his best brigadiers, Colonel Shanks. The next day, October 7th, he appeared before Jefferson City with all his force.

The care of Generals Rosecrans and Smith had been chiefly for St. Louis. Smith had withdrawn his infantry to the north of the Meramec, within ten miles of the city. Now he marched west toward Washington, and such other troops as were available were sent up the Missouri on boats. The scattered parts of Sanborn's division of the militia cavalry were hurried toward Jefferson City, and managed to concentrate there before the investment was complete, though not without a sharp brush with Price's left. General Clinton B. Fisk had been ordered to take command at Jefferson City, and by the time Price appeared he had gathered a heterogeneous body of over 7000 men, about half being Sanborn's militia cavalry and the remainder enrolled militia, unorganized volunteers, stray detachments, and citizens. But there was a good line of entrenchments, and he manned them with the dismounted militia cavalry, as being the most experienced troops, holding the others in reserve, but keeping them busy digging more rifle pits.

Price's great fault was slowness. He spent all of October 7th in drawing up his lines and exchanging useless artillery fire with Fisk. During the night his movements indicated a complete investment, but in the morning, after threatening an attack on Fisk's right, he withdrew, and a reconnaissance disclosed that he was marching to the west. Sanborn's cavalry was immediately mounted and set to work harassing the rear. He moved his brigades on the different roads taken by Price's divisions, and kept them all occupied in petty fighting till Boonville was reached.

Price says he had information that there were 15,000 Union troops at Jefferson City and 24,000 more moving upon him from St. Louis a report two or three times as great as the fact. But his experience at Pilot Knob was probably the secret spring of his present caution. It would be a long time before he could again get his wild riders to

assault earthworks. So, as he had easily given up his first great object of taking St. Louis upon an extravagant report of its strength which he made no effort to verify, so now he did the same thing at the State capital, his one other grand goal.

What the thoughts and the language of the crushed Governor Reynolds were as he rode away from the capital and the official mansion he had so long coveted and so long labored to reach, from which he was now separated only by some intrenchments and militia, without striking a blow, probably no man could adequately tell. Certain papers which he wrote two months later, though showing heroic attempts at restraint, are yet lurid in meaning.

THE ATTEMPT UPON KANSAS.

In his official report Price keeps up a pretence that after he left Jefferson City he was still seeking the proclaimed objects of his campaign, and he talks of the people rallying to his standard, the gathering of recruits, and the capture of arms and ammunition for them; but within a few days he decided that he would not be able to protect and feed so many, and that anyhow there were not enough arms to be had. He shows that he now considered his march as simply a big raid, the goal of which was Kansas. Afterthoughts are sometimes in striking contrast to forethoughts.

There was nothing to be got in Kansas which could not be got more plentifully and more easily in Missouri, and retreat southward through Missouri would be easier and safer than through Kansas. The real motive of a march through Kansas, a free State which had not yet seen a Confederate campaign, may reasonably be guessed.

Major-General Curtis, commanding the Department of Kansas, had suspected from the beginning that Price had Kansas in mind, and before Price reached Missouri he was busily engaged in preparing to defend Kansas against him. He collected his troops from distant points in the Indian country, called upon the governor of Kansas to turn out the militia, and got into an active correspondence with

Rosecrans and other general officers in Missouri. By the time Price reached Jefferson City Curtis had his forces gathered and organized near Kansas City. He had about 5000 U. S. volunteer cavalry, nearly all being Kansas regiments under General Blunt, about the same number of Kansas militia under General Deitzler, and thirty field guns, mostly small howitzers.

Meantime the pursuit from St. Louis was kept up, but for ten days it was infantry following cavalry. General Smith was too prudent to move his infantry far from St. Louis as long as Price threatened that place, but Price's march was clearly westward. Smith set out after him. The destruction of bridges and some uncertainty as to Price's movements, however, caused delays, so that Smith did not reach Jefferson City until October 13th, five days after Price's departure.

Mower's division of Smith's command was still more unlucky. It had been sent from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis on boats, and on the 9th, still in the boats, it moved on up the Missouri River, ordered to Jefferson City; but the water was low and the sand-bars numerous, and these brigades did not reach Jefferson City until the 15th and 18th, when Smith and the other division were seventy miles further west and moving. Mower landed and set out to join by forced marches, making twenty-five miles a day and one day thirty-three. They did finally join on the border of Kansas, but both divisions had to see that their heroic efforts were wasted. They were one day behind the preliminary engagement and seventy miles behind the decisive battle. They were halted and rested, and then returned to St. Louis.

Winslow's cavalry, which had marched with Mower through Arkansas, had a different experience. It also went from Cape Girardeau to St. Louis on boats, but was stopped at St. Louis long enough for reclothing and for shoeing and replacing horses, and on October 11th marched for Jefferson City.

It reached there on the 16th, and found itself under

the orders of Major-General Pleasanton. He had been a conspicuous cavalry commander in the Army of the Potomac, and was now in charge of one of the districts of the Department of Missouri.

His present orders were to organize all the cavalry in the campaign into a provisional division, and to operate in conjunction with Smith's infantry. He effected an organization in four brigades, three of them being Sanborn's militia cavalry already spoken of, commanded by Generals Sanborn, Brown, and McNeil, and the fourth Winslow's. Winslow's brigade had been diminished by detachment and casualties until it now numbered about 1200. It was composed of detachments from the 2d and 3d Iowa, 4th and 10th Missouri, and 7th Indiana, all of them old regiments. With Sanborn's militia, the division contained about 5500 men. The militia brigades had each a section of artillery, but there were no guns with Winslow's brigade. The most of Winslow's men, however, had the Spencer carbine.

On the 10th Price had occupied Boonville, on the Missouri, sixty miles above Jefferson City, with Sanborn's cavalry harassing him flank and rear. He reports that he captured at Boonville a lot of arms and received 1200 to 1500 recruits. He sent detachments in all directions to get arms and ammunition, to destroy railways, steamboats, and other property, some of them under murderous guerilla chiefs who were not officers of his army; and he sent two generals and three brigades to capture Glasgow, a small town on the north bank of the river defended by Colonel Chester Harding, who, on his way down the river, happened to stop there the day before with 600 men but no artillery. After an obstinate resistance of eight hours, and driven to the last position of defence, Harding surrendered, and Price got 500 prisoners and about 1000 small arms. The stores for which the enemy had come Harding had destroyed. This was the most important success of Price in the whole campaign.

Then he moved on toward Lexington and reached it on

the 19th. Lexington is on the Missouri, about 150 miles northwest from Jefferson City. General Curtis had already sent General Blunt from Kansas City, with his division of volunteers, to meet Price. The Kansas militia had refused to leave their State. General Blunt reached Lexington on the 18th, and waited one day for news of the militia which he still hoped would be sent to reinforce him. Price promptly attacked him, and, having heavier artillery and a country easy for flanking, drove him back toward Kansas City. Blunt retreated until he reached the Little Blue River, a stream flowing north to the Missouri, twenty miles east from Kansas City. The west bank of this river is bold and rough, and Blunt undertook to defend it. But, unfortunately, under conflicting orders he first moved the greater part of his force to Independence, ten miles further west, and then returned it to the Little Blue. Meantime Price's advance arrived and forced the crossing, and then with continuous fighting Blunt was driven back to Independence. From this place he retreated by night westward to the west bank of the Big Blue River, where he found Curtis busily engaged constructing defences. This was the night of October 21st. Curtis had induced the Kansas militia to cross the border for operations in the vicinity of Kansas City, and the Big Blue was only five miles from that place.

Pleasanton was all this time following Price with the militia cavalry, striking his rear and flanks as opportunity offered, but deferring any serious engagement until the arrival of Winslow's brigade. Winslow, on leaving Jefferson City, had marched by the most direct route toward Kansas City, instead of following the course of the river as Price and Pleasanton had done. He was frequently delayed in crossing streams where the bridges had been destroyed, but the last two days he made seventy-five miles, reaching Independence in the afternoon of October 22d.

Here Pleasanton was found, his front being then engaged with Price's rear, just west of the town. There had

been a great opportunity, for Curtis had met Price's advance at the Big Blue, five miles ahead, and resisted the passage. Between the two forces Price ought to have been hurt; but for some reason action was not vigorous enough, and Price crossed the river at Byram's Cord. His first division was over and moving toward Kansas City, six miles distant.

Pleasanton, who had, practically, been waiting for days to get Winslow's experienced troopers in his front, now immediately ordered the brigade into action; and without stopping at Independence it rode on to the front. The 3d Iowa, being the head of the column, drove in the enemy's rear guard and with the aid of the 10th Missouri, which made a vigorous dash upon his right, compelled Marmaduke who commanded the division, to dismount and face a new enemy, while he slowly yielded. Night came on, but Winslow pressed forward, with occasional volleys, and crowded Marmaduke into the river, though not then aware of that effect. Marmaduke's report shows that he was in great trouble during the night between the necessities of constant defence at short range and of crossing the river in darkness. But, as the hills at this point are on the east side of the river and precipitous, there was no reaching the ford with artillery, and Marmaduke got over before morning.

Price now faced about and formed his whole command for battle. His belief was that Smith had come up with a large body of veteran infantry and cavalry. Shelby's division was his left wing, at Westport, facing north on Kansas City, Marmaduke's the right wing, facing east on the Big Blue, and Fagan's the centre, on the Independence road. Curtis had fallen back before him and was in position with his right on the Kansas State line, facing south, in front of Shelby, and his left facing east in front of Fagan. This left Pleasanton on the east bank of the Big Blue, in front of Marmaduke, who held the west bank, five miles from Curtis and separated from him not only by Marmaduke's division, but also, practically, by Fagan's.

Pleasanton was thus attacking Price's right wing, while Curtis held his left and centre.

The militia cavalry of Sanborn and Winslow's brigade gave Pleasanton here a force of about 5500, while Curtis had a motley command of 12,000 to 15,000, composed of Blunt's Kansas cavalry, a division of Kansas militia, many small detachments of various kinds hurried in from various posts, and many armed citizens; but he had no time for careful organization or careful dispositions.

BATTLES OF THE BIG BLUE AND WESTPORT.

At the earliest light on the 23d Winslow moved on toward the Big Blue, and Pleasanton added one of the Missouri brigades to his command. This was General Brown's, now under Colonel Phillips. The enemy began to throw shell from a low plateau 500 yards west of the river. Winslow ordered Phillips to take his brigade through the ford and move by the left around the right of this position, while he sent one battalion of the 4th Iowa, dismounted, to wade across on his own right and drive off the enemy's skirmishers. Two guns were opened on the enemy to cover these movements. Both crossings were made under sharp fire, with some loss, and the remainder of Winslow's brigade then crossed easily, quickly dismounted, and charged Marmaduke's position in front. Marmaduke ought to have held on, having his whole division there, but a second charge broke him, and he moved off rapidly to the west. Unfortunately, at the moment of success, Winslow was severely wounded in the leg. He attempted to continue the command in the saddle and then in an ambulance, but was compelled to give up.

Marmaduke's lively imagination led him to report of this affair that he was "attacked with great fierceness by an overwhelming force and after a most strenuous resistance had to fall back before the foe," none of which was true except the falling back. He must have had twice the numbers of the attacking force and certainly had twice as many guns.

But, though this was not a great battle, it was highly important in its results. While it was going on Curtis and Blunt were fighting a bigger and hotter battle with Shelby and Fagan. All the forenoon they were bitterly struggling with Kansas City for the stake, sometimes one driving the other back and sometimes yielding a mile or so.

It was in this battle that Price first made his novel use of unarmed men. He had about 3000 in a brigade under a Colonel Charles H. Tyler. He held them in line within view of his enemy, more or less under fire, and with a line of armed skirmishers in front. Of course they moved from time to time, as the action required, to make a show of numbers.

The losses were heavy on both sides, but before noon the rebels suddenly ceased to attack, and soon were seen mounted and moving rapidly southward over the prairie. This was due to Marmaduke's defeat by Winslow, which had broken off Price's right flank, and compelled him to withdraw his whole force. And the next blow of Winslow's brigade turned this movement into a rapid retreat.

When Marmaduke was driven off Pleasanton moved Sanborn's and McNeil's brigades across the river and sent them directly westward, in column of companies, converging with Price's march southward from Westport. Sanborn, in advance, struck the left of Shelby's division on a prairie, and there was another fight. As Shelby *had* to get out he was ugly, and Sanborn's brigade was roughly handled and thrust aside.

Winslow's brigade had now come under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick W. Benteen, of the 10th Missouri Cavalry, a remarkably fine officer, who afterward distinguished himself in the regular army in many campaigns against the Indians. As the brigade had been relieved by the other brigades after the defeat of Marmaduke and was under no orders, Colonel Benteen sent the men into a large cornfield to feed their horses. While the horses were feeding the noise of battle to the west was heard, and presently both sides in the conflict appeared over a swell of the

prairie. It was Shelby pressing back Sanborn and McNeil. Seeing now in the cornfield still another enemy, Shelby's gunners began to throw shells.

Benteen did not wait for news or orders. His trumpeter sounded *To horse!* and quickly the brigade was out of the field, formed in column of companies on the open prairie. Half a mile in front, along a low swell of the prairie, was the enemy's line, with two guns firing, but firing too high. Nothing between but the tall light grass.

Forward! rang out from a score of bugles, followed by *Trot!* and then *Gallop!* Shelby now had four guns throwing shot as fast as possible, but there was little time for that, and the range was high. His small arms rattled with desperate speed, and the air was thick with smoke in his front, but not a shot was fired from the advancing column. No sound from them but the scream of bugles and the pounding feet of their galloping horses. As one man they rode, without check or waver, like Fate rushing upon her victim. Within 200 yards Benteen ordered *On the left into line!* and then *Charge!* the bugles screamed. Rarely has there been a scene like that. Benteen meant to break the line first and fight afterward.

But the enemy would not stand it. Before they were reached they broke and fled in the utmost precipitation, scattering widely toward the south, fighting more or less as individuals, but mostly trying to escape only. The brigade was recalled, formed, and pursued four miles, until the rebels gained the cover of a range of wooded hills behind a rocky creek. General Curtis then appeared, with Blunt and the Kansas cavalry. Curtis was superior in rank to Pleasanton, and he took command of both forces and went into bivouac.

It was clear now that Price's only course must be a retreat south to the Arkansas River, but there was some confusion of counsel as to whether pursuit should be made, and Curtis did not make a start until the next day. He had Blunt's division and Pleasanton's, together about 9000 cavalry, with twelve or fifteen light guns. Price had as

many guns and more men, but he had lost a large part of his best men, and a mass of green recruits or conscripts and unarmed men encumbered rather than aided him. He persisted in keeping up a long train, and he had been marching nearly two months. He was not at all as strong as he looked; but Curtis was cautious.

At ten A.M. on the 24th the column set out in pursuit, with Blunt in front. The way led over wild prairie, directly south, in Missouri but near the Kansas border. No attempt to check was made by Price, except by burning the prairie grass, which was not effective, and the pursuers rode sixty-four miles without stopping, except to feed the horses and make coffee. Then, at four in the morning, Price's rear was struck at the river Osage or Marais des Cygnes. The ford was deep and miry, the enemy had been all night crossing, and his rear was still on the north side. Two low hills or "mounds" covered the ford and were defended. It was very dark and raining. As soon as there was light enough the hill on the right was taken by the 4th Iowa, in a dismounted rush, while the other hill fell to another regiment, and the rebels not yet over the river were captured, with a lot of loaded wagons and one gun. Meantime Colonel Benteen had found the river fordable farther up, and a part of the division crossed there. All were over by ten o'clock. General Blunt's division was far behind.

BATTLE OF MINE CREEK.

The rain had ceased, the sun shone brilliantly, the air was bracing, and the scene was again a great prairie. Benteen's brigade was the last of Pleasanton's division to leave the river, but within a few miles it passed two of the Missouri brigades. The third one, Phillips's, was still ahead.

As Price could not be far in advance, the formation was in column of companies. At about twelve o'clock the advanced skirmishers reported the enemy halted. Benteen moved his command forward at a trot, and, on reaching the crest of one of the prairie ridges, saw what appeared to be the whole of Price's army. It was in fact the two

divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke, the division of Shelby, with Price and the train, being then five or six miles further south.

A marshy little stream called Mine Creek was the immediate cause of the halt. It had been very troublesome to the rebels, though they had been using two crossings. Fagan and Marmaduke had got perhaps a third of their men over, when they saw that they must turn and fight. They formed in two lines, mounted, with the creek at their backs. There were four guns in battery at the middle of the line and two at each end. Marmaduke's division was the right wing and Fagan's the left. On the south side of the creek was another lesser line with two guns. There must have been 6000 men in these lines. Small trees were scattered along the stream, but all the rest on all sides was open prairie.

Phillips's brigade was seen half a mile further back and on the right, but neither of the other Missouri brigades was in sight. Benteen saw at once the bad position of the enemy in relation to the creek. He sent an officer at high speed to Phillips, to tell him that he was going to charge and begging him to join. He did not wait for other troops to come up, nor even for orders from Pleasanton, who was in the rear. He threw his men into column of regiments, the 10th Missouri in front, the 4th Iowa second, the 3d Iowa third, and the small detachments of the 4th Missouri and 8th Indiana last. He had now about 1100 men. He took the right of the advanced regiment and ordered *Trot!* and *Gallop!* intending to charge in column of regiments. The enemy was only musket range distant, and was already firing. Benteen's regiment in front, the 10th Missouri, suddenly balked, and checked all those behind. Benteen then ordered *Charge!* and put himself in the lead. The regiment braced up and moved again, but only enough to clear the confusion in the rear. It was unaccountable, for these were men of long experience and many battles. Benteen rode out full in the front, his hat gone, his long hair flying, his sword swinging about his head, his face white

with anger and his voice roaring *Charge!* with fierce profanity. Phillips's brigade had also started forward, but had already halted, and began firing on the rebel left at long range.

The commander of the 4th Iowa happened to be the genius for this awkward situation. He was Major Pierce, a long, clumsy Yankee, who had never been specially distinguished, and was never supposed to possess military ability. Seeing Benteen's difficulty, he galloped to the left of his own regiment, which, because of its larger numbers, projected to the left of the regiment in front the length of about two companies. That is, between these two companies and the enemy there was a free field.

Major Pierce had a great scheme in his head. He ordered his own regiment forward from the left in column of fours, and as the column drew out around the left of the advanced regiment, he placed himself at its head, ordered *Trot!—Gallop!—Charge!"* and rode right at the rebel line. His column struck near its right flank and went through like a cannon-ball. The remainder of the brigade at once followed up the charge, and almost before it could be told the whole of Marmaduke's division was in hopeless confusion and Fagan's breaking. Phillips then brought his brigade up in a charge against Fagan, and the rout of the whole force was complete. Within a few minutes, more than a thousand rebels were killed, wounded or captured, while Marmaduke and three brigade commanders, with five of the eight guns, were captured. Fagan tried to hold the remainder of the rebels on the south side of the creek, but his resistance was feeble, three more guns were lost, and the whole command galloped away across the prairie, with no appearance of order.

When a battle had appeared imminent reports had been sent on to Price, who was with Shelby's division, six miles ahead. By a singular irony of fate Price was at that moment engaged with Shelby in planning an attack upon the town of Fort Scott, a few miles beyond, which was garrisoned by a small force and contained large

supplies. But now he ordered Shelby's division back to the support of Marmaduke and Fagan, and he rode with it himself. His shock and distress may be imagined when he met the flying fragments of the two divisions, without guns and without order. He describes them as in "utter and indescribable confusion, many having thrown away their arms, deaf to all entreaties and commands, and in vain all efforts to rally them." He let them all go and turned to Shelby, his last hope. But Shelby never lost his head, and the men who followed him were dare-devils. With characteristic courage he undertook to save the day. He occupied several advantageous positions in succession, only falling back under attack, and thus protecting the broken divisions and saving the train until nightfall.

The victorious cavalymen dropped upon the grass and fell asleep holding their bridles, too tired to care whether there was fire or food. In three days they had gone nearly 100 miles, had fought five battles, and had had little sleep, the last night none.

The next morning, more tired than ever and stiff with cold, they dragged into Fort Scott, where they had plenty of food and fire, and were allowed a day's rest.

It was the end of Price. He redoubled his efforts to get away. He destroyed the greater part of his train, abandoned all things not of stern necessity, closed up the remainder of his command, and hurried into the mountain wilderness of southwest Missouri. General Blunt, with the Kansas cavalry, by forced marches, overtook his rear three days later and at once attacked, but Shelby's division held him back in a stubborn engagement until night and then withdrew.

A LONG PURSUIT.

That was the last seen of Price by the pursuing column, although the pursuit was kept up ten days longer. Winslow's brigade ought now to have been released and returned to its own army. In fact orders had already been issued by Sherman and Thomas to bring it into Tennessee to

join Thomas, then pitted against Hood. The Kansas and Missouri troops were more than enough to finish the work with Price. But Rosecrans made no effort to execute these orders, while Curtis directly ordered the brigade to go with him, and Colonel Benteen deemed it his duty to obey. So the Missouri troops, who had been in the field one month, were now all returned to their permanent camps, while Winslow's men, who had marched near a thousand miles to help them, and had been out two months, were now sent on into the wilderness for a third month.

The road led through the Ozarks of southwest Missouri, the Boston Mountains of northwest Arkansas and Indian Territory, to the Arkansas River, beyond Tahlequah, the Indian capital. The weather became very bad, storms of rain and snow alternating with hard freezing. Rations were cut down and finally disappeared. For ten days there were no commissary supplies. Corn meal and flour were picked up in small lots by foragers, apples were found, and there was on some days a scanty supply of beef from cattle that had been dropped out of Price's herds. But the horses suffered more. Very little corn was found, the snow covered the grass, and for two or three days they could eat only twigs and such dry grass as was tall enough to rise above the snow.

In the afternoon of November 7th, the advance of the pursuing column reached the Arkansas River. The last of the enemy had got over a few hours before. But their numbers had sadly dwindled. Hundreds and thousands had deserted, and Price crossed the river with only a few thousand men and three or four guns.

This was the farthest point of pursuit proposed by any of the several generals who issued orders for this badly managed campaign. But an order was now received from Halleck, directing whoever might be in command to release Winslow's brigade at once and send it to Nashville, where Thomas was straining every nerve to meet Hood.

That night the little brigade lay down in their blankets on the bank of the Arkansas in this wilderness, without any supper, and were again covered by a deep snow. But the

morning was the 8th of November, election day—"McClellan and peace at any price" against "Lincoln and the vigorous prosecution of the war." They could not make their vote official, but the Iowa men went through the forms and voted unanimously for "Lincoln and the vigorous prosecution of the war." And they *had* "prosecuted the war" so vigorously in this campaign that from that time until Kirby Smith surrendered there was no march of the enemy and no fighting other than small bushwhacking in Missouri or Arkansas.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF GEORGE H. THOMAS.

READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD, U. S. A.,
MAY 4, 1904.

BIRTH.

THE Welsh people have for a long time been a source of mystery and wonderment to scholars. It is now shown that they were veritable Celts; and we know that Celt means a weapon made of stone or hard metal. What might we not expect of such a people?

These Celts were named Welsh (Welsh signifies alien) because they would not be conquered by Angles, Danes, Saxons, Normans, or Romans, and were consequently alien to them all. Little by little, however, they had to give way in old England; but they backed off like the Rock of Chicamauga, always believing in God, and always fighting, till they held their small Chattanooga-nook of Britain, from which neither they nor their language have ever been dislodged. A few of them do emigrate for the benefit of the rest of the world. One of these, a descendant, Thomas by name, settled in Southhampton, Virginia, and he had in him strength of mind, decision, probity, and the usual hardness of character that belongs to the Welshman. This was the father's side of George H. Thomas.

But nowadays wise men tell us that boys follow the mental calibre of the mother—the mother makes the man.

For three hundred years the Huguenots have battled for human rights. Theirs is the best blood that runs in human veins. It is gentle; it is enterprising; it is brave; it is persistent, it is pious. Such was the origin of the

mother, a *bona fide* French Huguenot-scion. Now we are prepared for the full effect of this primary historic statement—"George Henry Thomas was born in Southampton County, Virginia, on the 31st day of July, 1816. His father was Welsh and his mother of French Huguenot descent." The family had a goodly property, and so George might have lived upon its ample income; but, as one would naturally suppose, this was not to be suffered.

To beget in him a proper self-reliance and energy as a boy he was made to understand that after his school days he must lay the foundations of his own fortune. It was certainly a happy hereditary combination, the Welsh and the Huguenot: strength and gentleness, intelligence and enterprise, decision and piety, boldness and probity, the hardness of clear grit and persistency. Is it not better than a fortune to have this Welsh and Huguenot solidarity born in one?

BOYHOOD.

George H. Thomas, in many respects, is like a classic character of ancient history, whose deeds and words have wonderfully moved mankind, concerning whom little is known except deeds and words.

Thomas's boyhood passed almost without record. One of our popular writers one day said to me that he had a book entitled *A Diary of Napoleon by Napoleon's Friend*. The book gave lively pictures of Napoleon's daily unrecorded life. From its pages the writer said that he had gathered more information concerning Napoleon, and had a better view of the actual man, than could be obtained from any of the previously published historic accounts.

Like this writer, with a view of giving side-lights to the well-known character and work of Thomas, I have sought for incidents of his childhood and youth.

Finding by correspondence that two of his sisters were yet in Virginia, at or near the place of his birth, to one of them I addressed a letter in these words:

"GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, N. Y. H., April 12th, 1890.

"DEAR MISS THOMAS:

"Your good brother was my instructor in artillery at the military academy, and in later years I was on duty with him a great deal.

"Recently I have been asked to write an article upon his life and character. Now if you or your sister would write me any incidents you can remember about him, I shall be very grateful. Boys usually show their traits of character early. When he became a man, he exhibited firmness and great patience, confidence in his friends, and quick forgiveness to any one who, having injured him, expressed sorrow for it. He was such a thorough gentleman always that his family have reason to be proud of him, as doubtless you are. Hoping that your good sister and yourself will be willing to help me, I am,

"Very truly yours,

"OLIVER O. HOWARD,

"Major-General, U. S. Army.

"Miss J. E. Thomas, near Newsom's Depot,

"Southampton, Virginia."

Miss Thomas was kind enough simply to return my letter, on the back of which she wrote:

"GENERAL HOWARD: In answer to your inquiry respecting the character of the late General Thomas, I can only inform you that he was as all other boys are who are well born and well reared."

But that was all.

A gentleman of about Thomas's age, and who attended school with him, says, "He was a lad of few words and of an excellent spirit." A black man, a Howard University student by the name of Scott, while teaching a colored school near Southampton, gathered some words of another black man, named Artise. Artise was 80 years old. He knew our hero as a little boy. He says, "George was playful as a kitten when a boy, and seemed to love the negro-quarters more than he did the great house. Many times he would obtain things out of the great house for us negro boys, his playmates." The old man further avers: "George was the dearest lover of sugar, and at times would hook it

and give it to the boys for catching coons and possums. At the age of going to school he would try to teach them, at night, what he learned at school in the day, and all this without his parents' orders."

Artise added that he, "Massa Thomas," as he always called him, "at the time he returned from the Mexico war, brought all the slaves at home new suits of clothes for Sunday wear, and did [then] teach them the word of God." Teacher Scott represents old Artise as a queer genius. Artise imagines that he will see "Massa" Thomas again on earth before he dies; yes, sometime again in the old Southampton County, where he once was. He often dreams of "Massa" Thomas and himself as boys again, together in the pasture field under the big tree there, playing church.

Here then we find a few simple sketches: a healthful boy, well reared; a lad of quick perception, but, like Moses, of few words; and, like David, of ruddy countenance and of excellent heart. He was joyous and full of condescension. In the slave time, when the "mine and thine" were not so distinctly marked as to-day, Thomas's foraging for the little negroes was rather of the benevolent kind than like that of later days in Tennessee! Sugar, it appears, was good for coons and possums as well as for soldiers. His sympathy for the blacks, thus early shown by bringing them knowledge, clothing, and lastly the Divine Word, was certainly remarkable, and a step or two, at least, ahead of his white neighbors.

YOUTH.

There was a private school, of the higher grade, in Southampton, called the Southampton Academy. Here our youth passed through the usual curriculum and received his diploma.

Very soon after his graduation he entered the law office of James Rochelle, Esq., his mother's brother.

Thomas told this anecdote of himself, which was illustrative of two traits of character, and demonstrated that he was markedly practical and decidedly persistent—the

experiment probably was made during a school vacation: He says that the notion came to him, as he was thinking of mechanical constructions, to make, as one would in chemistry, some practical tests. He began with the saddle. Every day he went to the saddler's shop and watched the operatives; how each part was cut out and prepared, and how the parts were put together. He then went home to try his knowledge, and very soon succeeded in finishing a saddle himself.

Again watching closely a cabinet-maker, and working as before, he became, in time, quite skilled in the construction of furniture. He pursued his practical mechanics in other directions till he acquired not only the ability to make, from leather, wood and the metals, many articles of use, but he formed the habit of that close observation which our old West Point professor, Mahan, used to denominate "common sense."

Chaplain Van Horn gives the beginning of his military career. He says: "The famous John Y. Mason, M. C. from Thomas's district, called to see his uncle, Mr. Rochelle, to tender through him a cadet appointment." Rochelle answered the offer thus: "Let us call the boy and ascertain what he thinks of the proposition." The boy did not fail to accept the offer; and so the whole current of his life was suddenly turned in a hitherto unexpected direction.

His letter of appointment to West Point came early enough for him to make the journey thither for the June examination of 1836.

Our General Johnson, of the Fourteenth Corps, who entered the Academy the year Thomas finished, doubtless hearing the story there, remarks that, "during his *plebe* year, he [Thomas] was subjected to the same trying ordeals [of hazing] through which his predecessors had passed, but he endured them all without murmur or complaint." But I think that the elevation of soul that Thomas must have acquired through sundry duckings, gridiron performances, and sore shins was extraordinary; for Johnson further avers that "when the next year his own turn came, he [Thomas] not

only would not haze the new cadets, but he gave the new *plebes* the benefit of his counsel and advice," and in this way secured to himself life-long friends. If anybody could do it, George H. Thomas could thus bring good out of evil. You could n't place him where he would not be a friend of the outraged and the oppressed.

We need not delay upon Academic life. It differed little from that of Sherman, Getty, Ewell, and other classmates. He had a fair preparation in his home training, academy and law studies. He was naturally a thorough student, and already, at the outset of cadet life, twenty years of age. Hence his standing of twelfth in a class of forty-two cadets, fairly gauges his scholarship; not a genius, but a young man of good mental powers. His fine health, his singular industry, his retention of what was once comprehended put him among the first quarter; and his unusual memory gave his instructors great satisfaction. It is remarked of him by his associates that he never lost the use of what he had once learned.

In June, 1840, he graduated and became a second lieutenant in the Regular Army; the 1st of September he joined the 3d Artillery at Governor's Island. In a few months he was on the old drill-ground among the Everglades of Florida. Before the end of 1841 Thomas had already distinguished himself there on an Indian expedition, so that General (then Colonel) Worth, joining with his captain, recommended him for his first brevet.

Campaigning in Florida in those days was no child's play. The swamps, the lakes, the palmetto forests, the hot sands, the bogs of miasma, the persistent mosquitoes and the flies in dark swamps—who does not remember them! Without paths or roads, the Indians would come, shoot, and disappear with incredible swiftness. It took the best of health, temperate habits, devotion to duty, and great firmness of character to spend a year in that country and not get some taint. George Thomas endured his first trials there, and came out not only unscathed, but honored.

Our systematic account of an army officer given by the

Army Register is like a skeleton without sinews, muscles, or flesh. That skeleton sends Lieutenant Thomas, in January, 1842, with his regiment, to New Orleans Barracks, but it does not say how hard he studied, nor even how polite he was to the dark-eyed young ladies of that superb city. It soon drives him on to old Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, but it does not tell how there in debates, he obstinately battled for the Union in the teeth of fire-eaters; and how happy he was to be again bounced off in May to Fort Mc-Henry, near Baltimore, and made more happy by an actual promotion to a first lieutenancy. The skeleton, the next year, gives him a few more baths in the hot atmosphere of Moultrie, but the sound of war sweeping up from the Texas border soon called him out to join our stanch old General Zachary Taylor, in Mexico, who was, after Thomas joined, for a time with his small army opposite Matamoras, on the Rio Grande. Taylor fell back to his supply station at Point Isabel, leaving behind, at Fort Brown, eight companies. Thomas's company was one of these so detached. There he helped Major Brown, who died at his post in defending the fort, against the Mexicans' noisy bombardment and futile assaults, keeping up this work till Taylor returned.

Behold Thomas next commanding a section of a battery and with the *renyosa* (skirmishers) banging away at the Mexican masses. After that, back with his regiment, he did such fine service that he was brevetted a captain.

The skeleton next has placed him, in December, 1846, with General Quitman, penetrating Mexico, where on the lead he formed part of the brigade that entered Victoria.

Again the skeleton brought him to Taylor, and the hard fought battle of Buena Vista, but it does not tell as Headley does, of the remarkable "steadiness, skill, and bravery" of this young captain; how he managed to put in most effective cannon shots, and many of them, against the common foe. For this activity he was again, brevetted a Major.

After a few days on some little side duty in Texas, in 1848, the *Register* fetches Major Thomas to Fort Adams, R. I. Picture to yourselves, friends, a stout, brave, hand-

some young man, strong in heart and unmarried, over there near Newport's social life. Remember it was after the great Mexican hardship and distinction! And then, when hardly settled in the first skirmish line of acquaintance with the most attractive young women of the land, he was hastened off a second time to that everlasting war-cursed land of the Seminoles! He went, of course, and stayed, without a murmur, till 1850. Murmuring at orders was a child of later date and among a different sort of men. That old *Register*, in 1851, the next year after I became a September cadet, conducted Major Thomas to Boston and gave him a sight of Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill, and stationed him in Boston Harbor.

Within three months the superintendent of the Military Academy, at West Point, noticing his proximity and his availability, had secured his detail as Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry. I remember him well as he appeared at West Point, tall but so well proportioned that you hardly thought of his height, full-built without corpulence, a large head, short, brown hair and short moustache, large limbs and firm tread. His countenance was fair enough naturally, but then browned and very ruddy by much exposure. I assure you that, to cadets, Major Thomas of Virginia, who had been in bloody battles, and had been three times brevetted for gallantry, was not a figure to pass without notice.

We even now remember his strong, mandatory voice, in O. T. W. P. among the rattle of the gun carriages and the clamor of section officers. His solid seat on a good sized horse, when he led the cavalry charge or jumped the hurdles, caught every eye.

In the recitation-room his easy, kind manner and good marks, awarded us often for indifferent recitations, made our boyish hearts warm. Many a cadet said then, "God bless Major Thomas." Well, he remained at West Point nearly four years, training young men from North and South, till the year I left the Academy.

What the Mississippi River, the Charleston, Baltimore, and Boston harbors could not effect, the Hudson River

did,—it furnished a helpmeet to Thomas. He married Miss Frances S. Kellogg, of Troy. How West Point and Troy came together we may not say, for the Hudson is deep and fraught with mystery; but we will say that we challenge novelists to describe a more magnificent couple. In height they were well matched. During that West Point term of duty, a beautiful and accomplished woman became the joy and comfort of a handsome, solid man.

It will be remembered that by act of Congress in 1855 four new regiments were added to our regular army—two of cavalry and two of infantry. Of the 2d Cavalry, Albert Sidney Johnston was made the Colonel, Robert E. Lee the Lieutenant-Colonel, W. G. Hardee the senior Major, and George H. Thomas the junior Major. After being on other duty for a while, about the 1st of May, 1856, Thomas reached his regiment in Texas. From May, 1856, to November, 1860, he visited on court-martial and inspection duty several posts; served on escort duty in removing Indians to the Indian Territory, and was sent out on two or three independent Indian scouts.

His story of one of these scouts is of especial interest. A single extract, modestly put, gives us a clue to the operations. Thomas says:

“As we were overhauling them [the savages] one fellow [an Indian] more persevering than the rest, and who still kept his position in rear of the loose animals, suddenly dismounted and prepared to fight, and our men in their eagerness to despatch him, hurried upon him so quickly that several of his arrows took effect, wounding myself in the chin and chest, also Private William Murphy of Company D in the left shoulder, and Privates John Tile and Cooper Siddle, of the band, each in the leg, before he fell by twenty or more shots.”

This expedition was against wild and troublesome Indians near the head-waters of the Concho and Colorado rivers, of Texas. Major Thomas's wound was a very painful one. He had by himself drawn out the arrow from his flesh, but with considerable difficulty, and it made such deep

and serious cuts that they left a noticeable scar on his chin, and an ugly one upon his breast.

In November Major Thomas came from the borders of Texas to the East on a leave of absence, granted for one year. Once, when I was a small boy at school in a Maine village, great excitement arose because a citizen of the village, a Mr. Tupper, who resided part of each year in Savannah, Ga., had bought and brought home with him a slave. Everybody admitted that he had done so from pure humanity, to keep the black boy from being sold and sent off to the cotton fields; but Mr. Tupper's brethren in the Baptist church thought it was a sin to buy a human being; and, as Mr. Tupper had not yet formally manumitted the boy, he was dropped from the church rolls.

I find a similar case in the history of Thomas's Texas life. He had bought a slave woman, just as many officers were constrained to do, at a time when it was not possible to hire servants. When he was about to leave Texas, he was much perplexed as to what he ought to do. Ordinarily one would have supposed that a young Virginian like him would have sold his slave at the highest market rate. But Thomas said to himself, "I have n't the heart to sell a human being, and I will not." He, to the amusement of comrades, and at considerable expense, transported this slave woman to his father's home in Southampton. After the war, when she, her husband, and children became free, he transferred the whole family to his station at Nashville, Tenn. They sometimes worked for him, but, like free folks, sometimes loafed. He ever after cared for them as long as he lived, teaching them independence and self-support.

During the year's furlough, only part of which Thomas was destined to enjoy, many strange and exciting events followed each other in rapid succession—such as the attempted secession of States, the firing upon Sumter, the resignation of the Southern officers, among them several of his own regiment. By May 3d, 1861, he became Colonel of the 2d Cavalry. He took command at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., and remained there until the first of June; then,

uniting four companies with a Philadelphia regiment of volunteer cavalry, he moved to Chambersburg, Pa., where he joined General Patterson, and was given a full brigade.

The 2d of July he crossed the Potomac near Williamsport, Md., and passed into West Virginia and engaged with others in the famous battle of Falling Waters. It was his first engagement in the Civil War. There was no hesitation from State feeling. Thomas was foremost in the attack and in the subsequent pursuit of the enemy. Stonewall Jackson, on the other side, also in the battle, received his first baptism of fire. Here Greek met Greek, the one fighting for his whole country, and the other for an anticipated fragment thereof.

While Thomas was up there under Patterson and Banks, in West Virginia, General Robert Anderson went to Washington, and, as I hear, paid a visit to General Scott and Mr. Lincoln to ask a great favor, General Sherman uniting in his request. He solicited this—that Colonel Thomas should be one of his commanders in his department in Kentucky. Being asked if Thomas's loyalty could be relied upon, the gallant Anderson replied, "Yes, I will guarantee his loyalty with my life!"

In August, 1861, Thomas was made a brigadier-general. The 12th of September following he was in Kentucky, and assumed command of that hatcher of armies, that source of regiments and brigades, discipline, drill, instruction, and supply, "Camp Dick Robinson."

It is not difficult to imagine all the chaos of that large wild camp—the ever-changing commanders of the department, or district, and the ambition of those great men, who, unused to war, had come from civil pursuits to assert their prerogatives. Above and below Thomas's volunteer rank there was commotion and perpetual unrest. Steady, strong, firm, deliberate, he soon brought order out of confusion. He declined to be subordinated to juniors in the command given him; and, through the considerate and generous Sherman, he managed to keep his camp till he had gotten in a fair state of readiness one field division.

Behold now how ably he used the troops placed under his charge! The earliest good news from the whole field, after Rosecrans' West Virginia success, came from Thomas. It was from the Mill Springs battle, which was fought the 19th of January, 1862. General Thomas had with him, as he passed Columbia, Ky., one small division. General Schaeff, now assigned to Thomas, had a detached brigade, with a squadron of cavalry and at least one battery of artillery, and was at that moment at Somerset, about 30 miles distant from Thomas, due east. The Confederate Crittenden, with the famous Zollicoffer as his second in command, had, coming toward him, pushed across the Cumberland at a point near Mill Springs, about ten miles south of Thomas's position.

General Thomas here attempted a movement hard to execute in war, and succeeded—viz., to concentrate scattered forces in the face of enemies of equal strength, enemies who are already united. Crittenden had a force about as large as Thomas's all told. Thomas directed Schaeff to so move his infantry and cavalry as to be near the enemy simultaneously with himself.

It appears that Zollicoffer, commanding the advance of the Confederates, understood this attempt and rushed ahead to drive in a wedge of separation. But Thomas, helped by Major W. H. Fishback, had calculated too well for his enemy. He reached Logan's Cross Roads in time to skirmish and hold Zollicoffer in check until General Schaeff had formed junction with him (Thomas).

The battle increased: it was severe, continuing part of two days; but the Confederates were at last thoroughly beaten, Zollicoffer slain, and the entire opposing force broken up and driven across the Cumberland. Some sort of suspicion or jealousy at that time kept from Thomas his meed of praise; so that, though he had broken down the barriers which then shut up loyal friends in East Tennessee, and had gained a superb victory, yet he himself was not even mentioned in the forthcoming War Department orders of thanks and congratulation. It takes time

for suspicion, jealousy, ambition, and calumny to gnash, gnaw, and consume themselves. But time is long and Justice never dies!

In all the subsequent Kentucky and Tennessee operations of Buel, and Rosecrans, who succeeded Buel, the name of Thomas was prominent. The influence of a strong man over men, over those who are under him or associated with him in business, always makes itself felt. That influence is greater than can be explained. Thomas had it. Thomas made it a hobby to have every equipment complete. All his army corps strove for completeness of equipment and preparation. Thomas always showed steadiness in habits of life, —in gait, in morals, and intellectual operations. He did not hasten his decisions unless forced by the enemy's cannon to do so; but he adhered to a principle, a movement, an opinion, a decision, with unfailing tenacity. So you would soon find the troops that he trained given to steadiness of movement, firmness of stand, and great reliability in action.

After the almost drawn battle of Stone River, when Rosecrans, as a diligent commander, in the night was preparing for what he deemed an inevitable retreat, it is said that he disturbed Thomas from a sound sleep, with the imperious question, "General Thomas, will you protect the rear during a retreat to Overall's Creek?" Thomas, half awake, promptly answered—and we who knew him can imagine with what sonorous and solid emphasis the answer came—"This army can't retreat!" It was such a well-formed and solid conviction that it only interrupted his much-needed sleep for a single moment. He had a few hours before brought his division out of such exceeding peril, and so strongly established a new and reliable line, that he was determined for himself and for Rosecrans never to give up the position. And be sure the Army of the Cumberland did not retreat, but the Confederates did!

During the first ten days of September, 1863, after Vicksburg and Gettysburg had been properly disposed of, the Army of the Potomac was again astride of the Rappa-

hannock, and reposing with watchful glances toward Culpeper Courthouse. The Army of the Cumberland had meanwhile been marching to the vicinity of Lookout Mountain range. Thomas was then leading the Fourteenth Corps. Up in the mountains, at Trenton, Tenn., the headquarters, a despatch came from General Wagner announcing the evacuation of Chattanooga by Bragg and his Confederates. Rosecrans immediately called Thomas to him "to consult in regard to arrangements for the pursuit." Under his wholesome advice, Rosecrans and Thomas then made haste to move on.

How promptly the Army of the Cumberland crossed the range; how both Union and Confederate armies appeared to have sought a battle—the battle coming on, like that of Gettysburg, where neither leader had planned for it, and in such shape that Rosecrans' officers could hardly tell where to put their hospitals, cooks, and strikers! The retreat after the bloody battle, took up its own line towards the shelter of Chattanooga, and would, we know, have been a sad affair but for the fearless stand which Thomas, with his corps and a few other officers with fragments of the army, made near Rossville. Van Horn says:

"To take command of half of the army, with no supporting cavalry, with exposed flanks and uncovered lines; to be supreme on the field by the demands of the situation rather than by the orders of a superior, and under such circumstances to contend successfully against Bragg's army, . . . was an achievement that transcends the higher successes of generals."

General Thomas was attaining larger and better relations with the Washington authorities; for, ten days after Chickamauga, Mr. Stanton telegraphed to C. A. Dana, then at Nashville, these pregnant words: "The merits of General Thomas and the debt of gratitude the Nation owes to his valor and skill are fully appreciated here; and I wish you to tell him so. It is not my fault that he was not in chief command months ago."

The 16th of October, the very next month, General Thomas was put in command of the Army of the Cumber-

land. The situation at that time was by no means delightful; but it had a quick relief when General Grant was set over the entire Western field, because there were *soon* to be troops enough and abundant supplies. Grant telegraphed Thomas substantially, Hold Chattanooga. Thomas at once replied "Will hold Chattanooga till we starve!"

Grant ordered Hooker to push Geary and Howard up from Bridgeport, twenty-eight miles, to Lookout Valley. There Thomas had us met by Hazen's and Turchin's brigades and welcomed. The crazy night fight of Wauhatchee sealed and secured the bread line, and the hungry soldiers were glad. General Grant for this move gives to Thomas the whole credit of getting out of a bad fix, saying in a despatch from Chattanooga to Washington: "Thomas's plan for securing the river and the south side road hence to Bridgeport has proved eminently successful." Grant was always strong and fearless to strike the match, whoever made it—very determined to pull the trigger, whoever cocked the rifle.

It was quick work among the Chattanooga hills. Our people passed in double time from dismay to confidence, from weakness to strength, from valley-besiegement to ridge-top and mountain victories. This was the fact after Grant came in sight of Bragg's lofty flags and dominating cannon.

Thomas bore here an elegant part. His judgment in council, his help in refitting, his disposition of forces, his choice of reinforcements—in brief, his energetic backing up and support of his great commander—were thorough and happy. First, Bragg was defeated and fled; next, Knoxville was relieved. All the ground was then clear to Dalton, the key point of Georgia, so that the troops spent the winter of '63 and '64 near Chattanooga in comparative ease and contentment.

In the spring of '64, veterans will remember the battles of more than a hundred days, when every day but three the armies of McPherson, Schofield, and Thomas were under fire from "Joe" Johnston.

Thomas was Sherman's wheel-horse. He bore the brunt of the skirmishes, combats, and battles till near Atlanta, the 22d of July. Sturdy, untiring, uncomplaining, Thomas pounded Johnston's centre so hard every hour of every day that Schofield and McPherson could in turn play upon his flanks; and Johnston had to keep his centre there to be pounded.

Thomas was at the first spring skirmish in May, '64, at Tunnel Hill near Dalton, and with a veritable sigh he saw Hood slip away at the last combat, of Lovejoy Station, the 18th of September. At Jonesboro, as his troops went into action by my side, just to the left of Logan's corps, his old stout horse, that hated to trot when laden with 220 pounds, actually roused himself to a gallop, and his master was almost furious at some stupid officers who had failed soon enough to comprehend the situation.

No one needs the detail of General Thomas's battle of Nashville, on the 15th and 16th of December, 1864. That glorious success, together with Sherman's Christmas present of Savannah, was a good wind-up to the whole year's campaigning.

To bring about this wind-up General Sherman, commanding the Western armies, had selected Thomas and sent him back to Nashville, giving him the Fourth Corps (Stanley's), the Twenty-third Corps (Cox's), A. J. Smith's division, all the cavalry under Wilson, with such other reinforcements as he could pick up by withdrawing garrisons and bringing up furloughed men and recruits. At best his army was but a patchwork, yet Thomas could patch well if Sherman and Grant gave him time. Schofield, Thomas's second in command, conducted rearward the retiring troops. It required Schofield's fierce battle at Franklin before Thomas could get together his scattered fragments. But at last it was all done. Hood, with a veteran Confederate army, long organized and well commanded, nearly equal in numbers to Thomas's, marched northward, crossed the Tennessee, fought at Franklin, and then sat down before him at Nashville. Both were fairly well intrenched.

Unavoidable delays from cold and ice followed. The impatience of authorities at this situation belabored Thomas till his sensitive heart bled; but he would not attack till he and nature were ready, and then he did attack with vehemence! Who has heard of Hood's army since? It was beaten. It was scattered. The swiftness and depth of the grand old Tennessee could not arrest the flight of its individual atoms. As an army it was wrecked against the Rock of Chickamauga.

We had a hearty correspondent of the New York *Herald* with us during the Atlanta campaign. His picture of Thomas interested me. He said:

Major-General Thomas is quite the reverse of Sherman in manner and appearance. He is tall, stout, with brawny frame and shoulders. His head is slightly bent forward, as if drooping with thought and care. His hair and beard, which he wears pretty short, are rather dark and slightly sprinkled with gray. He is about fifty years of age, and looks his age fully. He is very reserved: speaks little. His cold, phlegmatic features never wear a smile, or if he smiles, he smiles in such a manner as if he mocked himself, and scorned the spirit that would be moved to smile at anything.

"As a General, Thomas is calm and cautious; does everything by rule; leaves nothing to chance. He makes his arrangements for a battle with caution and foresight; and is sure to have every column and division move with clock-work regularity, and strike at the proper time and place. Nothing disturbs or unnerves him."

So much for the correspondent. "Would some power the giftie gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us!"

To me General Thomas's features never seemed cold. His smile of welcome was always pleasant and cordial. When I went from him into battle his words and acts of confidence drew toward him my whole heart. If I succeeded he commended me without stint. If my attack failed, he quickly saw the cause, and never, as some others did, blamed me in order to shield himself.

When the blacks came near him he befriended them. He often gave colored women and children protection

papers and sent them north. He was habitually kind and gentle, and eminently just in all his relations of life. His horse, the mules around him, and the cat that followed him and lay purring at his feet, received unfailing marks of his gentle soul.

Lee has had numerous devoted friends. Stonewall Jackson, for other reasons, has had his large following,—those who loved and cherished his memory,—but Virginia did not furnish to the entire war a better general nor a greater man than George H. Thomas.

When a cadet his comrades gave him the sobriquet of “Washington,” and indeed he was a Washington in figure and strength of frame, in mental ability and acquirement, in a gentle but manly and indomitable spirit; and with far less opportunity his achievements put him by Washington’s side,—a manly man, *sans peur et sans reproche*.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF GENERAL GRANT, AND HIS CAMPAIGNS IN THE WEST.

A PAPER READ BY MAJOR-GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE,
U. S. VOLS., OCTOBER 5, 1904.

AS a soldier General Grant stands among the first in the history of warfare. As a citizen, his acts, his foresight, and his method of meeting and settling all great questions stamp him as the peer of the best statesmen that the world has produced. In fact, in the Old World his statesmanship is considered equal to his great achievements as a soldier. As he came to be known only after he was forty years old, the question naturally arises, was there anything in his boyhood or early manhood that indicated the abilities that were so rapidly developed during the Civil War? He says that as a boy he loved only horses and work on the farm, not books, and that even the uniform of a soldier had no attractions for him; that he was an indifferent scholar, and preferred reading a novel to studying his lessons; that his great desire was to travel and see our country, and when he was appointed to West Point the only inducement for him to accept was the disgrace it would bring upon him to decline after his father had asked for the appointment; and, finally, he was reconciled to it because it would enable him to see Philadelphia and New York, and that his long stay in those cities instead of repairing promptly to West Point brought a sharp reminder from his father.

At West Point Grant was an indifferent scholar, had a positive dislike to everything military, and neglected his studies. After graduating he remained in the Army hoping to be a professor at West Point, rather than an officer in the field. He considered the Mexican War an unholy one.

He says: "I regarded the war as one of the most unjust ever urged by a stronger against a weaker nation, from the inception of the movement to its final consummation,—a conspiracy to acquire territory out of which slave States might be formed for the American nation. The Southern rebellion was the outgrowth of the Mexican War."

Grant joined Taylor's command on the Rio Grande, and although acting as quartermaster he took part in nearly all the battles. He says: "At the battle of Monterey my curiosity got the better of my judgment, and I mounted a horse and rode to the front to see what was going on. I had been there but a short time when the order to charge was given, and lacking the courage to return to camp, where I had been ordered to stay, I charged with the regiment."

He evidently took in the tactics, logistics, and strategy, and sometimes criticised them. In one or two of the last fights near the City of Mexico he thought the enemy could have been driven out by flank movements without the great losses in front attacks on the enemy's strong positions. At the gates of Mexico he developed some of those wonderful qualities that were so prominent in the Civil War, when he took his little squad of men to flank the Mexican troops out of their position at the Garita San Cosmie, and caused the fall of the City of Mexico, and received the commendation of the commanding officer, and was brevetted.

After this campaign in the Mexican War he seemed less inclined than ever to follow the army permanently, and soon resigned and returned to civil life.

General Grant entered the service in the Civil War as Colonel of the 21st Illinois Infantry, and brought the regiment to great efficiency. He was sent to northern Missouri. His first order was to march against Colonel Harris, who had a rebel regiment near the town of Florida. General Grant says:

"As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris's camp, and probably find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I

would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do. I kept right on, and when I found that Harris had left it occurred to me at once that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the matter I had never taken, and it was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event until the close of the war I never experienced trepidation upon confronting the enemy, although I always felt more or less anxiety. I never forgot that the enemy had as much reason to fear my force as I had his. The lesson was a valuable one."

From north Missouri he was sent to southeast Missouri, and was then made a brigadier-general, and ordered to Cairo. His first important battle was Belmont, brought about by his movement to threaten Columbus. His orders were to make a demonstration against the Confederate force at or near Columbus, Tenn., to prevent their sending reinforcements to a Confederate command that a Federal force had been sent to attack on the St. Francis River.

BELMONT.

Grant had no intention of fighting a battle when he started out. His orders did not contemplate an attack, but after he started he says that he saw that the officers and men were elated at the prospect of doing what they volunteered to do, fight the enemies of their country, and he did not see how he could maintain discipline or the confidence of his command if he returned to Cairo without attempting to do something. This battle first brought the country's attention to Grant. He displayed that confidence, good judgment and self-reliance that afterwards became so conspicuous.

FORT HENRY AND DONELSON.

General Grant was ordered soon after Belmont to make a demonstration up the Tennessee River, and towards Columbus, Ky., with a view of holding the Confederate forces there while the campaign around Bowling Green was proceeding. In this movement General C. F. Smith

reported that Fort Heineman, opposite Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, could be captured. Grant believed the true line of operation for his force was by the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and asked permission to visit St. Louis and lay the plan before General Halleck, but says: "I was received with so little cordiality that I perhaps stated the subject of my visit with less clearness than I might have done, and I had not uttered many sentences before I was cut short as if my plan was preposterous, and I returned to Cairo very much crestfallen." On his return he consulted Flag Officer Foote, who commanded the gunboat fleet on the Mississippi River, and he agreed with Grant; and, notwithstanding his rebuff, Grant renewed the suggestion, backed by Flag Officer Foote, and on January 28th wrote General Halleck fully in regard to his plans. On the 1st of February he received instructions, going fully into every detail, to march upon and capture Fort Henry. On the 2d the expedition was started, and on the 6th Fort Henry was captured, and Grant wired Halleck that on the 8th he would move on Fort Donelson, not even waiting for orders to do so. On February 16, 1862, Fort Donelson surrendered to him with its entire force. Grant in this battle displayed the tactics which were ever in his mind—when the enemy attacked to also attack on some other portion of the line; and when the enemy attacked and turned his right he immediately attacked and turned the enemy's right, and carried their intrenchments, forcing the final surrender.

In writing Mrs. Grant of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, he says: "These terrible battles are very good things to read about for persons who lose no friends, but I am decidedly in favor of having as little of them as possible. The way to avoid it is to push forward as vigorously as possible."

After Fort Henry and Donelson, Grant started to carry out this program, and visited Clarksville and Nashville. Because General Halleck, his commanding officer, did not receive prompt reports from General Grant, he issued this order:

"You will place Maj.-General C. F. Smith in command of expedition and remain yourself at Fort Henry. Why do you not obey my orders and report strength and position of your command?"

Up to this time Grant had not received one word from Halleck, and all his reports sent to Halleck went to the end of the telegraph line, where the operator was a rebel who deserted and took all these despatches with him. Buel, Halleck, and McClellan all failed to comprehend Grant's great victories. They were looking for the enemy to recover, while Grant thought of nothing but their demoralization and the desire to follow them. Grant, on the ground, was the only person who saw the situation, and had any power to take advantage of it. The rebels, in their consternation, abandoned everything as fast as possible, and even evacuated Chattanooga, three hundred miles away.

When Halleck got into communication with Grant, he informed him that he was advised to arrest him because he went to Nashville, a point within his own command, and no one could hear from him. They could not trust the man who within thirty days had broken through the entire rebel line, driven their forces beyond the Tennessee, and captured their fortified places and all the troops in them. In writing of this to his wife, Grant says:

All the slander you have seen against me originated away from where I was. The only foundation was the fact that I was ordered to remain at Fort Henry and send the expedition up the Tennessee River under command of Major-General C. F. Smith. This was ordered because General Halleck received no report from me for near two weeks after the fall of Fort Donelson. The same thing occurred with me. . . . I was not receiving the orders, but knowing my duties was reporting daily, and when anything occurred to make it necessary, two or three times a day. When I was ordered to remain behind it was the cause of much astonishment among the troops of my command, and also a disappointment. When I was again ordered to join them they showed, I believe, heartfelt joy.

I never allowed a word of contradiction to go out from my headquarters, thinking this the best course. I know, though I

do not like to speak of myself, that General Halleck would regard this army badly off if I was relieved. Not but what there are generals with it abundantly able to command, but because it would leave inexperienced officers senior in rank. You need not fear but what I will come out triumphantly. I am pulling no wires, as political generals do, to advance myself. I have no future ambitions. My object is to carry on my part of this war successfully, and I am perfectly willing that others may make all the glory they can out of it.

General McClellan, on Halleck's recommendation, ordered that Grant should be relieved from duty and investigation made. He even authorized Grant's arrest, this within two weeks of the great victory that electrified the country. Grant's explanation of delays in receiving dispatches, his visit to Nashville, etc., reached Halleck, and Grant was restored to his command on March 13th, Halleck claiming his explanation to Washington had exonerated Grant; but he did not inform Grant that his whole trouble came from his (Halleck's) misleading reports to Washington.

Grant proceeded immediately to Savannah, Tenn., where he found General C. F. Smith in command, sick, and and soon to die.

General Grant says of the condition of the South, after the fall of Donelson, that his opinion was and still is that the way was open for the National forces to occupy any part of the Southwest without much resistance. If one general had been in command of all the forces west of the Alleghanies, who could have taken the responsibility, he could have moved to Chattanooga, Memphis, Corinth, and Vicksburg, and with the troops pouring in from the North he could have kept all these places, leaving his army to operate against any body of the enemy that could have been concentrated in his front. Rapid movement, with the occupation of the enemy's territory, would have discouraged a large number of young men who had gone from that territory into the rebel army, and brought them back, and we would have permanently held a position that

later cost so many lives to conquer; but our delays gave courage to the enemy, and they collected new armies, fortified their positions, and twice afterwards came near making their line on the Ohio River.

SHILOH.

No campaign or battle of Grant's has received such unjust and severe criticism as the battle of Shiloh, but as we now read the official reports of that battle, we see that at night on the first day of the battle Grant was master of the field, with Wallace's division of 5000 fresh troops that had not fired a gun; that the enemy were exhausted and demoralized and had no reinforcements, and, as Grant claims, he would have whipped them the second day without the aid of Buel. The fact is, from the very moment of attack on the second morning Beauregard, who was in command after the death of Albert Sidney Johnston, commenced retreating and fell back to Corinth, and Grant, if he had not been restrained by orders, would within a week have had his forces facing Corinth, less than twenty miles away. The one mistake made by Grant at Shiloh was in not intrenching his forces as they arrived from day to day, on the general line of defence. Grant admits this, but says it was his purpose to proceed immediately against the enemy at Corinth; he did not think it necessary, and it never entered his mind that the enemy would attack him. Besides, these troops were mostly green, and needed drilling and discipline more than they did experience with pick and shovel; and Grant also says that there was no hour during the day when he doubted the eventual defeat of the enemy.

In the first day's battle the forces on each side were about equal. Grant says that up to Shiloh he believed the rebellion would collapse suddenly as soon as a decisive victory could be gained, and after such victories as the capture of Donelson, the fall of Bowling Green, Nashville, (with its immense amount of stores), Columbia, Hickman, opening the Tennessee and Cumberland from mouth to head, he believed peace would come. After this, when

Confederate armies were collected, and new lines of defence from Chattanooga to Corinth and Knoxville, and on to the Atlantic, were formed, and they took the offensive, he gave up all idea of saving the Union except by complete conquest. Up to this time he had protected property and citizens; after this he pursued the plan of consuming and destroying everything that could be used to support and supply armies, and this policy he pursued to the end of the war.

Grant never made a report of the battle of Shiloh, as Buel, who commanded the Army of the Ohio, refused to make reports to him. A few days later General Halleck arrived at Pittsburg Landing and assumed command, and Grant was placed second in command and ignored. Halleck had three armies: the Ohio, Buel commanding; the Army of the Mississippi, Pope commanding; and the Army of the Tennessee, Grant's old command, to the command of which General George H. Thomas was assigned. There was no time after the battle of Shiloh but that the enemy would have retreated from Corinth had a movement been made against it. Beauregard had about 50,000 men in Corinth, while against him were 100,000, and any of the three armies could have planted itself on his communications and forced him to fight in the open or retreat. Grant suggested to Halleck such a move by the left, but says he was silenced so quickly that he thought probably he had suggested an unmilitary movement. Logan, who commanded a brigade, on the 28th of May told Grant the enemy had been evacuating several days, and if they would let him he could go into Corinth with his brigade. Beauregard published his orders for and evacuated on the 26th of May, and our army entered on the 30th, the enemy not leaving a thing, not even a sick or wounded soldier. Even after they had left Halleck issued orders on the 30th of May for a battle, and had his whole army drawn up in line to meet the enemy. The army was greatly disappointed at the result. Grant says he was satisfied Corinth could have been captured in a two-days campaign made immediately after Shiloh, without

any additional reinforcements, and that after Corinth they had a movable force of 80,000 men, besides sufficient force for holding all territory acquired in any campaign. New Orleans and Baton Rouge were ours, and the enemy had only a single line of railroad from Vicksburg to Richmond, and in one move we had the opportunity to occupy Vicksburg and Atlanta without much opposition; but we continued to pursue the policy of distributing this great army, and for nearly a year accomplished no great results from it, giving up the territory back to Nashville, holding only the line from the Tennessee River to Memphis.

General Grant's position at Corinth, with a nominal command, became so unbearable that he asked permission of Halleck to move his headquarters to Memphis. He had asked to be relieved from a command under Halleck, but Sherman prevailed upon him to stay. On June 21, 1862, he moved to Memphis. On July 11th Halleck was placed in command of all the armies, at Washington, and Grant returned to Corinth, and in July, 1862, was given only the command of the District of West Tennessee, which embraced West Tennessee and Kentucky west of the Cumberland.

As one reads the reports and makes comparisons—first Grant fighting at every opportunity, winning every battle; pleading to move on the enemy after every battle, but stopped, humiliated after each campaign, and finally when given a command only allowed a district, while on the other hand Halleck, who had not fought a battle, who took fifty-five days or more with two men to the enemy's one to make twenty miles, which by a simple flank movement could have been accomplished in two days, with one of the best opportunities of the war to capture or destroy an army of 50,000 men, Halleck who prevented Grant from reaping the full benefit of every battle he fought, is brought to Washington and given full command of all the armies, while Grant was not even allowed to resume command of the department he vacated—the record is most astonishing. Halleck had no confidence in Grant. The officers in the field looked on

in amazement, and wondered what the powers in Washington could be thinking about. Grant accepted whatever was given him, never making a word of protest or complaint. He was now again in position to commence moving on the enemy, and although Halleck's great army had been distributed, Grant had left in his command 50,000 troops, and commenced preparing for another movement, not even suggesting that more force be sent him. There was facing him an army of about 40,000 men under Van Dorn, and Grant with his numerous posts and large territory could not muster more than 20,000 men for an aggressive army. He says that his most anxious period during the war was the time that he was guarding all this territory until he was reinforced and took the aggressive.

On August 2d Grant was ordered to live upon the country, upon the resources of citizens hostile to the government, to handle Confederates within our lines without gloves, impoverish them, and expel them from our lines. Grant did not see the necessity of this, and says he does not recollect having arrested or imprisoned a citizen during the entire rebellion.

During this time, with his inferior force, Grant sent two divisions to Buel and one to Rosecrans at Corinth.

Van Dorn, who commanded the rebel army in Grant's front, soon saw how small a force Grant had, and decided to attack him. He brought Price's army across the Mississippi River, and both combined and moved on Grant's lines. Grant moved to Jackson himself, so he could be in close touch with his force, and where, by the railway from Jackson to Grand Junction and Jackson to Corinth, he could reinforce the point attacked more readily. Price immediately moved on Iuka, and Grant saw a chance to defeat and capture him, and went immediately to Glendale, sending Rosecrans' force from Corinth to the rear of Price, and General Ord to head him off. A portion of Rosecrans' force fought Price near Iuka, but Ord did not know or hear of the battle, although the order was if either force was attacked to notify the other. There were two roads leading

out of Iuka to the south, and Rosecrans was ordered to take possession of both, but failed to occupy the easterly one, and during the night Price retreated on this road, avoiding both Rosecrans and Ord. Van Dorn and Price combined their forces southwest of Corinth, and moved immediately on that place. As soon as Grant ascertained this he ordered Hurlbut with all the force he had to move from Memphis and get in Van Dorn's rear, and started McPherson with a division from Jackson to reinforce Rosecrans. Van Dorn commenced his attack on Corinth on October 2d. Rosecrans had pushed his second division out nearly three miles from Corinth, and allowed the attack to fall upon this division, which was steadily pushed back during the day until it finally reached the inside works at Corinth, fighting very gallantly at every one of the lines of defence. On the second day Van Dorn and Price had Corinth practically invested, and a very severe battle ensued, both sides fighting with great gallantry and great loss. Van Dorn and Price were completely defeated, and their army retreated completely demoralized, and should have been relentlessly followed, and their trains and artillery captured; and, although Grant urged this in despatch after despatch, for some reason there were delays, and when the troops did follow them they took the wrong road, which enabled the enemy to escape, although Hurlbut's and Ord's forces captured portions of their trains and artillery.

Grant criticises Rosecrans severely for his movements in these battles, and censures him for failing to capture Price at Iuka and to follow Van Dorn after Corinth. There were many protests from McPherson, Hurlbut, and other officers, who were ordered to aid Rosecrans in these battles, and these protests especially related to his reports.

Mrs. Grant, who was present with General Grant at Jackson, stated that these officers appealed to her in the matter, and in her talk with General Grant he was disinclined to relieve Rosecrans. While the matter was under discussion, on the 23d of October, 1862, the War Department assigned Rosecrans to the command of the Army of

the Cumberland. Mrs. Grant says when Grant received the despatch he came out of the tent holding it in his hands, and declared that his greatest trouble had been solved. Grant says in relation to Rosecrans that as a subordinate he found that he could not make him do as he wished, and had finally determined to relieve him from duty if he had not received this assignment, and that he was greatly pleased at his being assigned to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, believing that perhaps in such a position he would be more efficient and useful than he was as a subordinate.

Grant up to this time had only been commanding the District of the Tennessee, but still had in his command 50,000 men. The authorities at Washington still seemed disinclined to give him the command he was entitled to, but on the 25th of October, 1862, he was placed in command of the Army and Department of the Tennessee.

At the time of the battle of Corinth I was in command of the 4th Division, District of West Tennessee, and was rebuilding the railway from Columbus to Corinth. I had just made the connection at Humboldt, and had been several days at the front giving personal attention to the work. I received a despatch from General Quimby, my commanding officer, directing me to report immediately at Corinth for orders. I was away from my own headquarters in a working undress suit, had nothing with me, and hesitated about going as I was; but I concluded it was best to report, so took the train, and at Jackson, Tenn., Colonel John A. Rawlins came to the train and asked if I was on board. I made myself known to him, and he informed me that General Grant was out on the platform and desired to see me. I apologized to Colonel Rawlins, stating that I was not in proper condition for presenting myself to the commanding officer. He saw my predicament, and said, "Oh, we know all about you; don't mind that." I stepped out on the platform. General Grant met me, shook me cordially by the hand, and I then saw that he was no better dressed than I was, which greatly relieved me. In a few words

General Grant informed me that he had assigned me to the command of the Second Division of the Army of the Tennessee, at Corinth, and quietly, but with a determination that struck me so forcibly that I could make no answer, said, "And I want you to understand that you are not going to command a division of cowards." General Rosecrans, in his official report of the battle of Corinth, had branded the men as cowards, and General Grant had disapproved his action and comments. The division won imperishable renown. Upon its banner was inscribed "First at Donelson," and from that time until after the Atlanta campaign they served directly under me. From Corinth until the end of the war they took no step backward. Their great battle of Atlanta, where they held a whole corps of Hood's army, and afterwards Altoona, when, under General Corse, they held that strategic point against the terrific onslaughts of four times their number, gave me cause to always remember the words of General Grant.

Grant's first campaign against Vicksburg was for Sherman with 30,000 men to go down the Mississippi River by boat and attack Vicksburg from the Yazoo side, while Grant attacked Pemberton and his army, then at Granada, and if Pemberton retreated follow him to the gates of Vicksburg. General J. E. Johnston soon saw the danger of this combined attack of Grant and Sherman on Vicksburg, and immediately ordered a movement of General Van Dorn and all his cavalry, together with the forces of Generals Jackson and Forrest, from Middle Tennessee upon Grant's communications, to force the abandonment of Grant's advance.

At the same time the force I commanded at Corinth was to move down the Mobile and Ohio road towards Meridian for the purpose of protecting that flank, and holding what force I could in my front. On December 9th Grant wired me that Jackson's cavalry, some 3000 men, he thought was starting to my rear, and on December 18th he directed me to take such force as could be spared, and, with troops at Jackson and those in the field, to attack Forrest and drive him

across the Tennessee. The Ohio brigade, under Colonel Fuller, struck Forrest at Park's Cross Roads, whipped him, captured 400 prisoners and all his artillery, and by January 7th Forrest had been driven across the Tennessee, and Jackson had been driven south to the Tallahatchie, and I reported in the following dispatch:

"Had gunboats come up the river at the time requested, or had General Davies been allowed even a transport with a piece or two of artillery to come and destroy the flats, we should have captured the rebel [Forrest's] force on this side of the river. As it was they had several hard knocks before they escaped. Captured four cannon and six hundred prisoners."

Van Dorn attacked Holly Springs on the 20th of December, where were stored all of Grant's supplies. Colonel Murphy, who commanded this post and had plenty of troops to defend it, surrendered without firing a gun. This combination of Johnston's and the surrender of Holly Springs forced Grant to retreat to the line of the Mobile and Ohio road, and allowed Pemberton to move to Vicksburg and defeat Sherman's attack upon that point.

This is the first, and, I believe, only case where a campaign was defeated and two separate armies forced to retreat by a cavalry raid (one going down the Mississippi River to Vicksburg, and the other towards Vicksburg by land by way of Granada) and was the first time Grant ever abandoned a campaign. As he fell back he lived off the country, and finding his army was so easily fed he said that if he had had the experience before he would have let his base of supplies go, and pushed on to Vicksburg, living off the country, holding or defeating Pemberton, and preventing him from reaching Vicksburg before Sherman could have taken it. After this time Grant and all the armies he commanded followed this policy, obtaining their rations by living off the country when necessary. Especially was this the case in his campaign in the rear of Vicksburg, which immediately followed after the defeat at Holly Springs.

After the defeat of Sherman and the loss of Holly Springs, Grant determined to move his whole command down the

Mississippi River, leaving me in command at Corinth to cover his left flank, and prevent any portion of Bragg's army from reaching the Mississippi River, or, in fact, making a lodgment west of the Tennessee.

GRANT ON THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

As soon as Grant moved down the Mississippi, and placed his army on the levees, he determined in his own mind that bold campaign to the south and rear of Vicksburg. Knowing he could not make it until the waters fell in April or May, he utilized the time and kept his troops busy in several plans for passing Vicksburg, or by using the Yazoo tributaries to make a landing to the north and east of Vicksburg. He had very little faith in these projects, although they tended to confuse the enemy and mislead them as to his real plan of campaign. He kept his own counsels as to this plan, knowing it would receive no support in Washington, but probably draw forth an order prohibiting it. It would also receive criticism from all military sources, as the plan was an absolute violation of all the rules and practices of war, virtually placing his entire command at the mercy of the enemy, cutting loose from all the bases of support and supply, so that he must take with him all the rations and ammunition he would use in the campaign. Nevertheless he never hesitated, though urged to abandon it by some of his ablest generals. Grant says he was induced to adopt the plan first on account of the political situation, which was threatening, the anti-war element having carried the Congressional elections, and the Confederates were forcing our troops as far north as when the war commenced; so that to abandon this campaign and return to Memphis, the nearest point from which he could operate by land and have a base and railroad to supply it, would be very disheartening to the government and the people. Grant ran the batteries and landed his forces on the east side of the Mississippi River, and faced the enemy with less men than they had; in the entire campaign when he planted himself in the rear of Vicksburg had only 43,000

men while the enemy had 60,000. In comparison as to boldness, the total ignoring of all former practices of warfare, the accepting of the probability of nine chances of failure to one of success, this campaign has never been approached in its originality and the wonderful grasp of its possibilities and great fighting success. Viewing it from this standpoint, it cannot be compared to any other known campaign. After Vicksburg the Confederacy was doomed, and Gettysburg coming at the same time lifted the nation from the slough of despondency to the highest point of hope, enthusiasm, and certainty of success.

As soon as this campaign was over Grant wished to move immediately on Mobile, but that fatal policy that had formerly scattered a great army, and relieved Grant of his command, was renewed here. He lay quiet, his great abilities unutilized, until the disaster at Chickamauga forced the government again to use him to retrieve our misfortune, and again to snatch victory out of a threatening disaster.

Right after the Vicksburg campaign General Grant proposed occupying the Rio Grande frontier because the French had entered Mexico, and to use immediately the rest of his army to capture Mobile and move on Montgomery and Selma, Alabama, and perhaps Atlanta, Georgia, using the Alabama River from Mobile to supply his column, but again his great victorious army was scattered. Parke, with the Ninth Corps, was returned to east Tennessee, and Sherman, with the Fifteenth Corps, was started from Memphis to march along the Memphis and Charleston Railway to the Tennessee River, and up that river slowly, evidently for the purpose of being in position to aid Rosecrans in his campaign against Bragg.

CHATTANOOGA.

Right after the battle of Chickamauga, and the concentration of the Army of the Cumberland in Chattanooga, the despatches of the Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana who was in Chattanooga, greatly alarmed the authorities in Washington, and at a conference it was

decided to at once place that army in General Grant's command, and the Military Division of the Mississippi was organized, which virtually included all the territory west of the Alleghanies. General Grant was placed in command of it, and proceeded immediately to Chattanooga. In ten days he placed a starving army on a safe basis, had opened its "cracker line," and was forming his plans to attack Bragg. Sherman, who was marching from the Mississippi east, was ordered to drop everything and move to Chattanooga. Sherman had commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps, but now took Grant's command of the Army of the Tennessee, and moved rapidly east with the Fifteenth Army Corps, then commanded by Frank P. Blair, and the left wing of the Sixteenth Corps, commanded by Dodge. On November 5th Grant ordered Sherman to leave Dodge's command at Athens, Alabama, to rebuild the Nashville and Decatur road, which he said was necessary for him to have to feed his army. He said in his letter: "It is not my intention to leave any part of your army to guard roads, and particularly not Dodge, who has kept continuously on such work."

There was a combination of circumstances at Chattanooga that rendered it necessary for Grant to fight at once. As Longstreet had left Bragg's front for the purpose of whipping Burnside at Knoxville, the authorities in Washington were greatly disturbed at the fear of losing east Tennessee, which was almost unanimously Union in its sentiment, and despatches were continually coming to Grant from Washington to go to the aid of Burnside. Grant's answer was that he would fight as soon as Sherman got up, and that would in effect relieve Burnside. On November 21st Grant wired to Halleck, "I have never felt such restlessness before as I have at the condition of the Army of the Cumberland." Sherman reached Chattanooga himself on November 17th, his force arrived on November 26th, and the battle was immediately fought.

Grant's plan of the battle was well considered and made out before Sherman's arrival. His principal attack was

to be made by Sherman on Tunnel Hill, Bragg's right flank, in order to force Bragg to weaken his centre, and, if possible, for Sherman to capture and hold the railroad in Bragg's rear, and force him either to weaken his lines or lose his communications with his base at Cleveland Station. Hooker was to perform a like service on our right (the enemy's left), and force his way from Lookout Valley to Chattanooga Creek and Rossville, forming a line there across the ridge, facing south, thus threatening the enemy's rear on that flank. Thomas, with the largest army, the Cumberland, was to assault in the centre while the enemy was engaged with most of his forces defending his two flanks, but Thomas was not to assault until Hooker reached and formed at Rossville. After the first day's operation Grant sent this despatch to Washington: "Fight to-day progressed favorably. Sherman carried the end of Missionary Ridge and his right is now at the tunnel and his left at Chattanooga Creek. Troops from Lookout Valley carried the point of the mountain, and now hold the eastern slope and a point high up. Hooker reports 2000 prisoners taken, besides which a small number have fallen into our hands from Missionary Ridge." Mr. Lincoln replied: "Your despatches as to fighting on Monday and Tuesday are here. Well done. Many thanks to all. Remember Burnside." The next morning at daylight Sherman attacked. Grant had reinforced him with Howard's corps coming from Hooker. Hooker carried Lookout, moved to his position, and finally Thomas's army moved against the centre, carrying everything before it, and won a victory, whereas thirty days before the government was considering how to extricate the Army of the Cumberland from the clutches of Bragg. Grant pursued to Ringgold, where the Iowa troops suffered terribly in an unnecessary assault, as in a couple of hours the enemy would have been flanked out of the position. The victory at Chattanooga was won against great odds, considering the advantage the enemy had in position and intrenchments. Bragg made several grave mistakes: first in sending away his ablest corps com-

mander, Longstreet, with 20,000 men, to attack Burnside at Knoxville; second, in sending away a division of troops on the eve of the battle; third, in placing so large a force on the plain in front of Burnside's impregnable intrenchments and position.

I have heard it said that this battle was fought by the men without orders or plan, but General Grant said to me that in all the battles he had fought this one followed more closely his plans and original orders than any other.

Right in the midst of the battle Lincoln wired Grant not to forget Burnside. Grant wired, "I will start Granger this evening to Burnside's relief."

Grant followed the enemy to Ringgold, and stayed over night at Graysville with Sherman, and returned to Chattanooga on the evening of the 28th. He says:

"I found Granger had not got off, nor would he have the number of men I had directed. He moved with reluctance and complaint, and I therefore determined, notwithstanding the fact that two divisions of Sherman's army had marched from Memphis and gone into battle immediately on their arrival at Chattanooga, to send him with his command, and also gave him Howard and his Eleventh Corps. Granger's order was to accompany him."

Sherman's troops were not fit to make this march to Knoxville. They were without clothes, shoes, blankets, or overcoats.

Sherman's movement with Granger's corps of the Army of the Cumberland saved Knoxville, as Longstreet had invested it. Sherman proposed to Burnside that Longstreet should be driven out of Tennessee, but Burnside thought he could do it without using Sherman's force. He thought that Longstreet would either get out of east Tennessee, or return to Bragg's army; but he was mistaken, and this mistake caused a great deal of trouble, and was one of the main causes of preventing Grant's comprehensive campaign for the winter. Longstreet remained in east Tennessee until spring and was the cause of continual anxiety in Washington and at Knoxville. Grant said that it was a great mistake, and greatly regretted that he did not insist upon their

fighting Longstreet, and forcing him to retreat from east Tennessee when the movement was first made.

As soon as the Chattanooga and Knoxville campaigns were completed, General Grant wrote Halleck that they could not make a winter campaign south of Chattanooga on account of the difficulty of the mountain region and the rainy season. To utilize his large force he proposed to gather up a sufficient number and move by the Mississippi River to New Orleans, thence to Mobile, attacking or investing that place, capture it, and then move into Alabama, and perhaps Georgia—a very feasible operation, as he could have water communication to Selma and Montgomery. Sherman was to move from Vicksburg with 5000 men from Hurlbut's command, and McPherson's Seventeenth Corps then stationed at or near Vicksburg, east to Meridian, destroying the railroads and gathering all stock and supplies that the enemy could use.

On December 21, 1863, I was called to Nashville to meet Generals Grant and Sherman in relation to the part my command was to take in this combined movement. I was to take my corps, the troops at Corinth, and in connection with General W. S. Smith's command of 10,000 cavalry, sweep the Tennessee Valley, thence to Tombigbee Valley in Mississippi, destroying all railroads from there to Corinth, and then to Decatur, Alabama. All stock and supplies were to be taken that could be utilized, the intention being that the commands of Sherman and myself should destroy the railroads and take the products of the country, so that no considerable force of the enemy could remain long in west and middle Tennessee and Mississippi.

The fear of Lincoln and Halleck that Bragg might recover and retake Chattanooga if Grant's army was moved from there, and the anxiety of Lincoln and Stanton for east Tennessee while Longstreet remained there, though General Foster, who commanded east Tennessee, had more troops than Longstreet, caused the abandonment of all this campaign except Sherman's movement from Vicksburg to Meridian. On December 27th Grant started for

Knoxville, telegraphing Washington he would force a battle in east Tennessee as soon as he arrived. Thus for the fourth time magnificent armies, competent to go anywhere, under the most competent commander, were dispersed and scattered, and during the whole winter virtually accomplished nothing.

December 20, 1863, Grant moved his headquarters to Nashville, and prepared his force for the spring campaign. He expected to make the campaign to Atlanta himself, and then to Mobile, if it had not already been taken, then to Savannah. Much contention has arisen as to who first suggested the move to Mobile and Savannah. There is no doubt Grant had it in his plans for his spring campaign which he expected to make in 1864. Whether he had indicated it to any one I do not know. However, Sherman evidently had it in mind as soon as the Atlanta campaign fell under him, and probably both of them considered it a proper campaign to make, and Sherman made it with Grant's approval.

From early in the rebellion Grant had been impressed with the idea that the active and continuous operation of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season or weather, was the proper course to pursue. The armies in the East and West acted independently and without concert, like a balky team, no two pulling together, enabling the enemy to use to great advantage his interior lines of communications to reinforce the army most vigorously pressed, and to furlough a large number during the season of inactivity to go to their homes and work in putting in crops to be used for the support of their armies. Grant says that he therefore determined as soon as he was in command of all the armies: first, to use the greatest number of troops possible against the armed force of the enemy, preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies; second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources until there should be nothing left to him.

Our experience proved how prophetic were Grant's recommendations; and, had his advice been followed in each of his great campaigns and his great victorious army on each occasion been held intact and used as he suggested, instead of being partially disbanded or lying in idleness, the war in the West would have been ended in 1862 or 1863. After Donelson, Grant said, there was nothing to prevent the combining of his own and Buel's army and moving to the line of the Memphis and Charleston Railway, using the Tennessee River as its base, proceeding to the capture of Vicksburg and opening the Mississippi River. This was in 1862.

After Shiloh Halleck's army of 100,000 men could have been used, and in sixty days Vicksburg would have fallen and the Mississippi would have been open; but Buel with his army moved east and finally fell back to the Cumberland River, from which he started, while the rest of Halleck's army was scattered, thereby accomplishing nothing.

After Vicksburg Grant had 70,000 men, with whom he could have moved on Mobile, captured it, and by use of the Alabama River penetrated to Atlanta; but Parke was sent to east Tennessee with the Ninth Corps, Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps spent the summer moving from Memphis to Chattanooga, while A. J. Smith with two divisions of the Sixteenth Corps went to Banks and was not utilized again until the fall of 1864.

After Chattanooga Grant planned to move 30,000 men of that army to Mobile and with the forces on the Mississippi take that city and penetrate to Atlanta by way of the Alabama River, while the rest of the army swept north Mississippi and west Tennessee and destroyed the communications so it could not be again occupied by a Confederate army. All these plans showed a mind and foresight that stamped him as a great general. If any of these plans had been carried out at the time they would have eliminated the Confederate army from the Western country, and enabled a concentration of the army against the Confederate forces in the East.

Before Grant assumed command of all the armies there was promulgated a maxim of war that two battles by two different armies should not be fought at one time. An officer of the highest rank and largest command, in commenting on this, said if our Western armies engaged all their forces at the same time it would leave them without a single reserve to stem the effect of possible disaster. This policy, of course, allowed the enemy, holding the interior lines, the opportunity to reinforce any one of its armies, and at all times bring an equal or superior force against any one of our armies. Grant's plans were the reverse of this, and his orders to all our armies were to move on the enemy at the same time and keep them busy, and prevent any one of the rebel armies from reinforcing the other; it was this policy that so depleted the enemy's forces that within a year they were defeated and could not muster force enough to stop the movement of any one of our armies, and this brought peace.

Grant's four years' experience at West Point, and the acquaintances there formed, and in the Mexican War, gave him a knowledge of the officers on both sides in the Civil War; so that while many people clothed Lee and Johnston with almost superhuman ability, Grant says he knew they were mortal; it was just as well he felt this.

General Grant, in discussing the criticisms upon him, said:

"Twenty years after the close of the most stupendous war ever known we have writers who profess devotion to the nation trying to prove that the nation's forces were not victorious. Probably they say we were slashed around from Donelson to Vicksburg and Chattanooga, and in the East Gettysburg to Appomattox, when the physical rebellion gave out from sheer exhaustion. I would like to see truthful history written; and history will do full credit to the courage, endurance, and soldierly ability of the American citizen, no matter what section of the country he hailed from, or in what ranks he fought."

Speaking of those who opposed our country during the war, Grant gave this opinion: "The man who obstructs a

war in which his nation is engaged, no matter whether right or wrong, occupies no enviable place in life or history. The most charitable posthumous history the stay-at-home traitor can hope for is oblivion."

It would be impossible for me to close my sketch of General Grant without paying a just tribute to the one who was so much with and to him, and to us, but whose work we do not see recorded in the war records or the history of Grant in his official work in civil life. I speak of his devoted wife, Julia Dent Grant. After every campaign she visited General Grant, and was welcomed by every one in his command. She had a kindly, gracious way that captured us. The officers who had annoyances and grievances they could not take to the General and his staff appealed to Mrs. Grant. She was very diplomatic, and knew which to consider and which she could not take up with the General, and many an officer could thank her for interceding and straightening out his grievance. We went to her with great confidence in what she could do; although she always asserted that she had no influence in army matters I noticed none of us were ever concerned about or censured for our appeals to Mrs. Grant, and there is no soldier who did not love to see her with the army, and did not regret her departure. During Grant's administration, his troubles, and his sickness, she was always the same. She straightened out many little contentions, and a suggestion to the General often pointed the way to settle many little annoyances. After General Grant's death I saw much of her, and was charmed with the great number of incidents she had stored away and her great remembrance of what had happened. At our army reunions we always had a word from her and sent her our greetings, and they were happy mile-stones in her life. Many happy hours I have spent with her as she recalled events in the General's life, and his old comrades always received a hearty welcome from her. The nation will never know how much it is indebted to her loyal devotion and good advice. It is a singular fact that in his own home General Grant was uneasy and discontented

when Mrs. Grant was away. He was devoted and loyal to her, and his last request that she be laid at his side, no matter where they placed him, was worthy of the great man, as well as due to his devoted helpmeet. The hold she had, not only on her own country, but on all others, was shown by the universal mourning at her death and the great respect shown her as we laid her by the side of the General at Riverside.

In civil life, as President, General Grant laid down the policies that the country maintains to-day on all great questions—the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, the settlement of all disputes by arbitration, the currency, gold standard, the upbuilding of the navy, the policy in the West Indies, acquisition of foreign territory, retirement of greenbacks until paid out for gold, and the education of our people, upon which nothing more clear than his speech at Des Moines, Iowa, has ever been uttered. It has always been an enigma to me to hear people speak of General Grant and say he was a great soldier but a failure in civil life, for his standing throughout the world is as high or higher for his acts as a civilian as for the great victories of the Civil War. Grant as a statesman was the same as he was when a soldier. When we were living in a camp and not on a campaign it was hard to get a reply to a letter or despatch, or get any comfort from him, but the moment he got on his horse to lead a campaign it seemed as though he anticipated all events. His judgments seemed infallible, his decision was made instantly, and the answer to a letter or despatch was ready the moment he read it. He never hesitated; he never was ambiguous. Any person receiving a letter from him did not have to write a second time for an explanation, and he greatly objected to receiving dispatches showing indecision and expressing doubts during a campaign. To the subordinates he trusted he gave great latitude, and seemed to have the utmost confidence in their success. His orders stated what he wanted done, leaving to them all details, invariably saying if they needed help he would support them.

After the war it was my good fortune to be thrown with Grant a good deal, and I was associated with him in some of his enterprises, such as the railway from the City of Mexico to the Pacific Ocean, and it was impossible for me to meet him as I did and not comprehend that he was in civil life, as in military life, of that peculiar make-up which could let small matters go without attention, but in any crisis would rise to command it. He was so modest and so simple that his greatness was absolutely forced upon one from his very acts. Nevertheless, so far no critic in this nation or any other has been able to write a word against his military course or civil life which carried strength enough to be mentioned a second time. Grant's greatness was admitted long before he left our shores, and, although a simple citizen, he was honored as no one ever was before, and his simplicity astonished the world. Some critics of General Grant have said that during the war he absorbed from others many of his great qualities as a soldier, but no one can read the war records without seeing that the strength of his despatches and orders, the boldness of his plans, his fearless attack of superior numbers, and his decisive victories in the early part of the war were equal if not superior to those of the last year of the war.

The great distinguishing qualities of General Grant were truth, courage, modesty, generosity, and loyalty. He was loyal to every work and every cause in which he was engaged: to his friends, his family, his country, and his God; and it was these characteristics which bound to him with hoops of steel all those who served with him. He gave to others honors and praise to which he was himself entitled. No officer served under him who did not understand this. I was a young man and given much larger commands than my rank entitled me to. Grant never failed to encourage me by giving me credit for whatever I did, or tried to do. If I failed he assumed the responsibility; if I succeeded he recommended me for promotion. He always looked at the intention of those who served under him, as well as to their acts. If they failed he dropped them so quickly and efficiently that the whole country could see and hear their fall.

JAPAN'S PREPARATION FOR WAR.

READ DEC. 7, 1904, BY MAJOR L. L. SEAMAN, U. S. V.

I WISH to express to you the profound appreciation I feel for the distinguished honor you have done me in inviting me to address you this evening.

The Loyal Legion represents to me the highest ideals of my boyhood, ideals that are as indelible as if graven on stone, that have influenced my actions throughout my entire life.

It was in the lap of a soldier that I learned my letters—a brave, and gentle soul, brother of your late comrade General Ruggles, whom I loved as I did a father and whose own heroic life ebbed away within the grim walls of Libby Prison. He it was who taught me how to lisp my first syllables, and it was his love of country, his patriotism, his brave but terrible death, that instilled into my youthful mind an unconquerable desire to be a soldier, and an adoration for its exponents that was little short of hero-worship.

I am doubly glad to be with you to-night because also of the presence of the distinguished representative of the land which has offered me such generous hospitality this past summer at a time when her titanic struggle with Russia on the field of Mars literally astonished and amazed the military critics of the world.

Various are the reasons given to account for this wonderful success of the Japanese. The average man sums up his theory in the expression, "They are great fighters—probably as brave as ever met in war." The military man accounts for the victories on the ground of unusual perfection of detail, coupled with a heroism that has never been

surpassed in battle. Still others, seeking deeper for a cause, ascribe it to a fanatical spirit of patriotism, inspired by the devoted self-sacrifice of an entire people.

These theories are excellent in their way, but the real reason for Japan's success thus far lies in her masterly preparation for war, a preparation the like of which the world has never seen before. She is making war on strictly scientific principles. She is making it a *national business*. She is not experimenting with conditions that arose after the clash of arms commenced. No; for a decade ago she formed her purpose, and deliberately set about to study in the most scientific manner exactly what war meant, and what its outcome was likely to be; and, having ascertained this to her satisfaction, she is now playing the game to its remorseless finish.

Already she has taught the other nations profound and convincing lessons in many fields, and the most impressive of these is that the normal condition of the soldier is health, and that those who die in war should die from bullets received on the firing line and not from preventable disease in quarters.

Ten years ago, at the conclusion of her war with China, Japan found herself in possession of Port Arthur and the Liaotung peninsula. This territory was permanently ceded to her by the terms of the treaty of Shimonoseki, signed in 1895. Later, she was ousted from it by the concert of Russia, Germany, and France, England weakly acquiescing. Unable to cope with these allied powers, which ostensibly and hypocritically stood for the "territorial integrity of China," but really for their own cunningly laid plans to plunder China themselves, she was forced to relinquish the fruits of her victory and to accept instead a small monetary indemnity, and the island of Formosa.

Just *there*, modern statesmanship sprang into full existence in Japan. Robbed of her legitimate conquests, a great light dawned upon her. Her statesmen foresaw that not only would China be despoiled by the other nations, but that her *own* independence was imperilled and that in

time, if she did not resist, she would be reduced to a state of vassalage to the new occupant of Manchuria. She saw one paw of the great White Bear already clutching Port Arthur, whilst the other was stealthily pushing its way down through Korea, with claws extended ready to reach across the straits to Japan.

From that moment Japan began to prepare for war; not from motives of revenge—she put aside the memories of her trials and disappointments except for their inspiration in battle—but for her very *existence*, as a free and independent people. She prepared for a war that should not be a campaign of weeks or months, but of years if necessary. No detail, however insignificant, was overlooked. Her heart and soul were in the work, and the result was a preparation such as was never known before in history.

I need not recount Japan's victories: you are all familiar with them. The fact that she has swept on from triumph to triumph, from the Yalu to Liaoyang in the teeth of the Russian foe, entrenched and fortified, whose units are no cowards, but who fight with the bravery of fanaticism and the courage of desperation, and has never yet met with actual reverse, and only been checked occasionally here and there, is principally due to this wonderful preparation.

How has this result been accomplished? First, Japan sent her statesmen all over the Western world to investigate and compare the military systems in vogue, and, having satisfied herself that Germany's was the best for her needs, adopted the German army methods. The best German military instructors she could command were called to Japan and set at work developing, to the smallest detail, an ideal military system. She studied the lessons of war most assiduously, and, having learned all the Germans could teach her, she dismissed her instructors and actually began to improve upon their ideas. She saw objectionable features here and there, which were eliminated, and for them substituted others more suitable to her requirements.

What was the result?

When the call to arms came, her troops were mobilized

with the utmost dispatch. Every man, trained as a soldier, knew exactly his place, knew when and where to report without confusion, knew where his individual kit was ready and waiting. Most of the soldiers came in their working clothes from the fields to the nearest village, went straight to certain lockers, put on uniforms there waiting for them, put their old clothes back in the same lockers, and in ten minutes were transformed from agricultural peasants into soldiers, ready for service.

So much for the men.

While these troops were being prepared all these years, Japan had been heaping up supplies of every variety—clothing, food, munitions of war, and surgical and medical necessities. Her student-statesmen had been learning other things than the best system of manœuvring upon battlefields. As a result of their inquiries, young men were sent abroad to study. Some became graduates of the United States Naval Academy; others attended the great technical schools of Europe and America. Japan learned how to make her own guns, projectiles, and ammunition. There was no time to build her own battle-ships, and these were bought abroad, but she began to build her smaller ships of war, and even now is undertaking shipbuilding on a far larger scale. Contracts for the construction of two battle-ships for other Asiatic nations—one for Siam and one for China—are now being filled in Japan, and at Nagasaki she is now constructing two splendid 15,000-ton merchantmen for her trans-Pacific service. Prof. Shimose, a Japanese chemist, invented an explosive compound, named after him “Shimose powder.” I have seen the effects of this famous powder. It is not used for killing—propulsion, I mean—but for its *explosive* qualities in blowing up ships and in loading shells. As an evidence of its power of fragmentation, the case of a Russian bluejacket may be cited. He was on the cruiser *Variag* in the Chemulpo fight when a Shimose shell burst near him. An examination of his body disclosed 161 distinct wounds.

Enormous arsenals were constructed and filled with

finished products for use in war. Training schools for officers, on lines similar to West Point and Annapolis, were established.

Then came the most wonderful part of Japan's military development. Japan's student-statesmen had learned that, as a rule, in war five men die of disease for one from injuries and bullets. She decided this enormous waste of men was needless and she set herself to correct it. She established the largest, richest and best-equipped Red Cross hospital system in the world, a system with more than eleven hundred thousand members, with stations in every part of the empire. She equipped this system with hospital ships, perfect in every detail, and rented them out as liners until they should be needed in war, the rental paying for their maintenance, and a handsome profit on the investment.

Long before the war began, the storerooms of the society in Tokio were crowded with wagon-loads of surgical dressing material, cots, tents, bedding, ambulances, and uniforms for nurses. In addition to making these preparations, the society had been training nurses for military service, and in Tokio, where its hospital has a capacity of only 200 beds, there were 260 nurses to care for the patients.

All this was only a small part of the advance she made over other nations in the medical side of her preparations. Her students had absorbed the most progressive methods in the great medical schools of the Occident. They saw, if their army was to be kept well in the field, preventable diseases must be controlled. They developed the germ theory and started to make war upon bacteria. They established institutes for the study of infectious diseases and for the manufacture of serum and lymphs of various kinds. It is now acknowledged by the whole world that to Japan belongs the credit of some of the most valuable contributions to medical science in the field of bacteriology. To her we are indebted for the discovery of the germs of tetanus (lock-jaw) and of the plague. Through the investigations of her students the best serum treatment of these diseases, and of diphtheria, has been secured. Her students are still busily

at work in these fields in the expectation of overcoming dysentery, typhoid, leprosy, tuberculosis, erysipelas, and similar diseases. The results they have already attained have placed them in the front rank with rival investigators in similar fields in Europe and America.

Still further did these students go in their endeavor to eliminate unnecessary sickness among the soldiers at the front. Japan soon realized that the crux of the situation lay in the character of the ration for the troops. She set about to master that problem and has gone a long way toward solving it. The ration is suited to climatic conditions and consists largely of rice, compressed fish, army biscuits, a few salted plums, tea—which necessitates the use of large quantities of boiled (sterilized) water—a few ounces of meat, if obtainable, and some juicy, succulent pickles.

Striking proof of the value of this scientific study of the ration came long before the outbreak of the present war. Dr. Takagi, as Medical Director of the Imperial Navy, accomplished one of the greatest tasks that ever confronted the medical authorities of any country. To him the navy is indebted for the eradication of that most terribly fatal disease beri-beri, the former terror of Oriental armies. In the war with Korea forty-five per cent. of the Japanese troops had this disease, and the mortality was appalling. Now it is practically unknown in the navy. This eradication was brought about almost entirely through the scientific study of the navy ration and its reformation. As a result of this change in food, the proportion of meat and vegetables being regulated scientifically, a finer, more robust, red-blooded set of sailors does not exist than those in Japan's naval service to-day, and years have passed since a case of beri-beri has been seen on shipboard.

Having largely mastered the ration problem, the surgeons of the army, hundreds of whom had been trained in the institutes pertaining to the study of preventive medicine, as well as in hospitals where the most improved methods of antiseptics were in use, determined not to interfere with wounds on the battle-field unless immediate death threatened

except by the application of first-aid dressings. Probing of wounds, which invites the danger of infection, or operations on the field, do not take place, except in cases of great emergency, where it is absolutely necessary for the immediate saving of life. The hospital corps men who accompany the army are trained as nurses in the hospitals and taught the application of first-aid methods in the most thorough and practical manner. In great emergencies they are sometimes capable of rendering efficient assistance before the arrival of the surgeon.

And so in every department preparatory to the actual making of war Japan not only took the best ideas of the Western world, but improved on many of them for her own needs. She established her great base hospitals and developed her transport system to the highest degree of perfection.

I wish that you could have gone with me last summer through these hospitals; could have visited the great arsenals, crowded with supplies; the enormous plants covering hundreds of acres given up to the manufacture of war munitions; the hospital ships, the shipyards, the transports, all of which they allowed me to visit with the utmost freedom. Japan is the land of the sealed lip, so far as the slightest revelation of her plans for making war is concerned, but she is wonderfully frank in disclosing her vast preparations for that war.

The war came on.

Immediately Japan exhibited a new departure in military strife. She discarded absolutely all the pomp and panoply of war. In the two weeks I spent in Tokio I scarcely saw half a dozen men in uniform except in the office of the War Department. There was an absolute absence of the gold-laced, brass-buttoned ostentation and parade, the swashbuckling, spur-heeled bravado, so much to be seen in certain European capitals even in times of peace.

While I was waiting in Tokio, Japan already had two armies in the field, a third was ready to leave for the front, and a fourth was being mobilized. Immense stores of

supplies, food, coal, ammunition, to the amount of thousands upon thousands of tons, were being shipped from the ports of the Inland Sea through the Straits of Shimonoseki to the Gulf of Pechili; great fleets of transports were carrying troops to the Manchurian peninsula, and up toward Dalny and Port Arthur; a vast and comprehensive system of manufacture to supply the needs of the soldier and of the sailors was going on, but it was all done with such perfect organization and intelligent system that one had to search even in the imperial capital—the very centre of administrative activity—to discover any tangible evidence of the actual existence of war.

Japan made the medical department of her army of equal importance with that of the strictly fighting branch, and ranked its officers accordingly. The prevailing idea, as soon as hostilities began, was to prevent disease. The Japanese sent their medical officers out with the first screen of scouts. They took their microscopes and chemicals, tested and labelled wells, so that the army to follow should drink no contaminated water.

When the scouts reached a town, the medical officer immediately instituted a thorough examination of its sanitary condition, and if contagion or infection was found, he quarantined and placed a guard around the dangerous district. Notices were posted so that the approaching column was warned, and no soldiers were billeted where danger existed.

Microscopic blood tests were made in all fever cases, and bacteriological experts, fully equipped, formed part of the staff of every divisional headquarters. The medical officer also accompanied foraging parties, and, with the commissariat officers, sampled the food, fruits, and vegetables sold by the natives along the line of march, long before the arrival of the army. If the food was tainted or the fruit overripe, or the water required boiling, notice was posted to that effect, and such was the respect and discipline of every soldier, from commanding officer to the file in the ranks, that obedience to its orders was absolute.

The medical officer was also found in camp, lecturing the men on sanitation, and the hundred and one details of personal hygiene, how to cook and to eat, when not to drink or to bathe—even to the paring and cleansing of the finger-nails, to prevent danger from bacteria. Long before the outbreak of hostilities he was with the advance agents of the army, testing provisions that were being collected for troops that were to follow; and as a consequence of all these precautions, he is *not* now found treating thousands of cases of intestinal diseases and other contagion and fevers that follow improper subsistence and neglected sanitation: diseases that have brought more campaigns to disastrous termination than the strategies of opposing generals or the bullets of their followers. If the testimony of those conversant with the facts can be accepted, supplemented by my own limited observations, the loss from preventable disease in the first six months of the terrible conflict now raging will be but a fraction of one per cent.; this, too, in Manchuria, a country notoriously unsanitary. Up to August 1st, 9,862 cases had been received at the reserve hospital at Hiroshima, of whom 6,636 were wounded. Of the entire number up to that time only 34 had died. Up to July 20th, the hospital ship *Hakuai Maru* alone brought 2,406 casualties from the front without losing a single case in transit. Up to July 1st, 1,105 wounded, a large porportion of whom were stretcher cases, were received at the hospitals in Tokio; none died, and all but one presented favorable prognoses.

Naturally one asks: Were these medical results anticipated? As an answer, the statement of a distinguished Japanese officer, when discussing with me the subject of Russia's overwhelming numbers, is pertinent. "Yes," he said, "we are prepared for that. Russia may be able to place 2,000,000 men in the field. We can furnish 500,000. You know that in every war four men die of disease for every one who falls from bullets. That will be the position of Russia in this war. We propose to eliminate disease as a factor. Every man who dies in our army must fall on

the field of battle. In this way we shall neutralize the superiority of Russian numbers and stand on a comparatively equal footing."

Compare this with the attitude of Russian officials in the Far East as stated by Captain Gunderson of the steamship *Unison*, wrecked off the Miatou Islands last August, as she was attempting to run the blockade of Port Arthur. I was on that wreck three days in company with my friend Capt. Boyd, 10th United States Cavalry, and Captain Gunderson repeatedly assured us that no one in Russia had any idea Japan really intended war. As an evidence, he cited a conversation with his brother, who is the Russian surgeon-general at Vladivostock, and who said: "Oh, there will be no war. If Russia expected war, I should be the first to know it, so my hospital could be in readiness. As it is, I have never been so short of supplies as I am to-day. There will be no war." That night Admiral Togo torpedoed the Russian squadron, and practically closed Port Arthur to the outside world.

Regardless of the outcome of this terrible war, history will never again furnish a more convincing demonstration of the benefit of a medical, sanitary, and commissary department thoroughly organized, equipped, and *empowered*, to overcome the silent foe.

Every death from preventable disease is an insult to the intelligence of the age. When it occurs in an army, where the units are compelled to submit to discipline, it becomes a governmental crime. Witness the French campaign in Madagascar in 1894, where of the 15,000 men sent to the front 29 were killed in action, and over 7000 died en route to and from the scene, from preventable causes.

The Japanese do their killing, but they do it differently. They, too, have their tragedies, but they are legitimate tragedies of grim war. By the methods I have faintly described—their recognition of the importance of preventive medicine and sanitary and commissariat supervision—they have doubled the fighting efficiency of their army, and reduced to a minimum the loss from preventable disease.

As an American who yields to no one in his love of country, who admires with an intensity that knows no abatement the man on the firing line, I ask you, gentlemen, what does all this marvellous record of Japan mean for the other nations? And I leave to you, trained as you have been on battle-fields such as I never saw, to answer.

THE NAVY.

A PAPER READ BY REAR-ADMIRAL JOSEPH B. COGLAN,
U. S. NAVY, DECEMBER 13, 1905.

I FEEL as though I am here under a species of "false pretences" to-night. When I was asked to recommend some one to address you to-night, and could really think of no officer in this vicinity who could "fill the bill," I was in earnest. I was then asked if I would say something on the occasion, as it had been settled that this was to be a "*Navy night*." Thinking from the invitation to *me*, to address you, that you would be easily pleased, I, in a moment of aberration of mind, consented. Then came the unkindest cut of all. "Don't make it reminiscent" was told me, as though I could possibly be egotistical enough to imagine that any of my poor memories could entertain such splendid old veterans as yourselves. All this was enough to make me uncomfortable, but when I saw myself advertised, as it were, to "read a paper on the Navy" my heart fairly failed me, and, like the boy at school, I was sorry I had had any thing to do with the whole thing.

The Navy as we all know is assuming greater importance every day. As our country expands its trade, so the needs of a navy become greater. For after all the existence of a navy depends upon the needs of commerce. In fact navies are the handmaids of commerce, and where commerce does not exist navies are not needed. Were it not for commerce each nation could shut itself up with a species of Chinese wall, and stew and rot in its own incestuous life. But so long as human nature remains as it is, so long will commerce survive: so long will the jealousies and animosities

engendered by commercial competition exist, and so long will the needs of navies be felt. The expansion of our country in the last decade, with its possibilities of greatly expanded commerce, has forced home upon our people the needs of a greater navy. The need of greatly increased markets for our expanded productions brings with it the need for their protection, and the idea of protection points immediately to the very "*raison d'être*" of the Navy—viz. to be ready, should the occasion ever unhappily arise, *to swiftly deal a death-blow to an enemy!* For you all know that the best protection lies in your power to attack and crush your enemy, and for this purpose you must have sufficient force well handled. All this must seem mere truism to you, but it can never be too often repeated. It is not the cry of "Wolf! wolf!" but the wise man's idea, viz.: Make every preparation, and when the wolf does come we can slay him. Now in our own country lately things have been in a way reversed, and our policy would seem to have been to "prepare the handmaid for the most extensive demands which can come from her mistress."

And, strange as it may appear, the handmaiden has in a measure been growing faster than her mistress. But this is right and proper, for when that mistress becomes fully conscious of her own needs she will start to the front with an ease and a stride which her poor handmaid will find it hard to maintain. We have but to study the same things as seen in the experience of other countries to see how true this is. The handmaid, upon whom the mistress will in the end have to rely, should therefore prepare herself to sustain the heavy burden to be laid upon her in the future. But this hanging back, as it were, of the mistress, Commerce, cannot be too long delayed without serious injury to the handmaid, the Navy. So long as commerce in our own bottoms is delayed so long will the Navy be crippled. The genius of our people and the many opportunities for men to engage in lucrative work on shore will always tend to make it difficult to maintain the proper number of men to man our vessels. In times of peace this will not be so

detrimental, for we shall probably never keep in commission more than a moiety of our vessels.

But the moment the alarm of war is sounded where shall we turn for the men who shall then be needed so badly?

With no vessels carrying our flag in foreign commerce, what shall we do, where can we turn? Our people are, I think, thoroughly alive to the fact that the Navy must always be ready, and I feel confident that, so far as we can, the Navy keeps so. But unfortunately the people are very slow to recognize any difference between the requirements of peace and those of war. They only demand "results," forgetting that what to them may appear as having been most lavish expenditures have been merely the minimum which good judgment demanded.

The sudden mobilization of our whole fleet, after years of work with half of it, will call for doubling the number of men, and where are they to come from?

There will be plenty of men, such as they are, to put on board the vessels, but what from a seaman's standpoint will they be? The vast majority will be without the slightest idea of the "sea habit"; men whom it will take months if not years to get into shape, for they will have to be taught from the rudiments up.

The last war in the East has again shown us the danger of such a position. The Russian fleet, with nearly a year of practice on its way to China, was immediately found to be infinitely inferior to the veterans of Japan! It is often said that a few months will get our men into good shape. Yes? but where is the enemy who will give us even those few months? *For such a one we will not need preparation!*

Some are trying to partly solve the problem by the idea of a naval militia. This may give us a few men, but they will be mostly men whose mode of life does not give them the stamina, physical of course, to stand the strain and hardships. Even the best of these lack the sea habit, which would keep them good men during their first few weeks at sea. And so we are driven to the inevitable conclusion that

our recruits in war must come from our deep-sea vessels, vessels engaged in foreign commerce. Being used to the sea, they can easily be transformed into handy men for war purposes. This supposes, of course, that the men under constant training will form the nucleus about which the new men can cluster. Had we a carrying capacity afloat commensurate with the needs of even our present commerce, then indeed could we form a national reserve upon which we could rely without a misgiving. Until we have a merchant marine, these needs of the Navy are a danger to our country.

Don't for a moment think I am in any way criticising the Navy or its men. I know them and it, and whatever men can do, that is being done to-day; and all the thought, care, and work being done to-day is in no way thrown away. Nothing can be thrown away which tends to give us a body of high-spirited, self-respecting men, whether they remain in the Navy or go again into civil life. Gentlemen, it behooves us, as veterans of the great war, where unpreparedness brought such great disasters, to see to it, as far as it lies in our power, that *that* great need of our Navy and country, a deep-sea merchant marine, is established.

It is not in my province to point a way. The arguments pro and con on every proposition pointing in that direction are astute and voluminous. But the fact remains that, after years and years of agitation, we have no merchant marine, and the Navy no recruiting ground for war. Other nations are in various ways correcting this evil; for the sake of our country and its future, let us also *do it*.

If you stop to think for a moment you will remember that never before the Spanish War did our nation, after a war was over, attempt to better the condition of the Navy. This one has been a notable exception. From some four battle-ships of about 10,500 tons displacement, with moderate speed, we have gradually expanded until at present we have afloat, under construction, or authorized twenty-seven. In this time we wasted some millions upon four monitors. The Spanish War taught us the worthlessness

of these vessels for even "long-shore" work. A type of vessel which under Cavité point in Manila Bay rolled twenty times to the minute is not a very safe platform from which to fire 10- or 12-inch guns. The ordinary light trade swell along the Cuban and Porto Rican coasts, taught us that the latest modifications of the monitors, the battle-ships, were the only thing upon which we could rely for effective work.

For, after all, when you outline the armored parts of our earlier battle-ships you will see that they are practically monitors built up into a more steady platform, thus giving incidentally better living quarters and larger coal-carrying capacity, and the greater size giving us also *more speed*. This last is a prime attribute.

The late war in the East has also modified the ideas of many on the usefulness of the torpedo-boat and has pointed out its grave defects, while the submarine, so called, is looked upon with wary eyes. To be sure we find many yet who see, in spite of all failures, great success in each of those types. Others again seek a combination of the two as the proper agent to "revolutionize warfare" again. How many times have you seen and read of the great weapons which revolutionized warfare, both afloat and ashore? And how many remain to-day? And old War goes on in the even tenor of his way killing his thousands in the same old way, and with the same old weapons slightly modified by the study of the ages. The only man who will ever revolutionize warfare is the man who will abolish it, and no signs yet appear of his coming. I do not wish to advertise anyone's wares or ideas, but I must say I do see in our latest torpedo, and the combination of torpedo-boat and submarine, a weapon which is far in advance of the older ideas. The phase of the combined torpedo-boat and submarine is yet in an experimental stage, but to me the possibilities are immense. It seems as though in one direction it can never advance beyond its prototypes—viz.: it must ever remain a weapon of chance—one which by stealth only can do

its work. The under-water torpedoes of a battle-ship seem to be the only way in which a torpedo can, as it were, be used in the open. The battle-ship has the power of protection and can carry its weapon up to within striking distance, provided always that she has sufficient speed—an attribute which some people think unnecessary. So far as the idea has been worked out the combined torpedo-boat and submarine is an amplification of the skimming dish and a fin keel, the greater part of which latter is expanded into a good-sized submarine, entirely beneath the water, the lower body carrying the torpedo and the motive power and supporting the rudder, the upper body being almost entirely above water for flotation, which can be insured by its being lined or filled with cork etc.; from the lower body rises, through the upper one, a small well-protected conning tower or tube impervious to shot. So far as present experiments have gone the model boat has been quite successful. A great drawback is the heavy draft of water; while the decreased speed places it in some respects below a torpedo-boat destroyer. The whole thing is in an experimental stage and most certainly will be improved on. I mention this to show you that there can be no *final* type in war vessels, and the only thing for an up-to-date country to do is to try to keep not only abreast of, but a bit in advance of the times, as represented by other nations.

It may interest you to know that in the coming year at least four battle-ships will be added to those now in commission—two of them, the *Connecticut* and *Louisiana*, of 16,000-tons trial displacement and eighteen-knots speed at that draft. When they are fully loaded they will be over 17,000 tons displacement and will represent the quickest work ever done in this country in battle-ship building; and this I am happy to say has resulted from the policy of the government of building the *Connecticut* at your own navy-yard. And remember that not a day's extra or overtime work has been done on her. In fact she has been a source

from which often men have been drawn to do work requiring skill, intelligence, and quickness on other vessels. At present it looks as though the government-built vessel would be completed the quicker of the two. The cost may be a bit higher, but not enough to cover the difference in hours of work, and vacations with pay, allowed navy-yard employees. But the real cost can only be fairly obtained after a year or two in service, when the repair expenses can be compared.

But the greatest value is the demonstration that battle-ships can be built in this country in much quicker time than the private firms have been willing to admit.

Without intending to be disagreeably critical or to cast any reflections upon any one, I may say I think that in building our new Navy we have followed too closely the European practices, so that our vessels are in a way replicas of those abroad. It seems as though our own inventive genius has not been given full play. These remarks are of course only my personal thoughts. Time was when we led the world in types and I most sincerely hope that that will again be our boast. Italy seems to be the one who should hold the pennant at present. Her men have been bold enough to cut loose from the trammels of European practice and have blazed a way for themselves, and in a manner which, I think, is worthy of all praise; not only for free and original thinking but for splendid results.

I, for one, believe thoroughly in turret protection for guns, and the more guns in turrets, the better fighter the vessel makes. The results of gunfire on the Russian vessel the *Tzarovitch* I think bear me out in that opinion.

One can easily see that American inventive genius is still in the ascendant, as is shown in various internal appliances, which Europe is at last copying; from this I am convinced that our genius should also extend its efforts to the *types* of ships and the same success would reward our efforts.

I am not in sympathy with the line of thought which

would immediately relegate our officers of experience to the scrap-heap. I cannot bring myself to think that what I and others of the same age did cannot be done by those coming after us. I rather incline to the opinion that the pace we have set will be exceeded by the newer generation with the improved tools which we have helped to forge for them. I try to flatter myself that my reasoning on this subject is wholly impersonal, as I will soon reach the Oslerizing age and will pass to what will soon be the "great majority," viz. the Retired List. But I ask naval men to pause and see if the retirement for age in grades will keep up the flow of promotion? When the Retired List becomes so very great, Congress and the people will refuse to keep up such an army of unemployed men. Hence the only way out of the dilemma is to fix a "discharge age," at which every man, unless he has done great service to the country *in time of war*, and in *war actions in face of the enemy*, will be summarily discharged. Thus and thus only can we have a steady flow of promotion.

But, Companions, there is one other thing I can with pride say to you. The Navy is still imbued with the *old spirit* which has so often led us to victory. Never, in my experience, has this spirit been so prevalent in every branch and corps. Each, in his sphere, is lending his best energies to the perfection of the whole, and the only jealousies are those pleasant ones of who can best serve his country by doing his duty in his sphere of action. So long as this lasts our anxieties need not be very great. But we must have the proper tools, and in sufficient quantity and of the right quality. Our cry must always be, "The biggest ships of their class, with the biggest guns and the greatest speed." This is the Navy's *right*, for so long as the units are not to be the greatest in number, we can only do the required work through their *quality*. This was our ancient policy from which such splendid results flowed, and to equal them it must be our policy now and in the future.

From the reports of the Secretary of the Navy, the Presi-

dent's last message, and the remarks attributed to many Congressmen of both houses regarding a further increase of the Navy, the words of one of our officers a year and a half ago seem prophetic. He said, substantially, "The naval wave raised by the war with Spain seems to have reached the outer line of shoals, and will soon expend itself on the beach of neglect."

DISCIPLINE AT THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY

A PAPER READ BY COLONEL EDGAR S. DUDLEY, U. S. ARMY,
FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

THE matter of discipline at the U. S. Military Academy is most important, for it affects not only the welfare and vitality of the Academy, but, through its influence upon the Army at large, in the character of the officers it supplies, it also affects the welfare and safety of the nation.

We cannot afford, therefore, to relax the rigid military discipline of each individual cadet, irksome though it is, which is necessary to develop in him that promptness of action, that unhesitating obedience to orders, that ready and willing compliance with law and regulations, and that recognition of the necessity of the full performance of duty, honor, and responsibility, which characterizes the efficient officer in actual service in our Army to-day.

It is a trite saying, but as true as ever, that "he who would command others must first learn to command himself." And this is the very first lesson a young man learns upon entering the Military Academy. Coming from home, or from some educational institution whose theory of government is to let the student govern himself within the utmost limits possible, and without immediate personal restriction, accustomed to consider himself, perhaps, the equal of any one, with a freedom to express his own personal opinions, and to argue his point in case of difference, the new cadet finds himself, on reporting at West Point, under restraint not only of personal action but of expression of opinion; he is everywhere, and at all

times, subject to the command of a superior, and when he receives an order no reply is permitted, however much he may differ in his views as to its wisdom. The necessity for self-control begins at once and it follows him through every act of his daily life until he graduates; the rule of obedience to law and orders stays with him in all his future service if for no other reason than that it has become a habit.

Discipline teaches not only self-control but prompt obedience to authority, conformity to law and regulations, uniformity of action, and righteousness of conduct. At the Military Academy it involves the use of the cadet's time each day, the clothing worn, the manner and thoroughness of recitation, a multitude of incidental matters of life and conduct, and, above all, those principles of honor and truthfulness which fix the standard by which he is judged, not only by his superiors but by his comrades and eventually by the country. From the moment of entering the Academy discipline is with him always. It rises with him in the morning at the call of reveille, it attends him through the day, and he lies down at night under its ever-present care. He learns that "duty" is the one great law of life, and this law is embodied in every lesson of every day of his life until he graduates and goes forth with the impress of the Academy, the watchword of the soldier, "Duty, honor, oyalty to country."

This institution differs from all others, if we except Annapolis, in that it controls the time and actions of every student, and thereby draws out of him his very best and develops all his faculties to the highest extent possible. The mental requirements are severe, and I believe that but for the accompanying physical training that goes with it many would be unable to stand the strain. Mental training and discipline work side by side with the physical each being the helpmeet of the other, and as a result the influence of men so trained, upon the Army at large cannot well be measured.

In considering the influence of the graduates upon the Army I wish to digress for a moment to speak of those

officers who are not graduates but whose work is with them, and whose influence upon the Army and the country is as great as theirs.

Cadets graduate with but a theoretical knowledge and have yet to learn that what they know is but the foundation for practical work which is to follow.

Just after the Civil War the great majority of the commissioned officers of the regular Army were non-graduates of the Military Academy. But these men were veterans of war service, and the world has never seen finer soldiers and better officers than those of our armies at the close of that war. Those who came from such experience into the regular Army, and remained with it, brought a practical knowledge of warfare that no graduate without war service can ever have.

It is some of those men who to-day stand at the head of the American Army. Such soldiers as Generals Brooke, Chaffee, Corbin, Bates, and MacArthur, with all of whom I have served in close personal as well as official relations, I know to be, and you know are, men of great ability, of exceptional character, amongst the finest soldiers of present time. And there are Generals Young, Wade, and the others, a list too long to enumerate, but whose names are familiar to you all as soldiers of ability, experience and fame.

I do not intend to limit my remarks to those who became generals, because the number of that rank is limited, so that *all* cannot attain that grade no matter how well they deserve it, whether graduates or not. Nor do I limit what I say entirely to veterans of the Civil War, for the officers who have entered the army from other sources, and, with all the disadvantage of lack of technical foundation possessed by the graduate, have marched side by side with him in making the Army what it is to-day, deserve all the more credit and honor in that each has, by his own work, placed himself alongside the graduate in influence and ability, so that no one stops now to ask is he a graduate or not. Their own work shows their worth and I only wish, as a graduate, to pay them that tribute which they so well deserve.

HAZING.

There is one species of discipline at West Point that a young man entering there has always, heretofore, had to undergo that is not laid down in law, orders, or regulations, and is in fact contrary to them all; and that is the discipline exercised by upper-class men over the new-comers or "plebes" as they are called.

In all educational institutions it seems to be the custom, since time immemorial, for upper-class men to annoy, have fun with, or, as we used to call it, "devil" the freshmen, and the fresher the subject appeared the better the game. West Point has been no exception to the rule; but it has differed somewhat in character. Instead of gathering in some new-comer's room and "smoking him out," or assaulting him, if he wore a certain style of hat or carried a cane, at West Point it took the form of "additional instruction in the duties of a soldier," and especially the great importance of respect for and obedience to his superior, which of course meant, just then, the older cadet of a higher class who was giving him the instructions. If he had to clean a gun or pile the bedding of an older cadet, it was only in the line of what that cadet had to do himself, and the plebe was learning how to do things to which he had never before been accustomed. Much of the devilling of sentinels, which I am afraid was sometimes carried too far, taught self-restraint and self-reliance and resulted in the instruction of the new cadet as to what action he should take in case of emergency, and in a practical knowledge of the rights and duties of a sentinel.

With a few exceptions of brutal men who exceeded the limits of decent amusement and instruction in this way, the treatment was not injurious to the body or self-respect of the plebe, and was generally recognized by him as intended more for fun and frolic, and education into the details of the hardships of cadet life, than with an idea of injury to him physically or mentally. It was a rule in my day that no upper-class man should touch a plebe in "devilling"

him; to lay hands upon him was not permissible, but verbal "devilling" was an amusement of which he could avail himself, if not caught at it. There was nothing dishonorable on either side in asking a plebe to pile one's bedding, to carry a pail of water, or to clean a gun; for every cadet had to do these things for himself, unless he got some plebe to do it for him. But to ask a new cadet to black your boots entitled him to refuse, and to fight rather than do it; and no upper-class man ever did such a thing, to my knowledge, and if one did his comrades never sustained him in the wrong.

When the character of the devilling was once recognized by the new cadet as not originating in personal antagonism to him, but as really a matter of "fun," he generally took it in good part. To assure you that this must have been the case I have only to recall the fact that a large number of young men, myself one of them, who were soldiers or officers of volunteers during the Civil War, reported at the Academy in 1865 and 1866, some of them direct from the field. At least one came, in 1865, wearing the shoulder-straps of a captain, was saluted by soldiers and cadets as he passed, only to find himself, like all other plebes, the subordinate of the upper-class men as soon as he reported as a new cadet. He accepted it all, as others did, in good part, had no trouble that I ever heard of, took the usual devilling, and was graduated.

Those plebes who were devilled most, and with whom the older cadets took most pains in their discipline, were the sons of wealthy or prominent men. It was deemed necessary for their good, and the benefit of their classmates, that such young men should understand that, as cadets, all stood upon the same level, that no snobbishness would be endured. The rich and the poor came here from all sections of the country and of all classes and degrees of society; but after they reported, wealth, or knowledge, or family reputation, counted for nothing.

The older cadets seemed to take special delight in making the acquaintance of sons of officers of high rank. It is

reported that General Fred Grant, my friend and classmate, received special attention, and that he fought at least three different men on one and the same day because they insisted that his father was *not* a greater man than George Washington. Even his antagonists admired him for his grit, and loyalty to his father.

But as the years passed by a new element appeared in the "devilling": it took forms unheard-of before, and turned into a system of brutality that the older graduates would never have recognized or believed possible. There grew up class organizations, with an elected president for each, and "loyalty to class" rather than "loyalty to the corps" became the predominant spirit. A "fighting committee" was organized for each class. Originally intended to prevent fights and adjust difficulties, it deteriorated into a rules committee on the method of meeting—how, when, where, and what men should fight; for it has always been the rule that there should be a fair fight and so men must be matched as nearly as possible; if one man was smaller than the other a classmate was selected to fight for him. That in these fights with plebes the upper-class man more frequently won than the plebe did was due to his better physical training and not to difference in size.

Under these new conditions, somewhere in the nineties, the "devilling" began to assume a new and dangerous form; it became tyrannical, ungentlemanly, and brutal in many instances. The old cadets began to require the plebes to undergo physical exercises, keeping them at it to the point of physical and nervous prostration, and *then* "devilling" became "hazing."

You may wonder how this change of treatment came about, and I can only suggest an opinion that it was "brought there." Testimony taken in an investigation shows that a system of hazing had grown up at a Preparatory school for entrance to West Point, where numbers of candidates annually gathered to be coached prior to the entrance examination, and, that, not being under close military supervision and control, they had developed a system of physical

attack which they later used on new cadets at the Academy.

A member of Congress recently cited a case which he stated had occurred at West Point (*Cong. Record*, Jan. 5th) in which a young man refused to be hazed, and said that any one who attempted to haze him would have to take the result, and the result was the death of one of the young men who tried it. I can find no record of such an event at West Point, but have heard that something of the kind occurred at a preparatory school. This discovery of hazing at the preparatory school, and its resultant effect upon the Academy, was one of the reasons why General Mills and the Academic Board recommended the admission of candidates on certificate of graduation from approved high schools, or of attendance, without condition, at a college or university, so that they could come directly from their homes or school free from associations and examples which favored hazing.

You may wish to know why I make a difference in the use of the words "devilling" and "hazing," and I will say that in my mind it is the difference between innocuous fun—such fun as even the grown-up and sedate members of the New York Stock Exchange are reported to sometimes indulge in,—between such fun and positive injury; between good intent and evil intent; between reasonable, though not lawful, insistence upon the performance of duties which all have to perform, combined with moderate amusement, and excess thereof, with brutality.

The limit may not be always clearly drawn, and even Congressmen are in doubt as to where it should be placed; for in a recent speech in Congress (*Cong. Record*, December 19, 1905) a member was interrupted by another and asked: "Take the case of General Sheridan's boy who went to West Point. Of course they had some fun with him. They made him sit on a saddle on a clothes-horse and had him recite Buchanan Read's 'Sheridan's Ride.' Now was that hazing? Would you dismiss all those boys who played a joke like that upon a boy who went to West Point? Would

you bar those boys from the Army forever?" To which the reply was: "I would not say that was hazing. If I was the officer in charge I would have sense enough to make a distinction between play and hazing." To which the inquiring member replied, "But that was hazing." So I leave the question to each of you for himself, only saying that I believe each case must be decided for itself upon the circumstances attending it.

Sometimes the devilling was not confined to the new cadets—the amusement even extended to tricks to try the watchfulness and patience of the tactical officers, and if the cadets could make them think that something was going to happen, and get them all out of bed at night watching for it, and then nothing happened, they were delighted. It even reached the professors, at least on one occasion, and I will have to tell another story on General Grant. It is reported that at one time Professor Church, who was the author of an excellent work on *Descriptive Geometry*, entered the section room where Cadet Grant, with others, was waiting to recite, and kindly asked if there was any problem in the lesson which any cadet in the section did not understand, to which Grant replied that there was one which he did not understand, naming it; whereupon Professor Church made a full and clear demonstration of it, and when completed he turned and said, "Mr. Grant, this problem is very simple; why did n't you understand it?" To which Grant replied, "Well, Professor, the fact is I had n't studied that part of the lesson." The look of disgust on the Professor's countenance would have done credit to a just "devilled" plebe.

But time forbids my entering into details. It is sufficient to say that General Mills, coming to duty just about the time that hazing had reached its highest point, found himself "up against" a harder proposition than possibly any superintendent has met since Thayer established his system of control.

He encountered difficulties that were sufficient to discourage almost any one, but he was persistent in his determination to exterminate the evil until he succeeded. His

measures met with strong opposition from the cadets, who thought the immemorial rights and customs of the corps were being interfered with. He found himself also confronted with two Academic regulations which, together with the feeling of the cadets, common to young men, that it was dishonorable to give evidence against one another, prevented his getting at facts relative to hazing which he was sure existed but of which he could not obtain satisfactory evidence to convict.

One of these regulations was to the effect that a cadet need not answer any question that would criminate him; and another regulation was that, in addition to the punishment to be awarded an older cadet for interfering with a new cadet, the new cadet was himself punishable for permitting himself to be interfered with. So that, between these two regulations and the class ideas of what it was honorable to do and what not to do, it was impossible to get evidence, each cadet claiming for himself the privilege of not answering because in the answer he might incriminate himself.

It finally came to a point where the first class men detailed in command of companies one day refused to sign the certificate that they had properly performed their duties as such, on the ground that they were not required to incriminate themselves. They were relieved and placed in arrest, but, notwithstanding this, on the next day four more company commanders and eight acting lieutenants followed the same plan. It was evident that this new step was taken because the company commanders are on honor to report breaches of discipline, and they were averse to reporting their comrades, or themselves, for hazing.

General Mills at once revoked the appointments of all cadet officers and placed an army officer in direct command of each company, with another as adjutant, and strict military discipline was enforced. Within three or four days these cadets made a frank acknowledgment of their error and offence, were restored to duty after due admonition, and matters started on the new basis of responsibility.

Later, after an attack upon the Academy by the newspapers, resulting in a Congressional investigation, which investigation materially strengthened the position which General Mills had previously taken, each of the four classes, by resolution voluntarily taken, promised to cease the hazing of new cadets.

From that time General Mills has had the matter well in hand; he has secured the desired modification of regulations, which now permit him to investigate, and to determine whether or not a question shall be answered, as well as having power given him to summarily sever from the institution any cadet guilty of hazing, to await the action of the Secretary of War; which action has been dismissal from the Academy.

Of the fact that he has suppressed hazing, as it existed when he took command at the Military Academy, I am assured, not only by the report of a recent board of officers to that effect, but from personal, unofficial, information received from members of the fourth class themselves. It is so completely stopped that "devilling" has taken the form of entirely ignoring members of the fourth class; it is as if they were not existing in the presence of the upper-class men, except on official occasions, and it is so complete that some of the plebes think it is too much so; that they are missing something to which they are as much entitled as were their predecessors; that they had rather be "devililled" than "ignored." It is true that bracing, which is simply the requirement to throw the shoulders back, still exists, but only in ranks and as a part of official discipline, for excess of which the cadet officer is held responsible.

It has been a great victory for General Mills, an advance in the promotion of discipline, an invaluable instruction in the necessity for obedience to authority, a preparation for their great field of future work in life, for the insuring of that habit of action and feeling of responsibility to duty that leads the soldier to face the enemy whether behind the breastworks of Santiago, within the walls of Pekin, or in the dangerous marches against the treacherous Moro. It

makes *men*, men who are ready to accept every duty devolved upon them, with a habit of obedience and faithfulness that leads them to success in whatever station placed, whether in military command, or in the administration of civil affairs with great responsibility thrust upon them, and to fulfil the duty whatever the situation or difficulty.

General Mills has not only suppressed hazing during his tour of duty at West Point as superintendent, but he has shown his ability in administration in the originating of the "new West Point," and his name will ever be linked with that institution as one of its greatest superintendents and benefactors. In charge of its interests at the close of the first century of its existence, he has started it anew with splendid buildings to meet the requirement of the coming century, which will make the Academy in that respect, as well as in its method of education and discipline, worthy of the admiration of foreign powers, and keep it, as it ever has been, the pride of the American people.

He has had a hard and strenuous fight for success, but he has attained it; and he has succeeded because he has retained in his own life the lessons and discipline of his early days at the Military Academy, and embodies in his personal character the principles there acquired, and is himself a living exemplar of the motto of the Academy: "Duty—Honor—Country."

WEST POINT.

A PAPER READ BY COLONEL CHAS. W. LARNED, U. S.
MILITARY ACADEMY, FEBRUARY 7, 1906.

I WAS fully conscious of the serious handicap which awaited me as a mere military pedagogue in having it fall to my lot in the absence of my chief to represent the National Military School before an assemblage containing so many veterans of one of the great wars of history; but I did not count upon having in my oratorical wake the great corps commander and former Superintendent of the Academy, whose name was famous when I was a little school-boy, and that distinguished graduate and brilliant orator—our late Ambassador to France. I appeal to your charity and my own insignificance as I fall between this upper and nether millstone; and I bless my stars, and absence of stars, that I come first in the inverse order of importance and rank while you are fresh and good-natured.

Before talking to my text I will ask your indulgence for a short bit of historical narration which, considering my position as proxy for the head of the Academy, seems to me a very fitting preface for any present discussion of the Institution. In the fall of '98 we, the old guard of the Academic Board, heard with amazement and consternation that the President had appointed a first lieutenant of cavalry Superintendent of the Military Academy. In due course he appeared—a quiet, dignified, good-looking young man of forty-one, with grayish hair, a hole in the side of his head, and lacking one eye. I think that, barring the Senate of the United States, the Academic Board of the Academy is at

the same time the most dignified, the most independent, and the most obstinate deliberative body in the world. The first session was a somewhat trying quarter of an hour for both the Board and its president. I feel sure the young Superintendent was wondering how he could best manage with such a lot of opinionated petrifications; and they, on their part, were resenting having been, together with the great National Academy, presented on a tray with the compliments of the Administration to a first lieutenant of cavalry, as a testimonial for having bravely done his duty at San Juan Hill. I am inclined to think we were both justified in our emotions from our respective standpoints. However that may be, eight years have passed, and the Superintendent now wears a star, and West Point is passing through an epoch of progressive regeneration, both academic and architectural, more comprehensive and beneficial than all the changes effected since Thayer's day. The institution is being put in harmony with modern military and technical conditions in education, and is being equipped with a plant which will enable it to operate with the highest degree of efficiency. During his administration also the serious evil of hazing has been effectually suppressed—that subtle and elusive spirit of fun and oppression so prone to excess and so difficult to control.

It is no reflection upon his distinguished predecessors that so much was left to be accomplished by one administration. The time had not been fully ripe for this reorganization, and only the experiences of recent wars and the rapid technical development, both military and civil, of latter years combined to bring it to fruition; but, none the less, the work has been done, and its accomplishment is a splendid monument to the able administrator who did it. I can say this the more freely of the officer who bears my signature on his diploma, because, although cordially in sympathy and co-operating with all the important measures of my chief's administration, I have frankly opposed him within the limits of my functions, as I was bound to do by the obligation of my duty to the Academy and myself, in details of which my judgment disapproved. But

I am glad of this opportunity of saying that the man who has given an eye, and very nearly his life, to his country; who is one of fifty graduates to wear its medal of honor; and who, in an administration of eight years, has brought about the regeneration of its great military school has shown as clear a title to his star as that of any officer who wears it.

* * * * *

In that modern development of society which we call civilization a military school is on the defensive. It is the one educational machine that stands for destructive instead of constructive activities. Among the older monarchical communities of Europe tradition and association have accustomed people to the military idea and its mechanism; but in our new land when we dumped the tea into the sea at Boston-port we threw overboard with it monarchical traditions and Old-World conceptions, and started fresh. Militarism, in the Old-World sense, was one of them; and, although we have kept a very good stomach for fighting when it comes our way, we do not as a people take kindly to soldiering in peace times. All the same, it became very evident early in our career that when an international scrap happened along somebody should know the fine points of the military art of self-defence in order to handle it; that, in order to know, it was necessary to learn; and, to learn, a school was essential—hence, West Point.

This genesis of a military school is logically simple, and the logic was very clear to Washington, Hamilton, and others of our great political forbears; but it did not work out so simply as a matter of realization in our jealous political system, and the young Academy several times narrowly escaped shipwreck before Thayer took the helm and steered it into clear water. For many years the hostility to peace armaments of "Triumphant Democracy" threatened its existence, and vituperative assaults upon its character, accomplishment, and use followed it to the verge of the Civil War. Its first convincing vindication came with the war with Mexico, and the war for the Union left it founded

upon the rock of the nation's confidence, where it now stands firmly, with a record of successful achievement in both military and civil life which, in proportion to its alumni, I believe to be unparalleled in any country.

I do not propose to weary you with the statistics of its success, nor to brag of its achievements. The record of these has been published recently in its Centennial memorial volume, and has some place in the nation's history; and the names of its famous commanders are sufficiently familiar to all who hear me. Neither do I desire to argue the value of military education in modern armaments, nor its special function in a republic. All this has been threshed threadbare, and the intelligence that doubts the use of learning boxing to one who has a sparring date with a prize-fighter needs trepanning more than argument. Successful military accomplishment would undoubtedly justify the existence and cost of the military school as a business investment and necessary evil in the peace economy; but this alone, fundamental as it is, would not remove the always latent, and sometimes active, hostility of civilian regard during the long periods of peace when it is a burden whose function lies in a vague future. It would be a pretty serious indictment of its status among institutions of learning if the Military Academy generated nothing but the genius of destruction and the art of scientific bloodshed.

Last February the chancellor of a New York university said in reference to the participation of the cadets of West Point and Annapolis in the inaugural parade:

The life of the soldier and the sailor, like the life of the policeman, is one third marching and one third loafing; therefore there is no particular waste of time in sending them over to march at Washington. We don't want college students to turn soldiers: we have higher use for them.

This was the captious assertion of a college chancellor regarding two institutions whose peculiar feature is the uncompromising severity of their grind. Its curious ineptitude as applied to West Point is exemplified by the fact that, during the first century of its existence, closing in 1902,

2371 of its 4121 graduates—over half—entered civil life at some period of their careers. Of this number 446—nearly 19%—attained eminence in civil walks alone; from President of the United States and of the Confederate States, ambassadors and high public functionaries, to presidents of universities, colleges, and banks,—giving it pre-eminence over all other universities and colleges in this regard.

The slur and its refutation illustrates the point upon which I desire a moment to dwell. It is that the supreme justification of West Point is not its importance as a technical school of war, but as the foundry in which are forged some of the finest and most valuable elements of national character of more importance to the state than any degree of commercial achievement—elements which, I venture to assert, can be prepared and made operative nowhere better than in that national school, by her system and under the tremendous formative energies of the national authority. The power to control, to compel, and to reward of other schools is feeble in comparison with this force which emanates from the will of the Great Republic—the giant among nations—and which imposes upon each cadet of its military school the *noblesse oblige* of national service and accountability to public sentiment.

At the period of adolescence, when character is plastic and impulse wayward, before the stereotype has set, control and constraint are the essential forces for impressing permanent form upon young manhood. If you can remove the material from contaminating impurities, fuse it in the furnace of hard work, and keep it in its mould until it has set, you have done the best that education can do for character, provided the mould is a noble one. What West Point does for its cadets is precisely this. It takes its youth at the critical period of growth; it isolates them completely for four years from the vicious influences that corrupt young manhood and from the atmosphere of commercialism; it provides absorbing employment for both mental and physical activities; it surrounds them with exacting responsibilities,

high standards, and exalted traditions of honor and integrity; and it demands a rigid accountability for every moment of their time, and every voluntary action. It offers them the inducement of an honorable career and sufficient competence as the reward of success; and it has imperative authority for the enforcement of its conditions.

It is often urged that the best environment for character development is free exposure to normal influences and social temptations. I absolutely disbelieve it. I have never heard that it made a seedling hardy to have a slug gnaw at its root. If it is purposed that a sapling is to grow straight, well proportioned, and to bear abundant, high-grade fruit of its kind, it is not stuck at random in gravel or slime and left without prop exposed to strong winds. If this is its culture you are apt to get a gnarled, distorted tree with small, bitter fruit. Keep the adolescent soul clean and untempted as long as possible, and build up character, mind, and body in an atmosphere as free from poison as it can be made. The full-grown man then faces life with all three vitalities as vigorous and healthy as human conditions can ensure—with right habits acquired, and individuality crystallized. For every character that can acquire moral strength in the face of social temptations, and with freedom of action, there are ten who are weakened, demoralized, or destroyed.

At West Point the main influences are:

I. Restraint.—For four years, with the exception of one furlough of two months, the cadet is in a place of ideal natural beauty, and completely aloof from every form of vicious influence, but with abundant healthful social enjoyment.

II. Discipline and Compulsion—by which every active faculty is directed into channels of high development, and kept working at full normal pressure without relaxation. This is paternalism in education of the most intensified type. The Academy undertakes to become responsible for the moral, physical, and mental development of its charge; and it has for its motive power more than the activity of a parent—the military authority of the Government over an

enlisted man. There is an irresistible *must* making for professional righteousness behind every act of a cadet's career which, during four years of the most impressionable period of his life, is, in countless different ways, leaving a formative impression upon his character development. I believe West Point to be the most powerful educational character-former in the world, and the best. I care not for what function in life the man is being prepared, such a period of unremitting, unrelenting responsibility for every conscious word and act, coupled with a life of vigorous mental and bodily activity removed from the demoralizing influences and temptations that undermine adolescence, is the best that education can do to transform the heedless youth into the responsible citizen. Every man that lives would be the better for a similar probation at that period of growth. It may be protested that this does not develop genius. I answer, education does not properly concern itself with genius—it moulds and develops the standard man, and fits him for activity as a member of society and the state. No *laissez faire* system can properly do this at this period of his life.

III. Tradition.—The cumulative moral sense of the life of the corps for a century, by which its standards have been formed and vitalized.

IV. Mental Training—resulting from a fairly high minimum standard, exacted relentlessly by daily recitations and rigid examinations admitting of no neglect; together with habits of concentrated study at regular hours.

V. Reward.—The diploma of West Point, which is a higher and more comprehensive guaranty of all-around actual accomplishment and quality of body, mind and character than, I believe, is afforded by that of any other institution on earth; and a commission in the United States Army—an honorable life profession with certainty of advancement.

West Point is, in a certain sense, a military university, preparing its students in the fundamental principles and practical applications underlying all branches of military

practice. In the early days it was the only military school for all arms of the Service, and gave all the school training to be had for both scientific and line corps. As special schools were established for the different arms, West Point continued its functions as a military college or university; and the special schools were made post-graduate, as in civil life, carrying the graduates of the different arms of the service to a higher grade of specialization for each corps. In this regard West Point is unique among the military schools, the general practice of Continental Powers being to organize separate special schools for all high-grade instruction, without any advanced, four-year-course, the military college preparing a broad foundation of general military knowledge antecedent to them.

This position of West Point is most important and characteristic, and is, above all, what has made its graduates distinctive as a class. It is based on the principle that any officer is a better specialist in his own branch who has a broad grounding in the principles and duties of every branch of the Service; and also that, as every officer progresses in rank and in responsibility, a general grasp of the duties of every branch becomes increasingly important and even indispensable. The command of a general officer in the field involves the control and operation of every arm of the Service. This may be, and often is, true in special cases of officers of even lower rank.

This machinery produces a type of man of a quality and temper altogether distinct, with habits of thought and action and views of personal accountability free from the bias of either political or commercial interests; and, while West Point does not profess to prepare either military geniuses or moral prodigies, it does propose to itself to turn out a subaltern officer well grounded in the elements of all branches of the military profession; with a mind trained to think straight; with a character trained to see straight; with a body, physically sound, disciplined to live straight; with high ideals of personal integrity and truth; and with habits of life that are clean, simple, and regular. I believe that to

educate such a student body in a community is a sufficient justification for the existence of any institution irrespective of its special function; and that, in an age where commercialism and politics tend to lower standards of integrity and to heighten standards of luxury and wealth, the possession to a nation of a body of citizens trained in such a school is a valuable civic asset, and involves a degree and character of preparation—mental, moral, and physical—considerably in excess of the unassigned third of the chancellor's *ad captandum* estimate of "one third marching and one third loafing."

West Point's function is not, therefore, the production of war geniuses, but of the well-balanced, broadly-trained, clear-thinking subaltern—disciplined in mind, body, and habit, and fit for special technical development; possessing at the same time that general grasp of the military art which qualifies for high command when it comes. It is very doubtful if modern conditions foster the one-man genius of Napoleonic tradition. The mechanism of war is now of such technical complexity—logistics involves such a mass of preparatory details, strategy covers such immense fields, and battle tactics of great armies are so beyond the grasp of a single eye and will—that the function of staff control grows larger and larger, and ability in the lower grades grows of more and more importance. That army whose whole personnel is the better equipped morally, mentally, physically, and mechanically, is the one which will prevail. This moral, mental, and physical equipment of junior officers is the aim of the United States Military Academy, and it is their function to provide the mechanical material for, and teach its use to, the enlisted soldier.

It is given no man to foresee with certainty the future, but the rays from the searchlight of human progress give enough dim form to events looming up in the fog ahead to enable us to adjust our compass bearings. I venture to believe from what I see that, in the century before us, the issue before human endeavor is the social one. It has been the supreme mission of the XIXth century to settle the

political issue. That fight has been won, its full fruition is only a question of time, and America leads the van of political emancipation. The fight for the coming generation is Social Regeneration, in which are latent the contentions becoming more and more acute between capital and physical labor; class and mass; individualism and social government; and their many ramifications. It is the fight of the disinherited for their birthright which is before the Western world. In that struggle changes must come and traditional relations will alter and disappear; war, armies, and military organization will feel its influence; new conditions will affect our allegiance to time-honored traditions and beliefs; but the time and the issue will never arrive when the genius of the Academy will fail to serve as a safe inspiration to the soldiers of the Republic; or when the American people can safely dispense with the services of those whose maxim of action is the motto of the national school in the Highlands of the Hudson: "Duty—Honor—Country."

SERMON

PREACHED SUNDAY, APRIL 8, 1906, BY THE REV. WILLIAM
MERCER GROSVENOR, D.D., RECTOR OF THE
CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION.

ON behalf of the vestry and parishioners of the Church of the Incarnation I very cordially welcome you all. The New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion confers upon this parish to-day an honor, and we count it a privilege that you should come here to worship God. And yet this church is a most fitting place for you to come, for here two of your greatest and most distinguished commanders worshipped, and on yonder walls the honored names of Admiral Farragut and Commodore Eagle are inscribed, a perpetual reminder to us all of their gallant deeds in the service of our country, and of their noble Christian character. It would be of great interest and value to review the lives of these two men; to do so would mean practically to tell the naval history of their own times, for both those names are written large in the story of our country from the War of 1812 to the close of the Civil War. Added to all their fearless courage, splendid self-sacrifice and far-sighted skill, both these men had spotless records for high and noble character, and in all their eventful lives they were ruled by a simple and almost childlike trust in the providence and rulership of God. That famous order to give thanks to Almighty God for the victory of Mobile Bay, was but a single instance of Farragut's Christian faith that made him the devoted husband and father, the loyal friend, and gave to his genius that noble refinement that made him the idol of all whom he commanded, worthy to be the first Admiral of our American Navy. For years

after Farragut's death Commodore Eagle regularly twice every Sunday sat in his pew facing that monument to Farragut, erected by the Loyal Legion, and when he died he was buried at Woodlawn within an hundred feet of his old comrade.

But if the place is fitting for this service, surely the time is most appropriate. Army and Navy together have wrought out the destiny of our nation. On April 9, 1865, forty-one years ago, in the house of Mr. McLean at Appomattox, Va., was held that famous conference between those two brave and high-minded soldiers General Grant and General Robert E. Lee, out of which came our national peace. Mobile and Richmond together marked the end of that dreadful tragedy and brought the brothers together again in the old home, And so memories crowd into many hearts to-day, and you rejoice that your famous order of the Loyal Legion exists, and that with old friends and comrades you can talk over those days and strengthen the sentiment of patriotism which those experiences always inspire. For the sake of that precious past you are organized, that its deeds may never be forgotten, that its heroes may live in the nation's memory, that the sacrifices of those heroes may be in some measure repaid by the care of those whom they have left behind them and who are in need; and that all the great principles of government and freedom and social order won by those days of war may be conserved and maintained in the present life of the people. I do not know of anything more important to-day than the work that is being done by your organization, and by the many other patriotic societies. For the history that they recall and the principles and the sentiments they maintain are absolutely essential for all the future of our national life.

You will permit me at this point to make just one personal remark, that may have its bearing upon what I have yet to say. The only incongruity that I have felt about this service, was in the choice of your preacher. As I look about this Chancel or think of the list of prominent clergymen who are companions of your order, or sons of dis-

tinguished officers of the Civil War, I think that the message you would most like to hear might better come from one of them. But I console myself with the thought that, even if I was born when Vicksburg was being taken, still the proudest of you, or those of you with the most accurate or imaginative memories, could not possibly have been very old in 1865, so that after all the present and the future are full of vital interest to you. Perhaps it is just as well for all these honorable societies to hear from those younger men who, whether they live in the North or the South, are unable to remember anything that happened "before the war." It is well to see how they are estimating and using the forces set in motion by that great action. The memories that are most precious are those that inspire us to present duty, and the best reverence we can pay to the heroes of the past is to use our heritage bought with their blood for the truer and larger service of to-day and to-morrow. The *dead* past we care little about, but the past that we can to-day make vital and fruitful is that which binds us all together in common service.

What are we called to do to-day? The supreme problem of our American life is the assimilation of all these varied foreign peoples into American citizenship and into the unity of our national character. That national character is bound to be an amalgam made up of the traditions and the physical, mental, and spiritual qualities of all these nations and tongues. But the point is this that in the providence of God the Anglo-Saxon on this continent furnished and still furnishes the mould into which all these diverse elements are being poured. Traits that are Celtic, Slav, or Latin will certainly find their place and remain as subtle influences in the final type, but they are all compelled to take their form in the Anglo-Saxon mould of freedom, of law, of moral standard, and of religious responsibility. The War of the Revolution with its Declaration of Independence established on these shores forever the principles of Magna Charta. Then were settled once and forever the kind of government and the character of jurisprudence

under which every immigrant must live his life. That was accompanied by certain ethical principles which also abide and which made the colonies so free and strong. It was my privilege to live for years among the hills of Berkshire. Often did I hear the lament that the old farms and villages were deserted. Yes, New England has suffered, but it was the most fortunate thing that has happened in our American life that it was those sons of the fathers of the Revolution who *first* went west, into western New York, into Ohio and Indiana, and up and down the valley of the Mississippi, and then up into the great Northwest, across the plains, and then over the Rockies to the beautiful shores of the Pacific. Suppose there are deserted farms in Maine, or Connecticut, or Virginia. Those men, sturdy, proud, aggressive, by going west made the mould in that new land, into which later all these vast hordes from Europe are finding that they must shape their life. Into the deserted farms many frugal farmers from Canada and Europe, who are willing to toil patiently among the rocks, are coming, and the land that the prodigal sons of New England gave up as useless will once more blossom as the rose. But the task of those earlier days never was complete. There was a serious, almost fatal fault left in the settlement of the days of '76. The fathers had so much to do against the common foe across the sea that they did not dare be logical and carry out to the true conclusion their declaration of independence, for there was a cause of division in the one family. It was better to ignore that great defect, to leave it for the future. And it was left a cancer, a festering sore, eating out all our national happiness and destroying all our peace. The form into which all this life from Europe was being poured was defective. The character produced was full of ethical uncertainty. Freedom meant one thing in one part of the country and another thing in another part. Law was differently administered and the ethical and religious standards were uncertain and forever clashing. At last the issue came. The great Civil War was fought, and out of that peace that brought us national unity there came those

absolutely essential things which we needed to have fixed forever before any more people from across the sea should begin to live their new life among us. It was the Civil War that completed the revolution, and established forever the form of organized life which will make all the glorious traditions of Anglo-Saxon freedom, speech, law, and religion the controlling force of the future. And that leads me to say this—that no simile is perfect. The mould that holds the amalgam suggests cold clay or steel, a passive thing that does not fuse, but only holds the fluid mixture. We must insist upon the value of that figure of the mould, and then go on to the truth that after all it is a supremely vital and living process. Language has words, the law is codified, religion has its creed. But soon, very soon, the ideas that words and codes and creeds stand for find their way into the wondering eager minds and hearts of the children from across the ocean, and they are not only the mould that shapes their new convictions, but do, themselves, with strong and living power, create and bring forth loyal American citizens and Christians.

Washington and Lincoln, how they stand forth the very embodiment and utterance of the issues of their times. They came in providential order, and the freedom won by the cavalier of Virginia waited for its richer and completer fulfilment in the freedom gained by the man born of the common people.

And what of the future? There is an old Arab proverb "My brother and I quarrel, but it is we two against the world." Our family is united. The serious questions of the future, so far as we can discern them, are in no sense sectional. They may concern the great social and industrial life of the people. The battle of the future will be fought for industrial freedom. The time is approaching when those two giants capital and labor will face each other, and settle this intricate and most perplexing question of industrial and commercial rights. That peace which came at Appomattox ushered in an era of wonderful commercial development. All around us is an amazing pros-

perity, and yet with it a vast discontent. Whether we like it or not the corporation and the trade union are with us, and they will continue their fierce warfare until the cruelty and the injustice and the astounding greed of these enormous concentrations of capital are repressed, and they are compelled to be honest and reasonable, and the brutal and ignorant tyranny of the trade unions is effectually restrained. The immediate task before us all, no less heroic than the deeds of the man of 1861, is for us, even at the loss of income and of ease and comfort, to band together and work persistently against this political and social and commercial corruption. The men of the past were asked to die for their country, we are asked to live for it. They were asked to give up families and homes and farms, and then their lives. We are asked to so live that we will protect and maintain our family life against the iniquities of our divorce law and the luxurious sensualism that is destroying all our physical and mental and moral integrity. We are asked to so manage our business that all the men under us are treated with justice and mercy, even though we are compelled to keep our dividends low. We are asked to sweep out so far as we can, every Augean stable with which we have to do, to insist on that eternal moral vigilance which is the price of all freedom, and with unsparing truth set our own houses in order, and then go into our halls of Congress, our State Legislatures, our municipal governments and into every department of our city affairs and compel our servants and representatives to destroy all their bad laws and make good ones for the just and equitable treatment of every part of the country and of all our possessions in the West Indies and in the islands of the Pacific, just laws for the protection of the poor and the advancement of the best and highest life of the people. Thank God the conscience of this nation is aroused. Down beneath the supreme selfishness and greed of men there is a divine sense of justice and truth, and a demand for the loving acts of mercy. That conscience and that pity will not cease until somehow we win another victory for the final triumph of freedom.

But for this task, so difficult and so far-reaching, surely we must be well equipped. We are seeking to bring moral right out of moral chaos, and so to transform the character of the people, and transfuse all these alien races into that same high character. It is the preservation and uplift of the American character that is before us. How can we expect to uplift it unless we bring into it faith in God, and the inspiration of the divine life of our Lord Jesus Christ? The very first principle that the Order of the Loyal Legion acknowledges as fundamental is "a firm belief and trust in Almighty God, extolling Him under whose beneficent guidance the sovereignty and integrity of the Union have been maintained, the honor of the flag vindicated, and the blessing of civil liberty, secured, established, and enlarged." And then in that same spirit we remember all the precious truths that belong to our Christian heritage. In the midst of all the tokens of Christian influence, we recognize His divine power, and His supremacy over the moral and spiritual life of the world, until we cry out with the poet:

O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

And we also remember that, as on this day, the first Palm Sunday, our Master entered into His last earthly battle with the powers of evil, He, the Captain of our salvation, went in triumph into the city of Jerusalem to win for us and show us how to win the truest and highest victory that we can ever achieve. He showed us supremely how sacrifice even unto death is always the path to the highest triumph, and how even the perfect man must also suffer, and that, for the winning of the joy set before Him, He must endure the cross and despise the shame, and so only at last sit down victorious at the right hand of God.

A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN MONTANA AND ITS RESULTS.

A PAPER READ BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE W. BAIRD,
U. S. ARMY, MAY 2, 1906.

THE successful accomplishment of the objects of the great war that is commemorated by the Loyal Legion saw the Mississippi flowing unvexed to the sea, one flag floating, and the national authority that it represents prevailing from the lakes to the gulf; but beyond the Missouri there held sway a loosely articulated alliance of tribes, or tribes mutually hostile, powerful in war, that defied the national authority and asserted, with force and arms, the hereditary right to dominate and roam at will over the vast empire that spreads out towards the mountains and beyond.

Whatever record history shall make of those strong, brave, warlike native Americans, they themselves had no doubt of their right to the soil over which, for untold generations, their ancestors had roamed, and no doubt of their right to sojourn where they pleased upon it.

"God made me an Indian and did not make me an agency Indian," said Sitting Bull, proudly, backed up by a thousand braves and holding council with General Miles.

One thing, then, the heroic little army of the frontier had in common with the great national force of the period that this order commemorates—the task of asserting and maintaining the authority of the United States Government against a powerful enemy that denied the rightfulness of that authority. Under the warrant of the invitation of our Commander, I have felt at liberty to undertake to interest the Commandery for a few minutes in a war not

less perilous, calling for rather more than less of heroism, than the war of the rebellion. It was not an enemy to be despised. The prowess and knowledge of war of the strong native races, like those of the "brave men who lived before Agamemnon," have had no Homer to celebrate them in immortal verse. They belonged to the race that has done much to revolutionize the methods of warfare and the fighting of battles. Braddock and his brave followers illustrated, in the catastrophe by which they were overwhelmed, the fatal weakness of the battle order of that day. The American colonists had a century and a half of the most effective teaching at the hands of those past-masters of open-order fighting, utilizing cover and keen-eyed aiming; and American armies, with that basis of thorough practical teaching, have been the teachers of the armies of other nations of that which they have been so slow to learn. The British, in South Africa, required another lesson from the text-book written in blood, and from that which is permitted to become known of the long and costly war that the German army has been waging on that same continent, it would seem that that highly elaborated fighting machine may have discovered its limitations.

If the American Indians had added cohesion and discipline to their other warlike qualities American history might have been differently written.

The field of operations was immense, the war long and costly in blood and treasure, and they cannot be adequately treated in one brief paper. Let us concentrate our view upon the Northwest east of the Rockies, and have in mind chiefly the Sioux and their close allies the Northern Cheyennes. (It is pertinent to state here, and it well illustrates the close association of Indian wars with the war of the rebellion of which I have spoken, that a member of this Commandery, Gen. G. M. Dodge, after his highly distinguished service as corps commander in the great war, rounded out his military career by a protracted and effective campaign against the Indians of the Northwest before he resigned.) The importance of the task was recognized

by the government, as indicated by the assignment to the command, after the close of the war of the rebellion, in succession of the two great commanders, Sherman and Sheridan, each when so assigned second in rank only to the commander of the Army.

With Sherman in command of the Military Division of the Missouri, having headquarters at St. Louis, a large part of the newly reorganized Regular Army took up a task already begun and, in the region of which I speak, struck boldly out towards the Northwest, occupying a line of posts, including Forts Reno, Phil. Kearny, and C. F. Smith, intended to maintain a route of travel along the eastern and northern borders of the Big Horn Mountains, the Powder River Route. Ft. C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn River, and later Ft. Ellis on the Gallatin, guarded the western end of the route, which thus reached beyond the territory of the Sioux and within striking distance of the mining camps of the Rockies in Montana. This invasion of their territory roused the bitterest hostility of the Sioux. The posts were held by them in a constant state of siege. The troops had to fight almost daily to secure needed supplies. Two regiments of infantry and a half of a regiment of calvary maintained the posts, but the road as a route of travel ceased to exist.

On the 21st of December, 1866, Captain Fetterman, 18th Infantry, who had been brevetted to the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry at Murfreesboro and Jonesboro, was killed with his entire command near Ft. Phil. Kearny. The troops held the posts, but the Sioux held the country and stoutly asserted sovereignty by demanding the abandonment of the posts as a *sine qua non* of any negotiation. Their defiance of the national authority is well illustrated by their opposition to the use of the flag over the agencies where they obtained supplies. General Augur, then commanding the Department of the Platte, strongly urged that the posts be maintained, rightly arguing that their abandonment would be construed by the Indians as a confession of weakness. But these views of

the military authorities were overruled. Under an act of Congress of July 20, 1867, a Board of Commissioners was organized to proceed to the Indian country and take in charge the whole question. General Sherman was designated as a member of the board and all military movements were made purely defensive pending the board's action. Pursuant to that action the Powder River route was given up. The posts to defend it were abandoned and the troops withdrawn; and thus, for the first time in the brief period of history that I have in view, the sway of the Sioux in their ancestral country was denied by the nation and then again recognized, greatly to our loss and their gain in prestige. Whatever the wisdom of this action, it postponed only and did not settle the question at issue between the national government and the warlike native Americans. But as the old soldiers of the Revolution pressed westward beyond the Alleghanies, and St. Clair attempted that which Wayne accomplished, the winning of peace and security for settlers, so the energy and growth of the nation, after the end of the war of the rebellion, crowded upon the frontier. Aggression was the order, and its most characteristic form was railways reaching out ever towards the western horizon, and again such work for the troops as of old Wayne achieved was called for. The Union Pacific is outside the self-imposed limits of this paper. The records afford ample testimony that every act along that line, from the first reconnoissance of engineers to the grading and the driving of the last spike, was under protection of the ever-present soldiers.

The Northern Pacific reached the Missouri at Bismarck and there, it was halted, because beyond the Sioux held sway, to the great financial distress of its projectors, and thus the final issue was joined.

Indians and railway builders alike coveted the valley of the Yellowstone, and both with good reason. For the latter, it afforded an ideal line of advance, with easy grades and few bridges, to the base of an outlying spur of the Rockies; for the former it furnished in abundance all that they desired for the only life they loved. Even the

severity of its winters is at times tempered and often shortened by that marvellous climatic agent the Chinook wind. Military commands under Generals Stanley and Custer, in the summers of the early seventies, gave protection to the engineers who were determining the location of the railway from the Missouri and through this valley. The centennial year was the time when, and this valley the place where, the final issue was joined.

Sitting Bull on the Little Missouri, Dakota, and Crazy Horse on the Powder River, Wyoming, were leaders of the hostile Indians who roamed over what General Sheridan called "an almost totally unknown region comprising an area of almost 90,000 square miles."

These positions of the hostiles afforded natural and easy concentration for them in the valley of the Yellowstone. Coming up from Fort Fetterman at the south General Crook with fifteen troops of cavalry and five companies of infantry, 1049 men, was the first to get a taste of the quality of the native warriors. On the upper Rosebud, June 17, 1876, he suffered so severe a repulse at their hands that he was compelled to fall back, and await reinforcements; for the time his command was out of the campaign.

Meantime, General Terry's command was concentrating at the mouth of the Rosebud, on the Yellowstone, the entire 7th Cavalry, commanded by General Custer, four troops of the 2nd Cavalry, twelve companies of infantry and a Gatling gun battery—about fifteen hundred men.

Of the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25th, it is not my purpose to speak at length. After General Miles had achieved his successes along the Yellowstone we had as prisoners hundreds of the Indians, including their leaders, among them Rain-in-the-Face, who had participated in that battle, and the General and other officers went over the field with some of them and heard them narrate the occurrences of that bloody day. These accounts, a thorough examination of the field, and the statements of such a participant in the battle as Col. E. S. Godfrey warrant me in expressing an opinion and I have no hesitancy in saying

that those—and there were many—who condemned General Custer for that catastrophe did a cruel injustice to a brave soldier and competent commander.

Both Terry's and Crook's commands were heavily reinforced, and the two were united and, in the words of Gen. James B. Fry, "did much marching but no fighting."

These successes of the Sioux greatly increased their prestige and added essentially to their equipment, and with the oncoming of autumn, and the withdrawal of the large commands by the orders of General Sheridan, the old-time masters of the valley, for the second time in the period under review, after the challenge was given to their authority, were left in control. But their control was disputed. In the withdrawal there was left behind the 5th Infantry, commanded by its colonel, General Nelson A. Miles, and six companies of the 22nd Infantry, four of them at the same station as the 5th. These troops had come from Kansas and the lakes after the battle of the Little Big Horn. Their orders were to canton themselves in log huts and hold points in the valley until the spring of '77, when reinforcements would come and take up the war again where it had been taken up in the spring of '76. The orders contemplated isolation, inactivity, hibernating. Isolation fortunately there was, but no inactivity and no hibernating. Under the circumstances the isolation played an important part in our history; for it made the occasion and the necessity of acting on his own judgment for a commander to whom inaction was unbearable and who had the initiative to strike out a line of action for himself and the well reasoned method with which to follow that line to a conclusion. The Indians belonged, as our government contended, on reservations far to the southeast of the Yellowstone, in Dakota; their refusal to remain there and their determination to visit their choice hunting grounds caused the Indian Bureau to request the Army to force them to remain on their reservations, and action pursuant to that request caused this particular war.

Finding himself in sole command in the Yellowstone

Valley, his troops in cantonments, the main part at the mouth of Tongue River, the remainder lower down the Yellowstone opposite the site of what is now the town of Glendive, General Miles laid his plans for a systematic campaign. Through his own means of information he learned when the Indians left their reservations, and, confirmed in his opinion that they had reached the Yellowstone Valley by the prolonged detention of an expected supply train, he started with the 5th Infantry from the mouth of Tongue River down the left bank of the Yellowstone and came upon Sitting Bull, Chief Gall, and their followers near the head of Cedar Creek, a northern affluent of the Yellowstone. Gall had acted an important part in Custer's fight. At the place of meeting occurred the council already mentioned.

The scene was historic and the occasion dramatic. The irreconcilable wild Indian spurning the national authority and hating the restricted life of the reservation with its daily dole of food in contrast with unrestricted roaming and unlimited food, especially provided for him by the Great Spirit, confronts the exponent of national power, especially charged with the task of subjugating and restricting him. A thousand armed braves animated by the same spirit attend the one; less than four hundred stand ready to follow the other to the death. The lines are close drawn, the feeling is tense, there is mutual distrust; white men and red confront each other, rifles in hand, finger upon trigger, every eye intent upon the little group under the flag of truce between the lines. Now a scattering line of Indians attempts, with affected carelessness, to place itself in position to surround the group, and only the self-possession of General Miles in calmly telling Sitting Bull "Those men are too young for council and must fall back" averts a catastrophe. Sitting Bull doubtless contemplated an act of bad faith, such as that by which General Canby lost his life at the hands of the Modoc "Captain Jack" April 11, 1873. A half-breed with Sitting Bull then was afterwards one of our scouts and interpreters. He said that when one of the

Indians said "Why don't you talk strong?" Sitting Bull replied, "When I say that I am going to shoot him."

The General closed the council by saying: "I will drive you out of the country or you will drive me out. I will give you fifteen minutes to decide, and unless you accept my terms I will then open fire."

With an angry grunt the old medicine-man turned and rejoined his followers. The troops in slender single rank, in hollow square surrounding the train, advanced at the appointed moment. The country immediately became alive with Indians; not less than a thousand warriors swarmed all about the command. There was no halt and no faltering. The steady infantry fire from a command that had no flank to be turned and no unprotected rear to be attacked could not be silenced. Courage merely, without discipline, could not stand against it. And so the Indians were driven from the deep valleys at the source of Cedar Creek so precipitately that they left some of their dead behind. For more than forty miles, abandoning food, lodge poles, and camp equipage, they were pursued to the Yellowstone and there, October 27th, more than four hundred lodges surrendered to General Miles.

The 5th Infantry, 398 rifles, thus commanded, achieved there a notable victory which was the turning of the tide.

Sitting Bull and his immediate following, family and connections, broke from the main body during the pursuit and escaped northward, and was later joined by Gall and other chiefs with their followers—all to be again attacked, as we shall see.

The early oncoming of a winter of unusual severity, even for that region, gave a forcible emphasis to the general instructions to hibernate; but the General determined to make an ally of the climate and call to his aid the cold which inclines the Indian to remain in camp in sheltered valleys.

The fact that Sitting Bull and Gall had escaped and were maintaining their old attitude of defiance robbed his victory of a completeness that would have been satisfactory.

It still remained to make good the claim of the national government to supremacy and it could be done only by force. Returning to Tongue River he remained only long enough to newly equip a force of the 5th and 22d Infantry—434 rifles,—and then pushed resolutely northward after Sitting Bull. The trail was obliterated by the snow, and so the command was divided and its various detachments scoured the valleys of the Missouri and its northern and southern affluents, above and below Fort Peck, until the hostile camp was discovered.

In the subdivision of the command a detachment, Companies G, H, and I, 5th Infantry, 100 officers and men, was placed under the command of First Lieut.—now General—Frank D. Baldwin. As a captain in the 19th Michigan Volunteers Baldwin had distinguished himself on the 5th of October, 1863, by holding a railroad bridge near Murfreesboro, Tenn., with his one company of fifty men against a division commanded by General Joe Wheeler, until his log defence was leveled by artillery and all but one of the company were wounded. General Wheeler was so impressed by his gallant defence that he released all of the men without parole and permitted Baldwin to retain his sword. Two years before the events of which I am speaking, in our campaign in Texas and Indian Territory, he had come to the front as a capable commander. His recent conspicuous successes in the Philippines, both in Luzon and against the Moros, in Mindanao, are familiar to all who are acquainted with the active service of our Army. Although heading a slender command in that arctic winter of 1876, he never had greater need of the courage, power of initiative, and wise self-reliance of an independent commander. The long march, remote from base and possibility of support, had exhausted rations and forage; deep snow impeded the march and prolonged exposure to cold lowered the vitality of men and animals; and when, at last, the hostile camp was discovered, December 18th, near the head of Redwater, a southern affluent of the Missouri whose branches almost interlock with those of Cedar Creek, where the battle of

October began, the question of success or of catastrophe trembled in the balance. "When you are in doubt play trumps," and with Frank Baldwin in reach of the enemy fighting is trumps. He adopted a method of attack new in Indian fighting and certainly quite unusual in any warfare. Drawing his supply wagons up in line with his little command he charged the camp with every component of his force, infantry firing, teamsters shouting, and the rattle of empty wagons adding to the din of battle. Sitting Bull and his people were doubly surprised by the attack and its method, and driven pell mell from their camp, in which Baldwin captured sixty animals and, fortunately for his starving men, a large supply of buffalo meat. As a factor in the war Sitting Bull was thus eliminated. His prominence was not due to military prowess but to his character as medicine-man, or soothsayer; he was an inveterately savage Indian, who hated the so-called "white man's road," and thus became the nucleus of all disaffected and hostile Sioux. He and his immediate following made their way across the Dominion boundary, and General Miles made urgent appeals to the higher authorities of our government that they be either disarmed at the boundary or interned, as were 80,000 French troops, under General Bourbaki, who were forced into Switzerland in January, 1871.

Unfortunately action to that end was not taken, or was not effective, and, as was said of President Buchanan's attitude at Washington in 1861, it may be said of Sitting Bull on the international boundary line, "He sat there like a poultice, drawing the elements of insurrection to a head." But he had no further desire to meet the soldiers of "Bear Coat," as the Indians called General Miles because of his fur-trimmed overcoat; and when our command arrived near the boundary, at the time of the capture of Joseph and his Nez Percés, in September, 1877, Sitting Bull fled incontinently far to the northward. His ending came many years later, December 15, 1890, not in battle, but at the hands of men of his own race employed as agency police, who were attempting to arrest

him at the time of the "messiah craze," or "ghost dance war."

The battle of Cedar Creek in October and Baldwin's rout of Sitting Bull in December cleared the country north of the Yellowstone of hostiles, but there still remained a large, probably the largest, force and they occupied the valleys of the Tongue and of other southern affluents of the Yellowstone. Their subjugation now became the objective. They were Sioux and their closely allied neighbors the Northern Cheyennes. Their most important leader was Crazy Horse, a well known Sioux chief of the Ogallalas. He had been a prominent chief in the repulse administered by the Indians to Crook's command June 17, 1876; also at the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25th. By the time Baldwin's detachment, the last of the force to return, had reached the cantonment the sway of that exceptionally severe winter was firmly established. The thermometer rarely went above zero; was often so far below that mercury was solid and only spirit thermometers registered.

(I have witnessed in that region a registry of sixty-one degrees below zero, when the feet of mules were so badly frozen that they shed their hoofs.)

Deep-flowing streams had ice from thirty-six to fifty inches thick, shallow streams were frozen solid. Deep snow made movement through the valleys slow. Over the hills and open plains the intense cold, energized many-fold by the wind, swept in blizzards exposure to which means death. Although these northern Indians, with the same degree of protection, can endure much more cold than white men, their method of dress does not protect them thoroughly. Can clothing, which yet allows mobility, be so increased as to meet these climatic conditions? An affirmative answer offers promise of unusual success and that was the answer that General Miles and his officers sought for. The 436 officers and men of the 5th and 22d Infantry who started up the valley of Tongue River, December 29, 1876, were fur-clad, many of them, from head to foot. Frost-trimmed woolen mufflers were frozen solidly upon ice-clad beards.

Disrobing, with beard pulled out by the roots, had an accompaniment of language made classic by "our army in Flanders." Buffalo-skin overshoes drawn on over German socks protected the feet, but made swift movement impossible.

"Take a step nearer" said the Spartan mother whose son complained of having a short sword. The modern equivalent of that "step nearer" is "one more cartridge." The experienced campaigners of the 5th and 22d Foot knew that well, and their ingenuity was stimulated to devise methods of carrying many cartridges in the way to make the burden the least onerous. They stripped up canvas and made looped belts to carry double rows of cartridges. Since then woven belts embodying the same principle have been supplied to many armies, with greatly accruing wealth for the quick-witted man who patented the process of weaving them.

The Indians disputed the advance in sharp skirmishes, January 1st and 3d; on the 7th the advance guard made a capture of eight Indians, of much importance because of their relationship to chiefs, and a most determined effort was made to recapture them. The scouts charged in and were surrounded. Lieutenant Ned Casey, of the 22d Infantry, in command of a detachment of mounted infantry, with characteristic intrepidity dashed into the rescue with a scanty half-score of men and held his ground until the command arrived.

Retreating as the command advanced the Indians chose well their field to make a stand. Near the southern border of Montana, where Tongue River breaks through Wolf Mountains, its narrow valley is bordered by abrupt bluffs whose steep walls, as well as the remoter wooded hills, were then covered with snow, or glazed with ice. Here, as the day broke on the morning of January, 8, 1877, the Indians turned and assumed the offensive. Their plan and effort were to encompass the troops in the narrow valley and have them at their mercy as they occupied the adjacent crests and wooded hills. Whooping and yelling they came,

some who spoke English shouting "You 've had your last breakfast!" and the scouts replying in language that shall be here represented by a bar rest. Only the quick discernment, bold initiative, and rapid movements of General Miles, ably seconded by his little command, changed the nature of the battle and snatched a victory from conditions that betokened defeat.

To fight a defensive battle in the valley was to court failure, and the battle-field of Custer, sixty miles to the west, although, like the Alamo, it "had no messenger" to tell of the heroic deeds it witnessed, was eloquent in its testimony of what failure meant in a battle with these same Indians led by the same chief.

The Indians occupy the hills on the east and west of the valley. Major Dickey with his battalion of the 22d Infantry, strengthened by Carter's company of the 5th, was charged with holding in check and driving back the attack from the west, and with steadfast courage maintained the fight. On the east the offensive was at once assumed. The command was thrown boldly out to occupy widely separated hilltops with a thin line. Every man is on the firing line and must be a hero: there is no touch of elbow and no rear rank. The Indians had not expected such a manoeuvre, but they boldly meet it.

Greatly outnumbering the troops they meet them in their front, and Crazy Horse makes a flanking movement that threatens grave disaster. To the left and rear he occupies hills from which his fire takes the troops in flank and rear, and there is no second line that can be deployed to meet this attack. More than three hundred miles of wintry wilderness were at their backs, retreat meant disaster, surrender meant death by torture. The commander and every man knew this,—and the Indians on that flanking hill-top increase while those in the front hold their ground. Those hilltops must be seized, and that speedily. The left wing of the little command is designated for that duty. Lieutenant—now Lieutenant-Colonel—Pope serves his three-inch gun judiciously to aid them. Gunner McHugh, 5th

Infantry, well earns his medal of honor by fearless exposure to the hot rifle fire concentrated upon the gun while he coolly trains it. Burdened with heavy clothing, stumbling through snow-drifts, slipping on the icy acclivities, the men are pressing forward, but in the confusion of interlocking slopes they lose direction and incline to the right, and those Indians on the left are getting far enough to the rear to encircle the command with their rifle fire.

The commander is alive to every detail of the situation and determines to launch a reinforcement. Turning to Lieutenant Baldwin and pointing to the left he says, "Tell them to take *that* hill and drive the Indians away." Putting spurs to his horse "Redwater" Baldwin forces him at a run up the icy hillside and then, hat in hand and with a ringing shout, he puts new life into the hearts of the weary men and, with the inspiration of his own brave onset, carries them to those menacing hilltops. The battle still rages; a blinding snow-storm joins forces with the combatants. A medicine-man proclaims himself invulnerable to white men's bullets and seeks glory by exposing himself along the front of the line. His immunity fails him under a well aimed shot and his fall is the turning-point of the fight. The Indians were driven through Wolf Mountains towards the Big Horn range. The rude log cantonment at the mouth of the Tongue welcomed and sheltered the weary frost-bitten men, and the commander and his staff devised means to reap the reward of the victory.

And now the value of the capture made January 7th is realized. The captives had been protected and kindly treated. Employing two of them and the half breed-scout Bruguier the General sent, February 1st, to Crazy Horse the message, "Surrender at the cantonment or at your agency, or I will attack you again." Crazy Horse was camped on a branch of the Little Big Horn. He had already learned that this was no idle threat and a delegation of chiefs came back with Bruguier, February 19th. In the many councils that followed there was doubtless mutual fear of treachery. On our side certainly it was not intended, but on both sides it

was prepared for. The Indians put forward their best orators in the effort to secure better terms. Eloquence, force, graceful and impassioned gesture, all were there. They were met by the qualities which combined with his success in battle in giving to General Miles his mastery over Indians—the unyielding assertion of authority together with kindness, protection, and absolute good faith.

The report of this delegation on their return to Crazy Horse was so acceptable that on March 18th came a much larger delegation, among them Little Hawk, an uncle of Crazy Horse. He, with the others, accepted the terms, and nine prominent leaders, Sioux and Northern Cheyenne, remained in our hands as hostages for the performance of the agreement to surrender in thirty days. Here for the first time General Miles met the Sioux chief Hump, who became the General's warm friend, as evidenced by his beautiful and pathetic action at the tomb of Mrs. Miles in Arlington Cemetery, and his message to the General, made public in dispatches from Washington last January. Hump was one of the hostages.

Crazy Horse and Little Hawk led the Ogallalas to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies in the Department of the Platte. The Cheyennes came with White Bull and Two Moons to the cantonment. The Minneconjous, under Lame Deer, refused to surrender and their subjugation was the opening event of the spring of 1877 in the Yellowstone Valley.

The battle of Wolf Mountains was Crazy Horse's last encounter with the whites as a commander. He and his people were placed on a reservation near Camp Robinson, Nebraska. Falling under suspicion of intending to lead his people on the warpath again, he was arrested, made a desperate break for liberty, was mortally wounded, and died September 7, 1877. The temptation is strong to narrate the events of the spring and summer, crowded with activities: to tell how, as night began to yield to day, May 7th, Lame Deer was surprised near the upper Rosebud, and his camp, littered with the equipments of our comrades of the

7th Cavalry, was captured and he was slain; how our fellow campaigners of the 22d Infantry, relieved from field duty, and returning to their lake stations, reached Chicago in war-stained field dress, but with rifles clean and cartridge belts filled, just in the nick of time to impress the railroad strikers with the fact that "them fellers hain't got no bokays in their guns," and obviated the need of shooting by their manifest readiness to shoot; how, as the summer drew to a close, a long forced march to the far Northwest, almost to the boundary, placed the command in position, September 30th, to surprise and, after the fiercest fight, to capture Joseph and his Nez Percés, but I forbear. That winter's campaign is a substantial fact of history and well may stand by itself. A fierce and menacing political campaign was waging in Washington that winter; our isolation is indicated and the lack of communication shown by the fact that, until late in March, we supposed that Mr. Tilden had been inaugurated as President, pursuant to the action of the Electoral Commission of which we had heard. In his annual report for 1877 General Miles thus summarized the operations of his troops for the year ending with October: "Distance marched over 4,000 miles. Besides much property captured and destroyed, 1600 animals were taken. Upwards of 7000 Indians were killed, captured, forced to surrender, or driven out of the country." And General Sheridan, after briefly recounting the events of the year, ends with the laconic statement—"And so the Sioux war was ended."

The Northern Pacific Railroad, long halted at Bismarck on the left bank of the Missouri, pushed rapidly forward, steamboats plied on the Yellowstone and the Big Horn, and all that has since become history in that region was inaugurated.

It is cheap and easy to say that the railroads ended the Indian wars. If the history of our Indian wars is ever written it will be seen that the soldiers of the Regular Army ended them, by weary marchings, by hunger and thirst and sleeplessness, by endurance of polar cold and torrid heat, by

hard fighting, by wounds, by cruel tortures and death. If numbers engaged only are considered it is easy to belittle the generalship and the soldiership of Indian warfare. Paucity of numbers but emphasizes the crucial difficulty of the task. Witness Miles, former commander of the largest division in the unexcelled Second Corps during the War of the Rebellion, facing thousands in a far-away wintry wilderness, followed by the equivalent of half a regiment; or Gibbon, whose services in the great war all members of the Army of the Potomac know, with his scanty force at the battle of Big Hole. One who has never seen it cannot realize how short a line a few score or a few hundred men make, springing boldly out in single rank, flanks in air and no reserves.

Laurels won in great armies have more than once been withered in Indian campaigns. Braddock in colonial history, St. Clair in the early life of the nation, occur to all—and they by no means complete the list.

As the experiences of earlier years have passed before me during the preparation of this paper, the patient endurance, the splendid heroism of the old army of the frontier have been newly impressed upon me. In obscure skirmishes, in remote cañons, at some unmarked spot on the ocean-like expanse of the plains, they fell as the never-ceasing battle raged.

They lie in unknown graves; their country never knew their names and has forgotten their services; but out of the vast realm they rescued from savagery, she has carved mighty States whose stars add to the galaxy of her glory. Where Leonidas and his three hundred fell there was erected a memorial with the legend, "Stranger, tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here in obedience to their laws." From the scattered, unmarked, forgotten graves of those unknown heroes comes the message, "Tell it to Columbia that we lie here where we fell in obedience to her commands."

IN MEMORIAM—LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN M.
SCHOFIELD, U. S. A.

AT the banquet of the Commandery held October 10 1906, the members of the Commandery-in-Chief which had been in session in New York City October 9th and 10th, were present as guests. The addresses of the evening, which were devoted to personal recollections of past Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General John M. Schofield, were made by General Horace Porter, General O. O. Howard, General Grenville M. Dodge, and General Wm. M. Wherry. General Porter has not been able to supply a copy of his address, but the others are given herewith. These are followed by a more elaborate memorial prepared by General Wherry.

GENERAL HOWARD'S ADDRESS.

Schofield and I were three years together as cadets at the Military Academy. Sometimes we were in the same company, either B or C, and often in the same division of the barracks. He was one class ahead of me, so that we bore the same relation to each other as a sophomore does to a freshman; he being the sophomore, and I the freshman. I have a very distinct recollection of his personality. He was one of those young men of stout build,—large-chested, who had rather an unusual amount of dignity in his deportment. Indeed he was never more dignified in all his life than the first time I met him, and he appeared then older by about two years than the record. Schofield was of a very serious turn, and I don't think he allowed himself to have any approach to fun or jollity while a cadet. He was in McPherson's class, but not much like him in appearance or action. McPherson was tall, with a longer neck, and

very genial in his manners, and especially kind to us plebes. Schofield was not unkind, but kept us uniformly at a respectful distance. Both of these young men were diligent students,—McPherson standing at the head of his class almost from start to finish; he gave the strictest attention to his studies, allowing himself very little collateral reading; whereas Schofield was seldom found without some book in hand of historic or scientific interest, thus going over and beyond his cadet course. This is something which told very much in his favor later in life.

When he came to his second class year he took the deepest interest in natural and experimental philosophy and in mechanics. Under the supervision and direction of Professor Bartlett he began to exhibit a genius for these studies which the intensely active professor favorably noticed. Schofield had been not more than three years away from the school after his graduation when he was recalled by this same professor to become one of his instructors and later an assistant professor in his department of philosophy. In this work he had notable success. A year later I was called back to the Academy by Professor Church in the department of mathematics. I may say to you confidentially that I enjoyed a special safeguard as a cadet at the Academy, as I was already engaged to a New England young lady; but Schofield did not have the benefit of such a shield. I remember him often at parade and sometimes even on Flirtation Walk with two charming young ladies. They were the daughters of his high-toned professor. They were so near of a size and seemed so much alike a little way off, and were so rapid in motion when walking by themselves, that the cadets called them "the ponies." We could not tell, so evenly balanced was Schofield's attention, that is for a time, which of the two he preferred. However, a happy marriage between him and Kitty Bartlett occurred; and when we returned as instructors to the Military Academy we both had our allotments in married officers' quarters.

At that time Lieutenant Schofield became to me a very

genial and helpful companion, and I am sure that Professor Bartlett never had an abler helper nor the cadets a more faithful instructor. I knew about Schofield's leave of absence to take a high place in the Washington College of St. Louis of which General Porter has told us. From this good work the war called him to co-operate with Lyon and Blair and to help in no small way to save Missouri to the Union during that first year of the great struggle.

When I went to the Middle West and began my participation in the battles about Chattanooga, and the march to Knoxville with Sherman, Schofield was on his way to succeed Burnside at Knoxville, and soon to command the Army of the Ohio.

In the spring of 1864, when Sherman brought together his three armies to make them substantially one between Chattanooga and Dalton, Schofield had the left wing, consisting of one army corps and a division of cavalry; this he handled so well that he gave General Sherman great satisfaction in more than twenty battles and through all the varied operations of the spring campaign of 1864 to the taking of Atlanta. We were frequently together during this extraordinary service, and I there realized more than ever before what a thorough soldier and able man General Schofield was.

I remember well how we sat together on our horses beside the large Potter House—the air full of deadly missiles—near General Sherman, our commander, the 22d of July, 1864: that is, during the battle of Atlanta. McPherson had already fallen, and the Army of the Tennessee, in plain sight before us, was actively recovering all its lost ground, when Schofield urged Sherman to push his twenty-third Corps between the Confederates engaging Logan's front and Atlanta. "No, no," Sherman said, "it is better for the Army of the Tennessee to fight it out."

It was wise advice, but probably the movement proposed by Schofield would have given us a more decisive victory at Atlanta.

After the war and during the days of reconstruction

Schofield and I were frequently united in the same work; sometimes I was the senior and sometimes he was ahead. I had the rank above him in the volunteer appointments and Schofield in the Regular Army. He being six months my junior in years, it resulted in his commanding the Army for six months after my retirement. Under President Johnson Schofield acted for some time as Secretary of War, and under President Cleveland he attained the coveted rank of Lieutenant-General, with the three stars.

It is a theory of mine pretty well established that association with young people keeps elderly men young. Schofield observed this regimen. He had a nice family. I knew each member of it as the children were growing up alongside of mine. Some years after the death of his first wife the General married again, and his young wife and daughter in these later years have given him that joy and companionship which he so much deserved and greatly loved.

Yes, often Schofield and I were, not rivals, rather competitors in the exacting work given us both to do in life, and I feel that now in his departure I have lost a good comrade, companion and friend.

BY GENERAL GRENVILLE M. DODGE.

I first met General Schofield in August, 1861, when he returned with the little army that had fought so valiantly in the battle of Wilson's Creek under the command of General Lyon. Schofield was Adjutant-General of that army, and in a large degree it was his efforts and advice that brought the force, that had really won a great victory and did not know it, safely to Springfield and Rolla, where I was stationed. The fatal mistake of dividing the army was made in the battle of Wilson's Creek, Sigel's command attacking on one flank and Lyon's on the other. Schofield said it was Sigel's plan, and he was opposed to it. Of course, it was contrary to military science, and the destruction of Sigel's force early in the

day, its officers going to Springfield long before Lyon had finished fighting, left Colonel Lyon with half of his force to meet the entire strength of the enemy, which he did so gallantly and successfully.

At this time General Halleck had relieved General Frémont in command of the Department of Missouri. He found this force at Rolla under the command of General Sigel, and made it the nucleus of the Army of the Southwest, which it was understood was to be commanded by General Sigel. In answer to a letter written to Lieutenant Schofield, Major Sturgis, Captain Hunter, and others concerning the Wilson Creek battle, Schofield wrote a remarkable letter to General Halleck, causing Halleck to place the Army of the Southwest under the command of General S. R. Curtis. Halleck utilized Schofield in organizing the Missouri State Militia, of which he was made a brigadier-general. Afterwards he was in command of the Army of the Frontier, and finally the Department of Missouri, where he demonstrated his marked ability as an executive officer. There was great friction in that State among the Union people, and great efforts were made to relieve General Schofield of the command, but President Lincoln stood by him, and on November 29, 1862, made him a Major-General. The Senate, under pressure from Missouri, refused to confirm him. He was again appointed by President Lincoln in May, 1863.

I had a good opportunity to study General Schofield's administration of this difficult command, as I fell in command of that department at the close of the war, and was greatly impressed with his work. I followed his line of policy, and received praise for doing that for which Schofield was severely censured. Schofield frequently told me afterwards that I reaped the benefit of his work, for which he received curses and I blessings, which was true.

When General Grant took command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, in 1863, he asked for Schofield to take command of the Army of the Ohio, to relieve General Foster, who was ill. When President Lincoln received this request he said that would solve the difficulty, and by

using the despatch received from Grant he induced the Senate to confirm General Schofield. This was in the late fall or winter of 1863. At this time General Schofield had no acquaintance with General Grant, and felt that he was selected for this important command from the fact that when Grant was making the Vicksburg campaign General Schofield sent to him from his department nearly all of his organized force, which I remember we all greatly appreciated at the time.

In the Atlanta campaign I again came into contact with General Schofield. His Army of the Ohio was but a corps in strength, and the Army of the Tennessee was only about 25,000 strong. Both of the armies were not as large as the Army of the Cumberland, commanded by General Thomas. This organization did not appeal to either General Schofield or General McPherson; they thought that the three armies should be made more equal in strength. During the entire operations the Army of the Ohio and the Army of the Tennessee were almost always on the flanks, the Army of the Cumberland being in the centre on account of its strength. This, of course, brought more attacks upon these two small armies, made them march more miles, gave them much more work to do, and, naturally, this brought complaints and criticism from the officers in these two armies. One day I happened to be at General McPherson's headquarters when General Sherman, General Schofield, and General Blair came there, and in a friendly conversation comment was made upon these complaints and criticisms, and the matter was discussed between them in an open and friendly way. Sherman listened, and when they had finished he said: "You know, Schofield and McPherson, that the reason I keep you on the flanks is that if the enemy should wipe you out I would have old Thomas left, and they could not move him." Blair made a rather sarcastic remark about sacrificing the two armies which all appreciated and laughed at heartily—none more so than Sherman.

On the 19th of July, as we were approaching Atlanta, Sherman had stretched out his armies, not fearing an attack

by Johnston, looking for the usual defensive tactics on his part. McPherson, with two corps of the Army of the Tennessee, had been sent to Stone Mountain, some twenty miles away, to strike the Augusta road and come back by way of Decatur. My corps was on the extreme left of the army. Early in the morning one of my secret service men, a soldier of the 2d Iowa, who had been inside the enemy's lines during the entire campaign, came out with the Atlanta morning paper. It contained the order removing Johnston and placing Hood in command of the rebel army. I saw the great importance of this information, and immediately rode over to General Schofield's command, where Sherman was marching. I found that Sherman and Schofield had received rumors of the change of commanders, which my paper confirmed. Sherman immediately asked Schofield about Hood, knowing they had been classmates at West Point. Schofield said to Sherman: "This means a fight; Hood will attack you within twenty-four hours." After discussing the matter, Sherman sat down on a stump by the roadside and issued his orders calling McPherson immediately to us, and closing us all in towards Thomas. As Schofield predicted, Hood massed his army behind Peach Tree Creek and attacked Thomas with his whole force, and the battle of Peach Tree Creek was fought, in which Hood was repulsed with great loss. The battles of July 22d and 28th followed, in which virtually one-half of Hood's army was killed, wounded, or captured, and the capture of Atlanta followed.

After the close of the war I again met General Schofield on the line of the Union Pacific Railway at the time of the Chinese massacre, which occurred during President Cleveland's first administration. The President had sent General Schofield west from Chicago to investigate these troubles. The labor element and the tramps coming east from California had taken possession of the railroad trains. The labor organizations in Denver heard of Schofield's coming, and called a meeting, and declared that his special train should not be allowed to pass over the road. Schofield was

notified of this, and then laid down the doctrine that has ever since been followed. He notified the rioters and strikers that he was travelling over a military road on military duty under orders of the Commander-in-Chief; that interference with his movements would be regarded as an act of war, and would be so treated. This caused them to call a halt, and his train went through safely to Rock Springs. He at this time took the advanced position that was afterwards followed—that any railroad, carrying the United States mails, whose trains were interfered with was in a position that the United States was justified in recognizing and taking steps to protect and operate the lines with United States forces. Up to this time there had been great trouble in obtaining government protection when trains were stopped by strikers and mobs. Schofield had made a study of this question, and said to me afterwards that while these orders received great criticism, he was prepared to defend them. He told me once when I was in Washington, pointing to a drawer in his desk, that in that drawer was all the data and information necessary to maintain his position. When the great riot occurred in Chicago General Schofield was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and it was the experience he had at Rock Springs that enabled him to present the matter so fully and completely to President Cleveland that he did not hesitate to use the United States forces against the rioters there over the head and protest of the governor of that State.

It was my great good fortune to have had the friendship of General Schofield from the time of our first meeting until we laid him to rest at Arlington. He frequently travelled with me, and I could plainly understand why Grant and Sherman had such great confidence in him. He was cool, quiet, and level-headed. He always had a convincing reason for all his acts. Years ago he was a strong advocate of the reforms Secretary Root brought about in the army, and it was a great satisfaction to me, and one of the greatest pleasures of my life, to have had his steady, stanch friendship, and to have known him so long.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. M. WHERRY.

To ask any one to say something in addition to a speech General Porter makes on any subject is like asking him to add alloy to fine gold. I cannot hope to add to the quality of what General Porter has spoken, but as a lifelong friend of General Schofield, and his staff officer for a quarter of a century, enjoying his confidence and trust, I am here to-night to add my tribute to his memory. From my long service with him I might adduce many concrete illustrations of his ability, his greatness, and his achievements, and I have written a sketch of his career and character illustrated in that manner; but that memorial is too lengthy to present to you to-night, so at the invitation of your Commander I shall hand it to your Recorder for publication among the sketches read before this Commandery from time to time.

General Schofield was an extraordinary man in so many ways that, even if he had not lived at the time of the Civil War and won distinction in that gigantic conflict, he would have attained to eminence.

In Missouri, in the earliest days of the war, he had the confidence of Lyon and Blair, and later of Frémont and Halleck, and of Grant, and of the immortal Lincoln, who stood by him through a bitter and malignant contest in Missouri and Kansas, and recorded in the most emphatic manner his approval of General Schofield as an able and discreet military and civil administrator.

During the Atlanta campaign his Army of the Ohio was called the "whip-cracker" of the lash which Sherman was using against Johnston, and he proved his greatness by what he accomplished with it. General Schofield demonstrated his greatness as an independent commander when, with it and a part of the Army of the Cumberland, he held back Hood for Thomas's concentration and preparation at Nashville, and when at Franklin he administered such a defeat to the veteran army which had confronted Sherman all summer, that it fell an easy victim at Nashville. He maintained his reputation at the battle of Nashville under

Thomas, and, later, in his own campaign in North Carolina. He was prominent in the surrender of Johnston to Sherman.

He was able as a diplomat, when, without making an offensive demand upon the Emperor Napoleon, he ably carried out the instructions of Mr. Seward, "to get his legs under Napoleon's mahogany and give the Emperor to understand that the American people will not tolerate a monarchy maintained only by French bayonets" in Mexico.

He was great in administering the State of Virginia under the Reconstruction Acts and in securing for it a decent constitution.

He was great as Secretary of War at a critical period. He was great as a commander of military departments and divisions and as a commander of the whole army. He was great even in retirement.

He was able as an educator, eminent as a scientist, broad in statesmanship, and profound in philosophy.

He was a true friend and was tender in his domestic relations.

His most striking characteristics were his thoroughness in investigation, his wide knowledge, his calmness, his equipoise. He never slighted anything. If a thing were worth doing, it was worth doing well. He was deliberate, but not slow. He was modest, but was fully aware of his powers; ambitious, but not self-seeking at the expense of others. His patriotism and devotion to duty were of the loftiest kind. He was one of the kindest and gentlest of men, and when he died the Army lost one of its noblest exemplars and the country one of its wisest and most distinguished citizens.

To those of us who knew him, who have felt the inspiration of his presence and example in the field or in office work, who have labored side by side with him for the same ideals and to accomplish the same purposes, his memory will always be inexpressibly tender and sweet. And to those who shall come after us it will endure through the luster of his achievements as long as the Republic cherishes the memory of her heroic and devoted sons.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL JOHN M. SCHOFIELD,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

PREPARED BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL WM. M. WHERRY,
UNITED STATES ARMY.

ANOTHER heroic figure has "passed over the river," and gone to "rest beneath the shade of the trees" that wave their leaves in requiem at Arlington. Lieutenant-General John McAllister Schofield, the intellectual peer of Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Meade and Thomas, the last survivor of our great leaders, born of and tried in the fierce conflict of forty years ago, like those who had gone before "sleeps his last sleep, has fought his last battle," and has left his name and reputation to enrich the pages of history and to awaken the patriotic ardor and enthusiasm of the youth of his country.

General Schofield was born in Chatuaqua County, New York, September 29, 1831, and died at St. Augustine, Florida, March 4, 1906, so that his life embraced most engrossing periods in the history of the development of our country and the preservation and application of our government. In his early youth his father removed to the West, and eventually made a home at Freeport, Illinois, where the boy, amid the rugged surroundings of a frontier life, grew up a sturdy youth noted for industry, sobriety, and reliability. Attracting the attention of the representative of that district in Congress, he was sent a cadet to the United States Military Academy in 1849, and graduated with the class of 1853. Owing to some youthful indiscretion he was tried, with others of his classmates, and made the scapegoat of the occasion, suffering dismissal, while they were suspended only, and he was out for six months. Finally,

through the intervention of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, he was restored to his class, and, notwithstanding, graduated seventh, just missing the Engineer Corps.

General Schofield was assigned to the artillery and served in Florida until 1856, when he was sent to West Point as assistant instructor in the department of natural and experimental philosophy. In Florida the garrison of the post at which he served was never over twenty-five men, and the duties nominal and purely routine, so Schofield devoted his time to a study of international and constitutional law to such good purpose that he was fully equipped to meet the grave issues he encountered as an administrator of civico-military affairs during the Civil War, and subsequently under the Reconstruction Acts. And when he was Secretary of War, under President Johnson, Mr. Wm. M. Evarts of New York, no mean authority on law, said of him, "General Schofield is the best constitutional lawyer I have known outside the bar." As assistant professor of natural and experimental philosophy at West Point General Schofield held a high place among scientists, and was noted as an extremely accurate and lucid teacher; and he prepared a work on astronomy, the manuscript of which was unfortunately lost or destroyed during the war.

In 1860 Schofield accepted the chair of Physics in Washington University, St. Louis, Mo. There he maintained his reputation as a scientific educator, but for six months only, when the war of the rebellion broke out, and, being on leave of absence from his military status, he applied for duty, and was assigned as mustering officer, and to report to General Nathaniel Lyon.

It was at this period I first met General Schofield, for I was enrolled as a volunteer, and was taking an active part in the organizing and drilling of the patriotic Union men of St. Louis for military service. We served together as staff officers to General Lyon, and we were soon bound by a friendship and intimacy that continued without a break till the day of his death. He was then but a few months over twenty-nine years of age, in the vigor of young manhood,

of average height, but a large frame, and large well-developed head, prematurely bald, over-hanging brows, clear blue eyes, soft rather than cold in expression, with quiet, gentle, very reposeful manners, but of a gravity and equipoise that conveyed the impression of a man much older, at least about in middle life. Deliberate and calm as Grant or Thomas, and quick to act as the impulsive Sherman or Sheridan.

As soon as Lyon had mustered into service the first contingent of Missouri troops, and when he started on his campaign after the capture of Camp Jackson at St. Louis, he made Schofield (who had been then mustered in as Major of Colonel F. P. Blair, Jr.'s, regiment, the 1st Missouri Volunteer Infantry) his chief of staff, and as such Schofield participated with marked ability and distinction in the campaign ending with the death of Lyon at Wilson's Creek, Mo., August 10, 1861. For several months thereafter Schofield was employed reorganizing Blair's infantry regiment into one of artillery of twelve batteries and in the procurement of guns for use in the department; and he bore such a distinguished part in the battle of Fredericktown, Mo., November 21, 1861, that he was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers therefor, and of that date. On the 27th of November he was assigned to "command all the militia of the State" of Missouri, with his headquarters at St. Louis. This was for the purpose of organizing a body of militia under the provisional governor of the State in accordance with a special agreement between the Federal government and the State government, the troops to be used only in defence of the State, but to be paid, equipped, and supplied by the United States. The experience and results proved General Schofield a capable and efficient organizer.

In the autumn of 1862, to meet a threatened invasion of Missouri from northwestern Arkansas, General Schofield organized the Army of the Frontier,—three divisions, one of volunteers from Kansas under Blunt, one of Missouri State militia under Totten, and one of volunteers serving in Missouri under Herron, and himself took the field. Here,

September 20, 1862, I joined his staff as aide-de-camp, and continued to serve with him as chief of staff and confidential aide, until we parted in Paris, while on his mission to France in January, 1866. By skilful manœuvring he drove Hindman south of the Arkansas River, but was unable to bring him to battle. General Curtis withdrew the Army from Arkansas and distributed it in southwest Missouri, leaving Blunt's division in an exposed position near the Arkansas border. Hindman took advantage of this, and, during Schofield's illness at St. Louis, readvanced to attack Blunt, who was fortunately reinforced by the other divisions making forced marches, and the indecisive battle of Prairie Grove was fought. Out of this campaign dissensions arose which led General Schofield to ask to be relieved from service under General Curtis, and in the spring of 1863 he was sent to report to Rosecrans in Tennessee, and assigned to command the Third Division, fourteenth Army Corps, General Thomas's old division. In this pleasant command, amid congenial surroundings and anticipations of a brilliant campaign under tried leaders, only a month was passed; and President Lincoln sent Schofield back to Missouri, this time in command of the department, embracing the States of Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, and the Indian Territory, General Curtis being relieved therefrom.

To convey an adequate impression of the perplexities and responsibilities of this command to the mind of any one not a resident of Missouri, but living at that time, would be difficult; to one of a subsequent generation, an utter impossibility. Here was a territory of over 270,000 square miles, the State of Missouri, a slave State; not in open rebellion but torn and distracted by factions of every political shade; governed by a provisional government true to the Union but supported cordially by only a bare majority of its Union citizens, scouted by its rebels, and opposed by the radical Unionists; a state overrun by guerillas and partisan bands; Arkansas on the south in open rebellion, and occupied in part by a Confederate army; the Indian Territory and Kansas on the West, one subject in part to Confederate

control, the other intensely radical in politics and traditionally bitter towards Missourians, all of whom they classed as enemies and responsible for the wrongs to "bleeding Kansas" in the fifties; a State subject to such raids as Quantrell's in August of 1863, and bent on reprisals for past grievances. The radicals in Missouri and Kansas were for confiscation of property by military provost marshals without resort to courts, and in violation of all but the laws of war in extreme cases; for a suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the harshest treatment of all who differed from them, and an immediate freeing of the slaves. The military problems in this vast region were of sufficient magnitude to engross and occupy the resources of a master mind untrammelled by other questions; yet they were inseparable from matters of state policy, of civic questions, involving the rights of citizenship, and property, and liberty, even life, under the laws and constitution of the United States and the laws of war. This grave responsibility when Schofield assumed it rested upon the shoulders of a young man of less than thirty-three years of age! Yet he grappled it with a firm and master hand, and the study of constitutional law, to which he had devoted his three years in Florida, stood him in good stead and he came out of it in triumph. Illustrative of what was expected of him I quote entire the following characteristic letter from President Lincoln, dated the day General Schofield assumed the command:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON,
May 27, 1863.

GENERAL J. M. SCHOFIELD.

MY DEAR SIR:

Having relieved General Curtis and assigned you to the command of the Department of the Missouri, I think it may be of some advantage for me to state to you why I did it.

I did not relieve General Curtis because of any full conviction that he had done wrong by commission or omission. I did it because of a conviction in my mind that the Union men of Missouri, constituting when united a vast majority of the whole people, have entered into a pestilent factional quarrel among themselves—General Curtis, perhaps not of choice, being the

head of one faction, and Governor Gamble that of the other. After months of labor to reconcile the difficulty, it seemed to grow worse and worse, until I felt it my duty to break it up somehow; and as I could not remove Governor Gamble, I had to remove General Curtis.

Now that you are in the position, I wish you to undo nothing merely because General Curtis or Governor Gamble did it, but to exercise your own judgment and *do right* for the public interest.

Let your military measures be strong enough to repel the invader and keep the peace, and not so strong as to unnecessarily harass and persecute the people. It is a difficult rôle, and so much greater will be the honor if you perform it well. If both factions or neither shall abuse you, you will probably be about right. Beware of being assailed by one and praised by the other.

Yours truly

A. LINCOLN.

The first military act of General Schofield after taking command was to almost denude his department of effective troops by sending to General Grant's assistance at Vicksburg a fine division under General Herron, which enabled Grant to complete his investment of the place. To replace these troops until General Grant should return them after the fall of Vicksburg, Schofield called out and relied upon the militia of the State, finally enrolling and arming every able-bodied man between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. This he was alone enabled to do by working in harmony with Governor Gamble, for which he was roundly abused and even denounced by the extreme radicals. Operations against the guerillas in northern and central Missouri were relentlessly conducted, directed in detail by General Schofield from his headquarters in St. Louis, and in time the bands were suppressed. After Vicksburg fell General Grant returned the troops Schofield had sent him and soon all Confederate forces were driven to the south of the Arkansas River. But the political intrigues and endeavor to force the hand of Mr. Lincoln's administration became more and more pestiferous and bitter in both Kansas and Missouri. Finally Quantrell made his raid into Kansas

and sacked Lawrence, brutally killing many unarmed citizens in cold blood. The press of both States became frenzied. Sober-minded people were so shocked by the outrage that most violent retaliatory measures, against all suspected even of having harbored at any time the slightest sympathy for their own kith or kin in rebellion, were advocated, and General Lane, the United States Senator from Kansas, known as Jim Lane, took advantage of the occasion to stir up strife: making incendiary speeches, advising relentless retaliation on Missouri, and denouncing General Schofield and his subordinate, General Thomas Ewing, who commanded the District of the Border. General Schofield alone remained cool and unperturbed by the clamor against him. He proceeded to Leavenworth and interviewed Lane, forbidding any retaliatory invasion of Missouri by Kansas; rendered the Paola camp-meeting, called by Lane for that purpose, innocuous, and, to prevent any repetition of an invasion across the border counties of Missouri, into Kansas, authorized the famous General Order No. 11, issued by General Ewing, depopulating the two tiers of counties in Missouri next to the Kansas border. This stringent measure, of course, entailed suffering and privation, but it was effective and has been justified as an act of war. It produced fierce invective from the other side and added another charge against a general abused because he was not radical enough in putting down rebellion. General Lane, aided by his military satellite General Blunt, led a noisy and implacable political faction in Kansas as bitter against the true supporters of Mr. Lincoln's administration as was the corresponding faction in Missouri. Their main object was to keep Lane in the Senate, their particular following in power, and their shibboleth was plunder.

These fierce factional fights in Kansas and Missouri continued during the autumn and early winter of 1863, Mr. Lincoln supporting General Schofield with unvarying tenacity and with confidence in his integrity and the wisdom of his course, as shown by the following letter to a delegation demanding Schofield's removal:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

October 5, 1863.

HON. CHARLES D. DRAKE AND OTHERS, *Committee*.

GENTLEMEN:

Your original address, presented on the 30th ultimo, and the four supplementary ones, presented on the 3d instant, have been carefully considered. I hope you will regard the other duties claiming my attention, together with the great length and importance of the documents, as constituting a sufficient apology for my not having responded sooner.

These papers, framed for a common object, consist of the things demanded and the reasons for demanding them.

The things demanded are:

First. That General Schofield shall be relieved and General Butler be appointed as Commander of the Military Department of the Missouri.

Second. That the system of enrolled militia in Missouri may be broken up and national forces be substituted for it; and,

Third. That at elections persons may not be allowed to vote who are not entitled by law to do so.

Among the reasons given, enough of suffering and wrong to Union men is certainly, and I suppose truly, stated. Yet the whole case as presented fails to convince me that General Schofield, or the enrolled militia, is responsible for that suffering and wrong. The whole can be explained on a more charitable and, as I think, a more rational hypothesis.

We are in civil war. In such cases there always is a main question; but in this case that question is a perplexing compound—Union and Slavery. It thus becomes a question not of two sides merely but of at least four sides, even of those who are for the Union, saying nothing of those who are against it—Thus those who are for the Union *with*, but not *without*, slavery; those for it *without*, but not *with*; those for it *with* or *without*, but prefer it *with*; and those for it *with* or *without*, but prefer it *without*. Among these again is a subdivision of those who are for *gradual*, but not *immediate*, and those who are for *immediate*, but not for *gradual* extinction of slavery.

It is easy to conceive that all these shades of opinion, and even more, may be sincerely entertained by honest and truthful men; yet all being for the Union, by reason of these differences each will prefer a different way of sustaining the Union. At

once sincerity is questioned and motives are assailed; actual war coming, blood grows hot and blood is spilled. Thought is forced from old channels into confusion; deception breeds and thrives; confidence dies, and universal suspicion reigns. Each man feels an impulse to kill his neighbor, lest he be first killed by him. Revenge and retaliation follow, and all this, as before said, may be among honest men only. But this is not all. Every foul bird comes abroad, and every dirty reptile rises up. These add crime to confusion. Strong measures deemed indispensable, but rash at best, such men make worse by maladministration. Murders for old grudges and murders for pelf proceed under any cloak that will best cover for the occasion.

These causes amply account for what has occurred in Missouri, without ascribing it to the weakness or wickedness of any general. The newspaper files—those chronicles of current events—will show that the evils now complained of were quite as prevalent under Frémont, Hunter, Halleck, and Curtis as under Schofield.

If the former had greater force opposed to them, they had also greater forces with which to meet it. When the organized rebel army left the State, the main Federal force had to go also, leaving the department commander at home relatively no stronger than before.

Without disparaging any I affirm with confidence that no commander of that department has, in proportion to his means, done better than General Schofield.

The first specific charge against General Schofield is that the enrolled militia was placed under the command of General Curtis. That, I believe, is true; but you do not point out, nor can I conceive, how that did or could injure loyal men or the Union cause.

You charge that upon General Curtis being superseded by General Schofield, Franklin A. Dick was superseded by James O. Brodhead as provost-marshal-general. No very specific showing is made as to how this did or could injure the Union cause. It recalls, however, the condition of things, as presented to me, which led to a change of commanders for the department.

To restrain contraband intelligence and trade, a system of searches, seizures, permits, and passes had been introduced by General Frémont. When General Halleck came, he found and continued the system and added an order, applicable to some parts of the State, to levy and collect contributions from noted

rebels to compensate losses and relieve destitution caused by the rebellion. The action of General Frémont and General Halleck, as stated, constituted a sort of system which General Curtis found in full operation when he took command of the department. That there was a necessity for something of the sort was clear; but that it could only be justified by stern necessity, and that it was liable to great abuse in administration, was equally clear. Agents to execute it, contrary to the great prayer, were led into temptation. Some might, while others would not, resist that temptation. It was not possible to hold any to a very strict accountability; and those yielding to the temptation would sell permits and passes to those who would pay most, and most readily, for them, and would seize property and collect levies in the aptest way to fill their own pockets; money being the object, the man having money, whether loyal or disloyal, would be the victim. This practice doubtless existed to some extent, and it was a real additional evil that it could be, and was, plausibly charged to exist in greater extent than it did.

When General Curtis took command of the department, Mr. Dick, against whom I never knew anything to allege, had general charge of this system. A controversy in regard to it rapidly grew into almost unmanageable proportions. One side ignored the necessity and magnified the evils of the system, while the other ignored the evils and magnified the necessity, and each bitterly assailed the motives of the other. I could not fail to see that the controversy enlarged in the same proportion as the professed Union men there distinctly took sides in two opposing political parties. I exhausted my wits, and very nearly my patience also, in efforts to convince both that the evils they charged on each other were inherent in the case, and could not be cured by giving either party a victory over the other.

Plainly the irritating system was not to be perpetual, and it was plausibly urged that it could be modified at once with advantage. The case could scarcely be worse; and whether it could be made better, could only be determined by a trial. In this view, and not to ban or brand General Curtis, or to give a victory to any party, I made the change of commander for the department. I now learn that soon after the change Mr. Dick was removed, and that Mr. Brodhead, a gentleman of no less good character, was put in the place. The mere fact of

this change is more distinctly complained of than is any conduct of the new officer, or other consequence of the change.

I gave the new commander no instructions as to the administration of the system mentioned, beyond what is contained in the private letter, afterward surreptitiously published, in which I directed him to act solely for the public good, and independently of both parties. Neither anything you have presented me, nor anything I have otherwise learned, has convinced me that he has been unfaithful to this charge.

Imbecility is urged as one cause for removing General Schofield; and the late massacre at Lawrence, Kansas, is pressed as evidence of that imbecility. To my mind that fact scarcely tends to prove the proposition. That massacre is only an example of what Grierson, John Morgan, and many others might have repeatedly done on their respective raids, had they chosen to incur the personal hazard and possessed the fiendish hearts to do it.

The charge is made that General Schofield, on purpose to protect the Lawrence murderers, would not allow them to be pursued into Missouri. While no punishment could be too sudden or too severe for those murderers, I am well satisfied that the preventing of the remedial raid into Missouri was the only safe way to avoid an indiscriminate massacre there, including probably more innocent than guilty. Instead of condemning, I therefore approve what I understand General Schofield did in that respect.

The charges that General Schofield has purposely withheld protection from loyal people, and purposely facilitated the objects of the disloyal, are altogether beyond my power of belief. I do not arraign the veracity of gentlemen as to the fact complained of, but I do more than question the judgment which would infer that those facts occurred in accordance with the *purposes* of General Schofield.

With my present views I must decline to remove General Schofield. In this I decide nothing against General Butler. I sincerely wish it were convenient to assign him a suitable command.

In order to meet some existing evils, I have addressed a letter of instructions to General Schofield, a copy of which I enclose to you.

As to the "enrolled militia," I shall endeavor to ascertain

better than I now know what is its exact value. Let me say now, however, that your proposal to substitute national forces for the enrolled militia implies that in your judgment the latter is doing something that needs to be done, and if so the proposition to throw that force away, and supply its place by bringing other forces from the field, where they are urgently needed, seems to me very extraordinary. Whence shall they come? Shall they be withdrawn from Banks, or Grant, or Steele, or Rosecrans?

Few things have been so grateful to my anxious feelings as when, in June last, the local force in Missouri aided General Schofield to so promptly send a large general force to the relief of General Grant, then investing Vicksburg and menaced from without by General Johnston. Was this all wrong? Should the enrolled militia there have been broken up, and General Herron kept from Grant to police Missouri? So far from finding cause to object, I confess to a sympathy for whatever relieves our general force in Missouri, and allows it to serve elsewhere. I, therefore, as at present advised, cannot attempt the destruction of the enrolled militia of Missouri. I may add that, the force being under the national military control, it is also within the proclamation in regard to the *habeas corpus*.

I concur in the propriety of your request in regard to elections, and have, as you see, directed General Schofield accordingly. I do not feel justified to enter upon the broad field you present in regard to the political differences between radicals and conservatives. From time to time I have done and said what appeared to me proper to do and say. The public knows it all. It obliges nobody to follow me, and I trust it obliges me to follow nobody. The radicals and conservatives each agree with me in some things; and disagree in others. I could wish both to agree with me in all things for then they would agree with each other, and would be too strong for any foe from any quarter. They, however, choose to do otherwise. I do not question their right; I, too, shall do what seems to be my duty. I hold whoever commands in Missouri, or elsewhere, responsible to me, and not to either radicals or conservatives. It is my duty to hear all; but at last, I must, within my sphere, judge what to do and what to forbear.

Your ob't sert.

A. LINCOLN.

Finally General Grant asked for an officer to command the Department and Army of the Ohio at Knoxville, in relief of General Foster, whose illness compelled his removal from command, and Grant expressed a preference for Schofield or McPherson. Mr. Lincoln embraced the opportunity to relieve the situation in Missouri, and to settle other problems of a political character then threatening. He divided the Department of Missouri into three departments, giving Kansas to General Curtis, radical enough to meet the views of Kansas, and removing a threatened division in politics from Iowa. Missouri was given to Rosecrans, appeasing his friends in Ohio and elsewhere; Arkansas, where only there were Confederate troops to be confronted, was given to Steele, a tried and able soldier; and Schofield was sent to Knoxville to relieve Foster.

During all this harassing period, even when assailed with virulence and malignant vituperation, misrepresented, misconstrued, and mendaciously vilified, General Schofield bore himself with a dignity, coolness, and calm imperturbability truly admirable, and his letters and reports are models of close reasoning, clear statement, and wise discussion of principles, free from rancor and personal irritation.

It is not to be wondered at, however, that he gladly hailed the change to a command free from political administration, and promising active work in command of troops, in co-operation with other armies on a large theater of operations, and under a brilliant leader.

Schofield took command at Knoxville February 8, 1864, and his first work was to drive Longstreet out of east Tennessee, and prepare for participation in the Atlanta campaign under Sherman. It would be interesting and instructive to go into the details of these operations, but they, like so much I have gone over, are so voluminous as to forbid.

Here I must digress somewhat and go back to the Kansas-Missouri period. November 29, 1862, Mr. Lincoln nominated Generals Schofield, Blunt, and Herron to be Major-Generals of Volunteers of the same date. Schofield, then

being senior in date of commission as Brigadier-General, would under the rules continue to rank the others. Senator Lane of Kansas bitterly and acrimoniously opposed his confirmation by the Senate, and succeeded in deferring action thereon until Congress adjourned. Blunt and Herron were confirmed. After the adjournment and during the recess Mr. Lincoln renominated Schofield of the original date, and when Congress met the confirmation was again bitterly opposed by Lane, and held up all through 1863, and was still pending in the spring of 1864, when the failure to bring Longstreet to bay in east Tennessee and fight a successful battle enabled Schofield's enemies to secure an adverse report on his confirmation by the Military Committee of the Senate. General Henderson, Senator from Missouri, informed Schofield of this, and urged him in a letter to "whip somebody anyhow," and thus secure his confirmation. The following extracts from his letter in reply to Henderson are characteristic of the man and express more fully than any words I can use his lofty patriotism, steadiness of purpose, dignity of character, and freedom from clap-trap, buncombe, and grand-stand or newspaper notoriety:

Headquarters, Army of the Ohio,
KNOXVILLE, TENN. April 15, 1864.

DEAR SENATOR:

I have just received your letter of the 7th, informing me that the Military Committee has reported against my nomination, and urging me to "whip somebody anyhow." I am fully aware of the importance to me personally of gaining a victory. No doubt I might easily get up a little "clap-trap" on which to manufacture newspaper notoriety, and convince the Senate of the United States that I had won a great victory, and secure my confirmation by acclamation. Such things have been done, alas! too frequently during the war. But such is not my theory of a soldier's duties. I have an idea that my military superiors are the proper judges of my character and conduct, and that their testimony ought to be considered satisfactory as to my *military qualities*.

I have the approval and support of the President, the Secretary of War, General Halleck, General Grant, and General

Sherman. I am willing to abide the decision of any one or all of them, and I would not give a copper for the weight of anybody's or everybody's opinion in addition to, or in opposition to, theirs.

If the Senate is not satisfied with such testimony, I can't help it. I never have and never will resort to "buncombe" for the purpose of securing my own advancement. If I cannot gain promotion by legitimate means, I do not want it at all. . . . In all this time I have yet to hear the first word of disapproval from my superior officer of any one of my military operations (unless I except Curtis, who disapproved of my pursuing Hindman so far into Arkansas), and in general have received high commendation from my superiors, both for my military operations and administration. I would rather have this record, without a major-general's commission, than to gain the commission by adding to my reputation one grain of falsehood.

Grant was here in the winter, and Sherman only a few days ago. They are fully acquainted with the condition of affairs. I have been acting all the time under their instructions, and I believe with their entire approval. They are generally understood to be men whose opinions on military matters are entitled to respect. I cannot do more or better than refer the Senate to them.

One thing is certain: I shall not be influenced one grain in the discharge of my duty by any question as to what action the Senate may take on my nomination. . . . If the Senate is not satisfied as to my past services, why not wait until they can know more? I am tired enough of this suspense, but am still perfectly willing to wait.

In fact, I have become, in spite of myself, very indifferent on the subject. I am pretty thoroughly convinced that a major-general's commission is not worth half the trouble I and my friends have had about mine, and I feel very little inclination to trouble them, or even myself, any more about it.

The Senate has its duty to perform in this matter, as well as myself and my superior officers. If senators are not willing to act upon the concurrent testimony of all my superior officers as to what services I have rendered, I shall not condescend to humbug them into the belief that I have done something which I really have not.

You ask me what are the prospects of putting down the

rebellion. I answer unhesitatingly that when the management of military matters is left to military men the rebellion will be put down very quickly, and not before. I regard it as having been fully demonstrated that neither the Senate, nor the House of Representatives, nor the newspapers, nor the people of the United States, nor even all of them together, can command an army. I rather think if you let Grant alone, and let him have his own way, he will end the war this year. At all events the next ninety days will show whether he will or not.

I find this letter is both too long and too ill-natured. I feel too much as if I would like to "whip somebody anyhow," so I will stop where I am. Let me hear from you again soon.

Yours very truly,

J. M. SCHOFIELD.

Hon. J. B. HENDERSON,
U. S. Senate,
Washington, D. C.

Longstreet was held in check in Tennessee by an inferior force and finally withdrew to join Lee for the final struggle in Virginia. Schofield destroyed the railroad from Bull Gap down and concentrated his troops to join Sherman for the Atlanta campaign, which he did with his Army of the Ohio at Red Clay, Georgia, on the 5th of May.

Schofield's part in the brilliant campaign that followed is recorded in history and fills a bright page in the record of that time. The salient points of his achievement then are: Movement against Rocky Face and the withdrawal of his army from the immediate presence of the enemy by a brilliant application of tactics, the passage through Snake Creek Gap and battles of Resaca, Dallas, Lost Mountain, Pine Knob, Culp's Farm, the crossing of Olley Creek, passage of the Chattahoochee, and participation in all the subsequent battles and operations of that pregnant and interesting campaign, including especially the turning movement at Rough and Ready Station. His part, with the smallest army of the three employed, was as noted and conspicuous as that of any commander under Sherman.

When General Sherman stripped for the "march to the

sea," he finally left Schofield with his corps, the twenty-third, to assist General Thomas in holding "the line of the Tennessee," and in "taking care of Hood." The eventful campaign which followed and Schofield's share in it demonstrated beyond cavil his military capacity and proved his fitness for independent leadership. It gave lustre to his name and crowned him with imperishable renown. Its recital in detail would be full of interest and instructive of the art of war, but it would fill a volume, and space and time admonish that I touch it briefly, in order to recite, without fatiguing you, the full synopsis of General Schofield's career.

Schofield moved from near Rome, Ga., by marching and by use of the railroad and reported with his corps to Thomas, at Nashville, November 5th, and after being sent with some of his troops to Johnsonville, to meet a raid by Forrest, was ordered by Thomas to Pulaski, to take command of all troops in the field to check any advance by Hood and give General Thomas time to concentrate his scattered forces at Nashville, and to mount and equip his cavalry.

General Schofield's command consisted of the Fourth corps under Stanley at Pulaski, his own Corps, the twenty-third, less two brigades left at Johnsonville and the cavalry under Hatch, in all about 28,000 men. Hood's infantry was estimated to be between 40,000 and 45,000 and Forrest's cavalry about 10,000.

Hood crossed the Tennessee, and on the 21st information was brought that he was advancing. Schofield interposed his army between Hood and Columbia, and was assembled there and entrenching by the 24th. The position was held till the night of the 27th, when it became evident Hood would not attack, but would cross Duck River above to turn the position. Schofield crossed to the north bank. Notwithstanding Schofield's cavalry had been somewhat augmented, Wilson was unable to prevent Forrest from crossing and withdrew his entire force from any contact with the infantry, retreating to Rally Hill, and thence advised Schofield to withdraw beyond the Harpeth. To gain information the cavalry should have furnished, infantry

reconnaissance had to be resorted to. Forrest effected his crossing on the 28th and Hood's infantry began to cross on the 29th, but he could not move his artillery without the Columbia pike, and Schofield boldly determined to gain one more day's delay for Thomas, by holding the crossing at that place till night. Dispositions were made accordingly and the trains were pushed to Spring Hill, where Stanley was sent and directed to entrench one division of his corps. Hood's head of column reached Spring Hill too late to dislodge Stanley, and the other troops were passed by his rear on to Franklin. Cox held the crossing at Columbia till dark, then moved on past Stanley's division, which acted as rear guard, into Franklin. It was daylight when the advance reached that place, and unavoidable delay in bridging the Harpeth necessitated deployment and hasty entrenchment. The impetuous Hood, foiled in all previous endeavor, by the mathematical calculation as to time and distance to be covered in marching and deployment made by his skilful antagonist, followed closely and attacked Schofield in position and ready to receive him, about 3.30 P.M. The result of the battle that ensued was a foregone conclusion. Hood's veterans charged again and again, each time to be hurled back by the withering fire of the no less tried and heroic troops opposed to them. The carnage was great, 6500 of Hood's men killed and wounded, and near 1000 prisoners; the loss of officers was immense, no less than six generals killed, six wounded, and one captured. Our loss, 2500.

Schofield withdrew that night and under Thomas's orders marched to Brentwood, the next day to Nashville.

There were many thrilling episodes and instructive incidents in this brief campaign, of vital interest to the student of history and instructive to one studying the art of war, but time presses and I must not be prolix. All such are referred to Schofield's own book, Cox's books, and other contemporaneous literature.

Schofield's action in and influence upon the subsequent operations including the battle of Nashville and the pursuit

of Hood's broken and dispirited army are matters of historical record and sustain his claims to generalship. The end was approaching, and, at his suggestion in a letter to General Grant, Schofield's corps was transferred to the East and the Tenth Corps at Ft. Fisher, under Terry, was added to his command, to capture Wilmington and make a base for Sherman on his march from Savannah. This service was duly and brilliantly performed; Wilmington fell February 22d, and Schofield took a part of his force to Newberne on the Neuse, soon clearing out that line and effecting a junction at Goldsboro with General Sherman.

Events followed rapidly. The end of the bloody strife was nigh. Grant captured Petersburg and Richmond and was pressing Lee's shattered forces. Just as Sherman's army entered Raleigh news of the surrender at Appomattox was received. Sherman marched his other armies through Raleigh and occupied the town with Schofield's Army of the Ohio, now become the centre of his combined armies.

The details of Johnston's surrender to Sherman, and the disapproval at Washington of the terms first granted, are matters well known, but it is to be mentioned here that Schofield was not present at the first meeting between Sherman and Johnston and did not know the terms agreed upon until long after they were rejected. But Schofield *was* present at the second meeting, and he it was who, when the two principals found it impossible to formulate an agreement that would meet the perplexing exigency, suggested a plan and drew up the papers that were signed and proved acceptable to all concerned. Johnston's army was paroled by Schofield and sent in detachments to their respective homes. Sherman went to Savannah in person, and his armies marched to Washington, except Schofield's, which was left in charge of North Carolina.

Schofield proceeded to frame regulations for the administration of affairs under existing conditions, and his orders and memoranda show a perspicacity and grasp of principles adequate to the occasion and circumstances.

But his ideas were not to prevail, nor was he to be left to carry out any policy in North Carolina.

One morning in May, while seated at my desk in General Schofield's office at Raleigh, a swarthy, alert man of foreign air entered. He proved to be Signor Mariscal, secretary of legation from Mexico at Washington, bearing credentials from General Grant and Minister Romero. His mission was to offer General Schofield command, as Generalissimo, of the patriot armies of Mexico, opposing Napoleon's imperial government in Mexico under Maximilian. I was sent to Washington to interview Romero, and shortly after my return and report, in June, General Schofield left North Carolina, and as all know was committed to the freeing of Mexico from French domination. It resulted in his being first sent to France under the auspices of our State Department. There he acquitted his mission in a diplomatic and most acceptable manner: Napoleon withdrew Bazaine's army, Maximilian's government was overthrown, and that ill-starred prince was executed. Mexico was free.

On his return to this country from Europe, in July, where I had left him, at Paris, in January, Schofield was assigned to command the First Military District at Richmond, Virginia, under the Reconstruction Acts. The wise policy he pursued here saved the State from an obnoxious and unbearable constitution, and the people from the worst forms of carpet-bag misrule and plunder. I rejoined him in May, 1867, and served with him till September, 1885.

The strained relations between the President and Congress, in which the trial of impeachment was pending, and which was likely to fail of conviction, made imperative the selection of a Secretary of War acceptable to both sides. General Schofield was agreed upon, and entered Mr. Johnson's cabinet as Secretary of War after almost unanimous confirmation by the Senate, and continued to fill that high office successfully and smoothly until six weeks after General Grant's inauguration.

Eight years of useful service in command of geographical departments and divisions followed, in which successful

Indian campaigns were conducted, and during which Schofield wisely influenced the amelioration of the policy toward those unhappy tribesmen. Then came five years of service as Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, in which it was sought to enlarge the usefulness of that institution and place it abreast of modern advancement in education and the art and science of war. Then more strictly military commands of geographical military divisions, the Division of the Pacific, the Division of the Missouri, and the Division of the Atlantic successively, till on the death of Sheridan, in August, 1888, General Schofield succeeded to the command of the Army. In this position he, for the first time in the history of our Army, reconciled the relations, in a time of peace, between the General-in-Chief of the Army and the Secretary of War. During his incumbency of that high office it was administered in entire harmony with the War Department, and his power and influence was recognized. Here he gave an impetus to the fortifying and arming our seaboard for defence, to the instruction and reorganization of the Army; and it was to his legal acumen as much as any others' that such forceful and successful measures were adopted to quell the riots which interfered with inter-State commerce and the free passage of the United States mails. His instructions as to the proper use of the national troops on such occasions show the grasp of a master mind and will be ever regarded as setting forth the law.

In February 1895 Congress after long-deferred action passed the bill reviving the grade of Lieutenant-General, in his favor, and General Schofield was appointed and confirmed as Lieutenant-General, United States Army. In September of that year he, being sixty-four years of age, was retired from active service by operation of law.

When the Spanish War broke out, in 1898, he was called from his retirement to Washington by President McKinley to act as his military adviser, but it was an anomalous position. Under our faulty laws he could not be clothed with authority, and his military genius, ripe judgment, and

experienced skill were of no avail to the country in an hour of need. General Schofield returned to a dignified repose, and spent the remaining years of his life in domestic tranquillity. Yet he took an unabated and lively interest in affairs and was influential in framing the bill for a Chief of staff and a general staff for the Army, and in endeavors for the enlargement and future of the Military Academy.

In 1897 he published his book *Forty-Six Years in the Army*, partly autobiographical and partly philosophical discussion of military operations and events in which he bore a prominent part. It is a mine of information to the student and historian, written in a lucid manner and from a lofty plane.

In all the forty-five years I knew General Schofield I found him ever genial and sympathetic, easily approached and mindful always of the feelings and rights of others; unostentatious, and with a serene dignity that commanded the respect of all. In the camp, and on the march, and around the mess-table he was free and enjoyed the jokes and wit of others. Although he rarely indulged in any light word himself, you could see his eyes twinkle and his features relax and expand when "a good thing" was said. He was loyal and respectful to his superiors in the hierarchy, a comrade with his contemporaries, and the paternal friend and protector of his juniors and of the soldier. Any one could go to him with a grievance, or for advice, and one always came away feeling better even though not sustained. His calm judicial manner gave confidence, and he always admitted there were two views of a subject and listened patiently to the presentation of the other side. He was possessed of a massive frame and was deliberate in action, so that he gave the impression of physical inertness. He was fond of comfort, even of the luxury of living, of the table, but I never knew him to complain when duty and the exigencies of the service demanded continuous action or a surrender to the roughest and most primitive living. He would spend days and nights mounted, or in a box car on

the railroad, and live on the plainest camp fare, and yet maintain an equanimity serene.

In battle he was calm and collected, and quick as lightning to deliver the bolt into the weak place of an enemy's defence.

In administration in his office he was unfailingly present and industrious. He relied upon his subordinates and accorded to them a wide latitude. Toward his staff he was considerate and trusting. He expected the chiefs of the staff departments under him to be experts in their respective specialties and left them to work out details unhampered, but when one of them went to him for assistance or advice he found General Schofield always able to disentangle the snarl.

In his family he was tender and gentle. His domestic relations were always smooth and happy. About the last wish he expressed was to take his breakfast on the morrow with Georgina, his little daughter. He was the soul of hospitality and loved to have his friends around him, and especially enjoyed young people, entering with keen sympathy into their sports and diversions. With them he often had the air of a gentle professor imparting information.

In general conversation he was clear and entertaining and covered a wide range of subjects. He was confiding and generous, and had a warm sympathy for those in distress. In all our intercourse I never knew him to be gloomy or austere or to lose his calm serenity.

This is an inadequate recital of the career and achievements of a man who figured so prominently in the history of his country, who was at once an educator and a scientist, versed in natural philosophy, physics, and astronomy, and in the art and science of war, a leader of armies, able in strategy and logistics, and organization; an administrator, civil and military, learned in the laws, a statesman and a diplomatist, a patriot, and a true friend,—one who was not superficial only in all these virtues, but possessed of the fundamental and everlasting principles upon which they were based. I can only hope that this portrayal by one

of his intimates may give a better idea of this great man, whom, by reason of his modesty and freedom from self-vaunting, his countrymen know so little.

FINAL SCENES AT THE CAPTURE AND OCCUPATION OF RICHMOND, APRIL 3, 1865.

READ BY BREVET BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWARD H. RIPLEY,
DEC. 5, 1906.

THIS paper is the story of the work of the First Brigade, Third Division, of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, which I had the honor to command at the capture and occupation of Richmond, April 3, 1865. It was written soon after the war to fill a gap in a collection of some 400 of my war letters collected and preserved by a thoughtful mother, and is a description of an historical event which for grandeur and spectacular effect had few if any equals in the course of the Civil War. It necessarily is written in the first person; but a veteran who has the right to say proudly, of any event of interest in the Civil War in which he participated, "A part of which I was" will understand it.

On the night of the 27th of March, 1865, the First Division of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, under Brigadier-General Robert S. ("Sandy") Foster of Indiana, and the independent division, under Brevet Major-General John W. Turner, led by Major-General John Gibbon, our corps commander, and accompanied by Major-General E. O. C. Ord, the commander of the Army of the James, then holding the lines on the Bermuda front and the north side of the James River, stealthily withdrew from their trenches in front of Richmond, and by daylight of the 28th had crossed the river and were well on their way to the left of the Army of the Potomac. There they took their full share of the bloody battles which Meade and Sheridan delivered in quick succession, until Lee, breathless and

exhausted, gave up the contest and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

Our division, the Third of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps, under Brigadier-General Charles Devens, was left behind to extend over and hold the trenches thus evacuated. That night I was withdrawn from our position at the right of Fort Harrison, and stretched out in a thin line over the ground recently held by the three brigades of Foster's division. Daylight broke to find me established in General Foster's abandoned headquarters at the sallyport on the Newmarket road, at the salient of our lines, where we approached most nearly to Richmond.

Here a new regiment was added to my command, and about 500 convalescents and stragglers, representing nearly every regiment in the other two divisions, were organized into a regiment, equipped, and taken upon my rolls. The brigade then comprised the following regiments:

The staff, 7.	Officers.	Men.	
11th Ct.	26	412	Major Chas. Warren commanding.
13th N. H.	13	247	Lieutenant - Colonel Norman Smith commanding.
19th Wis.	15	308	Major Vaughn commanding.
81st N. Y.	11	83	Captain Betton commanding.
98th N. Y.	17	268	Lieutenant - Colonel William Kreutzer commanding.
139th N. Y.	16	306	Major Theo. Miller commanding.
Convalescents	14	546	
A total of	119	2250	

Of these my morning report showed 91 officers and 2219 privates for duty, and 90 officers and 1950 privates effective.

We lay here without incident until Saturday evening, the 1st of April, when I received orders from General Grant to hold the brigade under arms all night, massed and ready for an assault on the enemy's works in our front; to spend the night out on the outer vidette line, carefully watch for

signs of unusual movements on the part of the enemy with whom we were in close contact, and, if I became suspicious of uneasiness on their part, to send word to General Weitzel, the commander of the colored corps and of the forces left on the north bank of the James, and assault at once on my own responsibility.

When taps sounded that night the brigade was silently massed in bivouac in column behind the sally through our works across the Newmarket road.

Our videttes and those of the rebels were within easy conversing distance, so that it seemed impossible for them to make any movement unobserved.

It was a clear, starlight night, still and beautiful. I can experience again through the lapse of the years, as my thoughts go back to that dramatic scene, the peaceful round of the hours, as I lay with my ear to the ground, listening for a sign of life among the slumbering hosts of friends and foes that environed me.

Hour after hour at the same moment the officers of the pickets on both sides came up from the reserves and passed along, the hushed sound of low voices breaking the solemn stillness for a moment as the videttes reported to their relief, and then with catlike caution retired to rest in the conscious unconsciousness of a picket reserve.

Sunday morning came with no apparent knowledge on the part of the enemy of the gigantic blow that was uplifted in the air beyond the Weldon Railroad and already descending full of fate to the doomed Confederacy. They stayed quietly in their camps, enjoying a peaceful Sabbath, under the observation of the look-outs I had posted in the tops of trees along my front.

Bursting full of great events as we knew the week would be, nearing the end, as we saw from the crowds of despairing Confederates who nightly threw away their arms and with them all hope of their cause, and came into our lines, not a man of us dreamed when night came that of all the laborious Sundays of the long years we had passed with an armed foe in our front, this was the last.

As evening came the order for redoubled vigilance was repeated. It had been a day of unusual solemnity, lying through the dragging hours in the straining suspense of waiting for the fateful word that would dash us against those fearful walls of red earth, deep ditches, impenetrable abattis, and thickly planted torpedoes, from which so many bloody assaults of columns heavier than ours had been hurled back with ease. It is not enjoyable to stand through a long day and coolly contemplate the desperate chances of a forlorn hope, which was expected not to win, but to amuse the enemy and hold him in place.

The night fell cloudy and dark as I plunged into the mysterious silence and gloom for my last night on the picket line. It passed uneventfully, as the preceding one had passed, except that blue mist settled on the earth. About 4 o'clock in the morning a column of flame suddenly shot high in the air in the direction of Richmond, quickly followed by another and another. Then came the subdued hum of noises far away toward the doomed city. To my eager ears, drinking in the sounds from that mighty primeval telephone the earth, as I lay with my ear pressed closely to it, the low, supernatural rumbling seemed as though its interior was alive with the busy motion of its myriad of the dead. Still, strangely, no sound came from our immediate front. We strained our eyes in vain to catch sight, through the mist and darkness, of the opposing videttes. The first gray of dawn showed us that, favored by the night and the mist, they had, with the stillness of ghosts, been stealthily withdrawn.

I quickly deployed our picket line as skirmishers, pushed them on, and followed closely with the brigade, ready to deploy, sending word to General Weitzel, through General Devens, that I was advancing to the assault and to hurry up supports. This was the first movement of any of the troops along the Union line, and as we gained the parapet of the rebel fortifications we found it deserted.

Pushing my skirmishers still forward I looked down the line of Union defence toward Fort Brady—our left, resting

on the James, which this higher ground commanded in its view—to see if the forward movement was general. Skirmishers were advancing, but at that moment, we alone were in possession of the enemy's works. Alone the First Brigade of the Third division, Twenty-fourth Army Corps, entirely unsupported, was within the renowned and impregnable defences of the rebel capital, happily without loss, although the front of their abattis was planted thick with torpedoes.

Understanding that the order to assault quickly upon detecting any movement of the enemy meant that General Grant wished General Ewell, commanding the Confederate forces on the north side of the James, attacked and held at all hazards, I pushed on with the utmost haste to overtake him and force him to fight. When first over the works the excitement was intense and the men rushed wildly in every direction, capturing and claiming guns for their respective regiments, until a howling maniac in blue sat astride of every one of the thickly planted guns in reach. It was some time before the enthusiasm could be controlled and the men got back to their ranks. The onward movement to the second or inner line was rapid but cautious, not knowing at what moment we might strike Ewell's rear guard, waiting for us behind them.

At every instant the terrific explosions in the direction of Richmond grew more frequent and great volumes of black smoke rolled up into the heavens, showing that the work of destruction begun by the rebels themselves was going rapidly on.

The slower advance, while feeling our way over the second line, gave the balance of our division time to overtake us, which they did, falling in behind the First Brigade.

The headquarters cavalry, commanded by Major Stevens of General Weitzel's staff, now passed us, and a light battery came dashing up demanding the way on the Newmarket road, apparently filled with a crazy ambition to gallop on, attack Ewell, and capture the city with unsupported guns. In possession of the road, and knowing no use for artillery on the skirmish line, we refused to yield it. The eager,

crack-brained young officer in command, frenzied with the wild joy with which every heart was throbbing, seeing an open field extending some distance ahead along our left flank, rushed into it with his horses lashed into a mad gallop and tried to run in ahead of us. The 13th New Hampshire, at the head of the column, broke of its own inspiration into a sharp double-quick until the too impetuous young artilleryman found himself pocketed in a swamp with which the field was terminated. He then fell into his proper place in the rear of the brigade.

From the second line, then past the inner batteries to Rocketts, where it became more certain that Ewell had made good his escape and there was to be no fight over the city, not even with his rear guard, I rode backward and forward along the column, exchanging congratulations with the officers, and looking down into the flashing eyes and quivering faces of the men as they glanced up at me in the mute freemasonry of a common joy and glory. It was hardly needed, so eager and furious was the march and so well closed up the ranks from the anxiety of the rear regiments to grasp the long-fought-for prize as soon as the head of the column, but as I drifted back and forth along the flank, and occasionally sat still in my saddle to enjoy the sight of the long column rushing by, I sang out, as of old, but never before so exultingly, that old, old song which will never die out from the ears of the veteran until death shall close them, "Close up, boys! Close up! No straggling in the ranks of the First Brigade to-day. Close up! Close up!"

It was my last, as I stood up in my stirrups singing the last refrain of a song sung for three long years: in the golden sunshine of Southern springs, in the fierce heat and choking dust of Southern summers, the mud and frosts and snows of winter. Harsh, heartless, inexorable, it had risen and pierced the midnight air in that valley crowded with the tragedies of the war,—the Shenandoah with its quickly alternating triumphs and defeats,—on the Peninsula with its deadly miasmas, and North Carolina amid the gloom of its tar forests and the slumping of its soft

sands. Through the weary hours of the night it had risen like the weird cry of the owl—"Close up, men! Close up! Close up, men! Close up!"

I stood there on the threshold of the rebel capital, with the old cry upon my lips, and knew not that at that moment, by our incredible presence within those fateful lines, the cruel war was at last over, and that that peace we had so longed and prayed for, triumphant peace, hovered over us and that I should never again haunt the flank of a marching column with a heart steeled against all its natural sympathies, and shout to men sick in body, sick at heart, lame, foot-sore and exhausted,—“Close up, men! Close up!” I am glad that the last note of this cry fell a glad refrain upon the ears of an exultant column, and glad that I can look back in my memory into faces lighted up with joy, instead of being haunted with the last memory of faces stamped with the misery and wretchedness of a cruelly forced march.

At last, about 7 o'clock in the morning, we approached Rocketts, the steamboat landing at the lower end of the city, where the rebel iron-clads had been lying. There I received orders to deploy a strong line of guards across from the river up the ravine of Gillies Creek, with orders to permit no one to pass, but to turn every one back to join his command, and get ready for the formal entry into the city. I was also ordered to dress up my own command and put all my regimental bands at the head of the column. I happened to have the unusual number of three. While this was going on an iron-clad, which was lying in the stream abreast of us, the last of all the river fleet, blew up with a terrible concussion, nearly knocking us off our feet and overwhelming us with a tempest of black smoke, cinders, and débris. I do not remember that any one was injured, yet a part of it went over our heads into the fields beyond. The roar of the exploding arsenals, magazines, and warehouses filled with explosives of the ordnance bureau was deafening and awe-inspiring.

At this moment Col. Geo. W. Hooker, assistant adjutant-

general of the Third Division, rode up to me and said: "You are in luck to-day, General. General Weitzel has given orders that you are to have the head of the column in the triumphal entry which we are ready to make into the city." I was, of course, elated at this, for it would have been natural for General Weitzel to have given to the colored troops of his own corps the place of honor for this historical pageant, as Horace Greeley, in his history of *The American Conflict*, wrongly avers that he did, ignoring the presence of any but colored troops in Richmond that day. This would have been, however, great injustice to General Devens and to me, for my brigade of his division was the first over the line, and the first to reach the city at Rocketts, and Devens's was the only division which kept its formation perfect and could have attacked Ewell had he come to bay. My brigade was at that moment at the head of the column because we had taken it and kept it, and it belonged to us as a right and not as a courtesy. No one got ahead of us but the little squad of headquarters cavalry, which had overtaken and passed us, and which did not pass the enemy's lines until after my message had reached General Devens and been sent by him to Weitzel.

At length every preparation was completed that could give to the entry of the Union troops an imposing character. No time could be wasted on this, as we seemed about to plunge into a sea of fire, or rather the crater of an active volcano, and if any portion of the doomed capital was to be saved it had to be done quickly. When the word came, with my three bands at the head of my column, I turned in my saddle and cried "Forward!" to the eager troops. The bands had arranged a succession of Union airs which had not been heard for years in the streets of the Confederate capital, and had arranged to relieve each other so that there should be no break in the exultant strain of patriotic music during any portion of the march.

The route was up Main Street to Exchange Hotel, then across by Governor Street to Capitol Square. The city was packed with a surging mob of Confederate stragglers, ne-

groes, and released convicts, and mob rule had been supreme from the moment Ewell had crossed the James and burned the bridges behind him.

The air was darkened by the thick tempest of black smoke and cinders which swept the streets, and as we penetrated deeper into the city the bands were nearly drowned by the crashing of the falling walls, the roar of the flames, and the terrific explosions of shells in the burning warehouses.

Densely packed on either side of the street were thousands upon thousands of blacks, until that moment slaves in fact, for the emancipation proclamation had never before penetrated the rebel territory to strike their fetters off. They fell upon their knees, throwing their hands wildly in the air and shouting: "Glory to God! Glory to God! The day of Jubilee hab come; Massa Linkum am here! Massa Linkum am here!" while floods of tears poured down their wild faces. They threw themselves down on their hands and knees almost under our horses' feet to pray and give thanks in the wild delirium of their sudden deliverance. Although the shops had been gutted and were open, the houses were closed, and when we reached the better residence portion of the city the blinds were tightly shut and none of the better class of the whites were to be seen, though we occasionally saw an eye peering through the blinds.

At the gate of the square opposite the north entrance of the Confederate capitol grounds an aide-de-camp of General Weitzel was waiting with orders to halt the head of the column there and report to him at the eastern porch. I passed through the gate into the park, followed by my staff and cavalry escort, and made my way to him. I found the lawn and shrubbery, through which the black smoke and burning cinders were swirling, crowded with the headquarters cavalry of the corps and division commanders. Upon the broad landing at the head of the tall flight of steps stood General Weitzel and staff, the noble personality of General Devens with his staff, and grouped around were the division commanders of the Twenty-fifth Corps of colored troops,

with the Hon. Joseph Mayo, the mayor of the city, and other city officials.

These gentleman had driven out in a barouche to a point where they met the head of the column and tendered, with theatrical effect, the keys of the fallen city, and begged the clemency and help of the Northern victors.

I dismounted and ascended to General Weitzel, who stood the central figure of this brilliant historical scene. I saluted and waited in innocent curiosity his orders, unsuspecting the distinguished honors the First Brigade was to receive at his hands.

"I have sent for you, General Ripley," he said, "to inform you that I have selected you to take command of this city and your brigade as its garrison. I have no orders further to communicate; except to say that I wish this conflagration stopped, and this city saved if it is in the bounds of human possibility, and you have *carte blanche* to do it in your own way."

I do not remember exchanging any suggestions with him then, except to say that I would like the other troops withdrawn wholly from the city. He thereupon gave orders to the division commanders to march their troops through the city and go into camp along the interior line of works and give no passes.

This was done, yet I had more or less trouble from the disorder of the colored troops, many of whom stole in and went directly to their old masters and mistresses to enjoy their day of triumph over them. It was reported to me that one went to a residence not far from my headquarters down Main Street, where his wife was still a servant. They made the lady and her daughters bring out their finest clothing and ornaments, play ladies' maids to the black women, and finally prepare dinner for their former servants. While it was going on word was sent to a white safeguard near there, who appeared on the scene to arrest the man. He turned savagely on the guard, who in turn was obliged in self-defence to use his bayonet and run him through. In the hurry and confusion of those intensely absorbing days

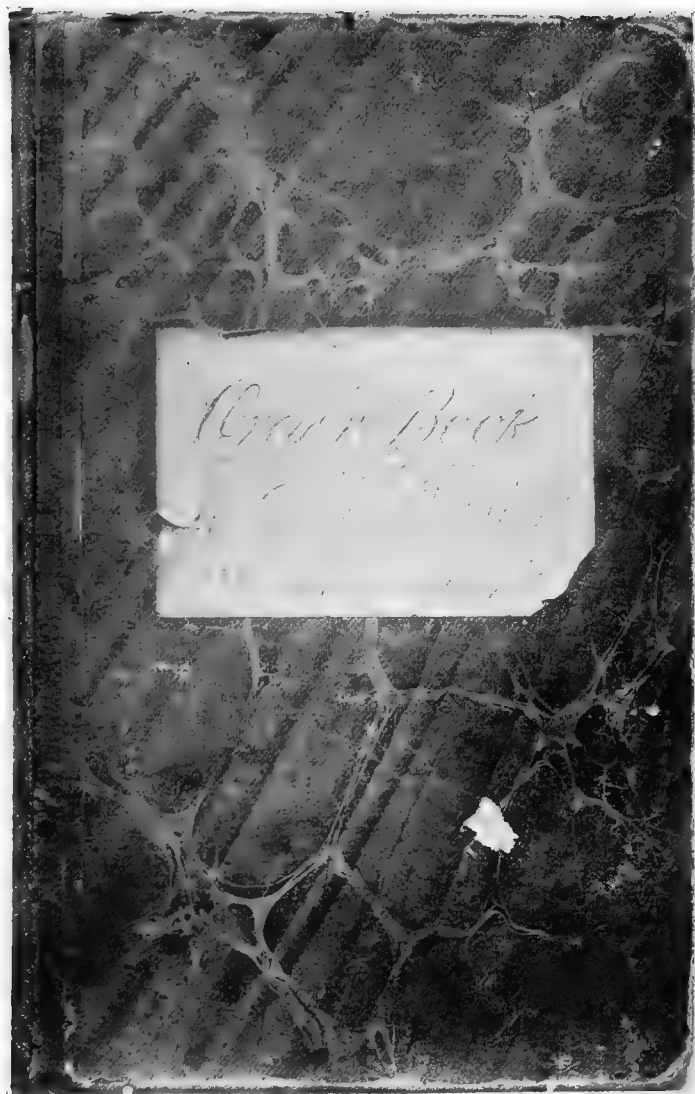
I never had time to learn for myself if this story was true.

Leaving General Weitzel I returned to the brigade, hurriedly selected the city hall for my headquarters, despatched regimental commanders under the guidance of the city officials to select in various sections of the city proper points at which to establish their regiments for effective work. Other officers were sent with members of the fire department to get at the engines and hose carts, but found to our utter astonishment and dismay that, to make the destruction of their capital more certain and complete, the Confederate rear guard had cut the hose and disabled the engines.

The alleged destruction of Columbia by the troops of Sherman's army, if it were true, which it is not, cannot be compared with the ruthless barbarity of the rebel troops.

At Richmond they attempted the destruction of their capital, filled as it was to overflowing with thousands of defenceless women and children, fugitives from all over the South, and with thousands more of the sick and wounded of their own army, when its destruction could not have the effect to sustain the sinking Confederacy for a moment. It was a barbarism unparalleled in history. The burning of Moscow by the stern Rostopschin was terrible but effective warfare, yet he first drove the unfortunate inhabitants out, then piled the city full of combustibles, destroyed the pumps, and turned loose thousands of abandoned wretches, criminals of the worst class, in an empty city. He destroyed it, but in so doing snatched in an instant the fruits of his great campaign from Napoleon, inflicting on him the greatest defeat he had ever sustained, from which he never recovered and which was the beginning of his downward plunge to Elba.

There is nothing in the pages of history more wantonly brutal and barbarous than the desperate attempt of Ewell to burn the city of Richmond over the heads of its defenceless and starving women and children, its sick and wounded, without warning them of the fate which was hanging over them.



Facsimile of the cover of the Order Book of the Libby Prison.

The Confederacy, like a wounded wolf, died gnawing at its own body in insensate passion and fury.

The regiments quickly stripped for the fight of their lives, unique and terrible, a contest with a gigantic fire extending already over a large part of the city, and roaring like a great battle with the explosions of the vast store of war materials, and threatening the destruction of the entire city with its helpless inhabitants.

None of the usual fire-fighting machinery was at hand. The retreating army of Ewell had cut the hose; the Richmond firemen were unequal to the task, so the First Brigade had to depend upon blowing up and pulling down buildings in the pathway of the flames to check them. Happily the wind blew down the river and carried the flames and cinders in a straight line through the business and away from the residence section.

All day long and into the night the brave men of the Northern army battled with desperate courage and splendid self-sacrifice to save the apparently doomed capital of those mistaken men who were yet fighting under Lee with dogged obstinacy to destroy this great union of States. Had it been for their own homes and firesides their fight could not have been more heroic. When midnight came the fires were checked and under control and the city saved. The horrible roar of the flames still went up, with the crashing of falling walls and explosions of ordnance stores; but the fire was headed off and the exhausted troops rested.

As quickly as possible one of the staff was sent to Libby prison and to Castle Thunder to liberate any prisoners there, and to organize a guard for the care of the thousands of Confederate stragglers and pillagers who were being arrested by the provost guards in clearing the streets. They hauled down and brought to me the garrison flag that had floated over the Libby prison and witnessed the terrible sufferings of the thousands of Union officers packed inside its walls. They brought away also the official record of the prison, with its tell-tale confession of inhumanity contained in the

celebrated letter of Judge Ould, commissioner of exchange, to General Winder, commandant of the Libby and Castle Thunder, in which Ould shamelessly boasts of an arrangement he had made by which he gets rid of a "lot of broken-down and worthless Yankees in exchange for Confederates in splendid condition." They also brought the key to the main entrance to the Libby, which turned on every Union officer ever incarcerated there. This key, comrades, which I hold in my hand, is the key of that American Bastile, and to you, General Pierson, and to you other companions who in your golden youth were thrust within that gloomy portal, and with the rattle of this fatal key left your young hopes behind, I extend in the name of this Commandery our hearty congratulations that, having endured such sufferings, you have survived to encounter this key again after more than forty years amid such genial surroundings. Later the guard of the executive mansion of Jefferson Davis brought me an infernal machine in the shape of an imitation lump of coal, which he took from a writing desk used by President Davis. This was used to throw in the coal bunkers of our war-ships to blow them up. I have also the great seal of the Confederacy, together with a monograph of its history; also the original designs submitted at Montgomery for the new flag of the Confederacy. All these are in my possession and to be seen in my collection of Civil War relics in the Soldiers' Memorial Hall at Rutland.

Among the many trophies of the war I did not succeed in keeping were the flags of the celebrated Richmond Howitzers, which had been presented to them by the Richmond ladies. They seemed too heavy, with their rich embroidery of gold bullion, to flutter even in a gale of wind. I have never seen any flags so extravagant in costliness. They must have been the product of the first wild enthusiasm of secession, before the grinding poverty had settled down upon the people and it took thousands of Confederate paper money to buy a pair of boots. One day General Weitzel sent Lieutenant Graves of his staff to say he had heard of them, and would be pleased if I would let them be brought

City Point.

March 17, 1863

Brig Gen Winder

A flag of truce boat has arrived with 300 political prisoners, Gen. Parson and several other prominent men are accompanying them, I wish you to send me at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning all the military prisoners (except officers) and all the political prisoners you have. If any of the political prisoners have evidence enough to convict them of being spies, or of having committed other offenses which should subject them to punishment, to state opposite their names. Also state whether you think under all the circumstances they should be released. The arrangements I have made works largely in our favor.

We get rid of a set of miserable scoundrels and scoundrels of the best material. As you said, Tell Capt Turner to put them on the list of political prisoners, the names of Eggen, K. Eggen and Regnier. Remember, the President is anxious they should get off. They are here now. This of course is between ourselves, if you have any female political prisoners whom you can send off safely to Kaphen Company, I would like you to send her.

Two hundred and odd more political prisoners are on their way. (Copy)

I should be more full in my communication if I had time

Yrs truly

Robt Ould

Agent of Exchange

Jas H Winder

Brig Gen

Send all calls for in this letter unless they are charged with some criminal offence



Facsimile of the letter of Judge Ould, Rebel Commissioner of Exchange, to General Winder, referred to on opposite page, and the key to the Libby Prison, both now in the possession of General Edward H. Ripley.

up for his inspection. Graves promised to return them, but I never saw them again.

It was with supreme satisfaction that the cavalry swept the streets of the Confederates and clapped them into Libby, giving them a taste of their own prisons. The next morning when I rode past it was so full they boiled up on the roof.

After opening headquarters in the city hall, my first official action was to prepare, print, and have placarded over the city an order commanding all good citizens to aid the military authorities in restoring order by retiring to their homes, keeping closely within doors, and threatening with arrest any citizens who should be found on the streets after nightfall. I ordered the daily papers to be taken possession of and prepared for issue under loyal management, and directed patrols upon every street to arrest the drunken mob of pillagers who were running riot, and to bring the pilaged property to the city hall, where it was taken by an officer, receipted for, and piled away in various back rooms of the building, until an immense and curious mass of plunder was accumulated. My office was at once besieged and taken possession of by crowds of terror-stricken ladies whose minds had been filled with the wicked and outrageous calumnies heaped upon the Northern troops by the Richmond papers, and who expected that the régime initiated by their own people was but the prelude to the reign of terror which the "Yankee monsters" would inaugurate when settled in the possession of the city.

TERROR OF THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Old ladies came and threw themselves on my neck in paroxysms of terror and implored me to save them; others clung to my arms until they had extracted a personal pledge from me; others threw themselves on the floor and grasped my knees until I would promise them a soldier safeguard in their own house. One lady, deeply veiled, came in great excitement, and leaning on my shoulder whispered in my ear, "I am the daughter of General Keim of Pennsylvania,

and I appeal to you as a Northern woman for protection." I replied warmly, "As a Northern woman you ought to know that you do not need to make such an appeal." I gave her at random the first private soldier I could put my hands on as a safeguard, and sent him home with her to be responsible for the safety of the block in which she lived. Of her experience with this average Northern soldier I will later on tell the story.

General Sterns of Longstreet's corps left a letter with his wife confiding her and her children to the care of the officer commanding the victorious Northern troops, saying he intrusted them to him as soldier to soldier.

Another lady, dressed in the deepest weeds, shivering like an aspen leaf with terror, her face concealed with a crape veil, whispered in my ear, "I am the widow of General Gracie [a Confederate general killed shortly before at Petersburg], and I appeal to you as a soldier's widow to a brother soldier to protect me and my fatherless children." She then told me that she had a large family of young children, that they had had nothing to eat for several weeks but bean soup, and that to cook it they had to burn up their bannister rail and other portions of their house. I turned her over to the care of my old college tutor Millard, and his Christian Commission, whom I had installed in the room across the hall from my office in the city hall, and who took care for me of the crowds of ladies who applied for protection and aid; rendering me most effective and timely service for several days by writing safeguards, which they brought to me to sign, the violation of which by a soldier was death. I afterward sent an aide to visit Mrs. Gracie and ascertain her most pressing necessities, and supplied her with rations from my mess until I was able to get her transportation to her friends in the North.

The staff officers assigned to the distribution and domiciling of guards in the private residences sent soldiers home with the ladies who had thronged headquarters, aiming to place a soldier in the centre house of each two opposite blocks, making him responsible for their safety. These

safeguards remained in these families from ten days to two weeks, in most cases treated as guests rather than as guards. They were men taken indiscriminately from regiments of Wisconsin, Connecticut, New Hampshire, northern and central New York, and from Brooklyn, and were therefore a fair representation of the soldiers of Devens's division and consequently of the Twenty-fourth Army Corps. I not only never heard a complaint of any rudeness or roughness, but, on the contrary, there was unstinted praise of their civil as well as military qualities and bearing, so unexpected in them by the Richmond ladies.

SOLDIERLY BEARING OF THE UNION MEN.

And here I may illustrate by relating the story of one, as told me by both Mr. and Mrs. Wirt Robinson, the latter of whom was the daughter of General Keim of Reading, Pa., referred to earlier. I personally escorted Mrs. Robinson to the hall and ordered the soldier standing at the head of the line to sling his knapsack and go with the lady to her home and be responsible for its safety and the houses of her neighbors. He shouldered his rifle and fell in behind her as I bade her good morning. There was no personal selection, no especial and minute instructions as to his duties. Mr. Robinson afterward told me that upon entering the house the guard asked where he could deposit his knapsack and his three days' cooked rations where they would be least in the way, and where he could sit. He was given a seat in the hall, where he remained for some little time, after which he remarked to Mr. Robinson that he saw he had a library, and if it would not inconvenience any one it would be a pleasure to him to sit there and make use of the books, as it had been a long time since he had had access to any. Mr. Robinson politely told him, of course, the whole house was at his disposal. Several hours later, hearing nothing from his once dreaded Yankee invader, he stole quietly into the library to find him deeply immersed in a very serious metaphysical work; he engaged him in conversation, and to his profound

surprise found this bronzed, war-worn veteran, private soldier of the North, was a college graduate and a professional man. Although they had little to offer, and his haversack was as substantial as their meagre Confederate larder, they welcomed him as an honored guest, and gladly gave him their best hospitality. The next day I sent them supplies from my mess, and in return Mr. Robinson, who was an old-fashioned *bon-vivant*, and had not the heart to literally obey the stern edict of the city officials to destroy all wines and liquors before the Yankee vandals arrived, having hidden store of priceless old Serchal Madeiras, which had made the East Indian voyage many times in Richmond merchant vessels, brought it out and promptly sent me a carboy.

Referring again to the experience of the Richmond ladies with the private soldiers of the North, Mrs. Gracie, the widow of General Gracie, of the Confederate army, in a note to me wrote: "Your guard is quite a literary character, and I have been searching among all the old books I have to find him something to read. We have had no use for novels in the Confederacy: alas! our lives have proved novels of themselves."

Again later: "Your guard has proved himself a treasure. I could not do without him, he is so efficient. I cannot thank you enough for giving him to me; indeed, between him, the nice candles, and a respectable fire, which you so kindly sent me, I am beginning to feel a little civilized." I could give many more such acknowledgments of their admiration of our soldiers.

On the other hand, from women of the commoner class, we had experiences not unlike those of our troops at the capture of New Orleans. While they were uncertain what the Yankees were going to do with them, frightened, and clamoring for our protection, they were polite enough in their manners; but as soon as they realized we were not ruffians, but soldiers, respecting their sex, their behavior quickly changed, and many of them assumed an insulting manner toward our troops and our flag.

The 13th regiment of New Hampshire, composed of an

unusually fine lot of New England men, was quartered in a large market on lower Main Street, and particularly annoyed by these very ungrateful and unwomanly demonstrations. Its colors, state and national, were hung out from its porch, guarded by a sentry, who paced his beat along the sidewalk; and although they owed the safety of their persons, their property, and the preservation of their city to the generous and gallant efforts of the men who fought under those colors, many of these women would pull up their skirts, wrap them carefully to one side, and with every expression of loathing and hatred go out into the middle of the street to avoid passing under them.

Lieutenant-Colonel Norman Smith, commanding the regiment, a brave officer, who was seriously wounded in the famous assault on Fort Harrison, under General Stannard, was ordered to detail some officer tactful and firm to escort every woman who attempted this back, and quietly, and with more politeness than they were entitled to receive, make them understand that we would tolerate no insults to our uniform or colors, but that they must cease such demonstrations or encounter severe measures. This soon had its effect and we saw no more of it.

A NIGHT WITH THE FLAMES.

At about 2 o'clock in the morning I got sufficient respite from the exertions of the day to get into the saddle and make an inspection of my command. Accompanied by my staff, I rode through the sleeping city from one end to the other. Not a human being was encountered of all the destroying mob who had filled it to overflowing in the morning. On every alternate corner stood the motionless form of a sentry; not a ray of light from a house gave hint of life within, except at a corner grocery, where light was detected through a crack in the shutters. The sharp rap of an aide's sabre hilt on the door brought out a panic-stricken German grocer, who had been too frightened to go to bed, and who was sitting up with the few worldly goods he had left. For hours

we passed up and down the streets, which echoed with the clatter of our horses' hoofs and the jingle of our sabres, astonished at the discipline which had been established in so few hours out of chaos. Returning we left the brigade headquarters cavalry in the rear of the house, the men in reliefs at their horses' heads, and our horses saddled and bridled ready for any alarm.

It was near morning when we gave ourselves up to rest in the house of Mrs. Allen, which we had selected for our domestic headquarters, and enjoyed the delicious and novel intoxication of rest on real beds under a roof after three long years of campaigning. This was not altogether a realization of our dream of domestic repose, however, as we dare not undress or even pull off our boots or lay aside our arms.

There has been much written on the subject of Ewell's responsibility for this terrible war measure, and I have this autograph letter from his brother, Prof. Benj. S. Ewell, of William and Mary College, dated Richmond, April, 1865. It reads as follows:

SIR:—In relation to General Ewell and the late disastrous conflagration in this city, I ask to make the following statement: After the fall of Savannah, Ga., the Confederate Congress passed a law requiring officers in command to destroy all cotton, tobacco, and other valuable products liable to capture. Some weeks ago General Ewell received official notice of this law, and with it an order to prepare for the destruction of the tobacco, etc., stored in Richmond, that could not be carried away, the destruction to be completed in the event of evacuation. He immediately notified the parties concerned of the order, directing all tobacco not removed to be deposited in some place or places where it could be destroyed without danger to the city. The details were intrusted to an officer of his command. For the fire in no way is General Ewell responsible, as in the execution of a military order in respect to which he had no discretion he sought by every means in his power to provide against such a catastrophe as followed.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

BENJAMIN S. EWELL.

My answer to this was simple enough. General Ewell deliberately chose to instruct his officers to execute this order though it endangered the lives of thousands of helpless women and children and his sick and wounded comrades of Lee's army, who crowded the city, rather than risk that more or less cotton and tobacco should fall into the hands of the hated Yankees when the value of it was not of any importance to the North as a war measure. He invited a holocaust of his own friends to keep us out of a million or two dollars' worth of cotton and tobacco.

Every officer in command must exercise at times his own judgment as to the possibility or desirability of executing even very stringent orders.

VALUABLE RECORDS SAVED.

Among the acts of vandalism we were happily able to arrest, before irreparable damage was done, was the sacking of the Virginia State Library. An officer entering it found the floor covered with the colonial and other records in which it was so rich. They had been wantonly taken from their cases and thrown around. A guard was at once posted over it with imperative orders to let no person pass without written permission from headquarters, and when, several days later, I tried to enter it, it was with difficulty I could persuade my own guard to let me pass. The floor was yet covered with an interesting mass of time-worn papers. I believe little real damage was done to these valuable archives.

The Confederate archives, such as were left in the hurried retreat, were the most interesting and important spoils of our capture, and the first things sought for and guarded, together with the contents of the telegraph offices. These I some days later, on the arrival of Chas. A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, turned over to him. One half of the large accumulation of copies of the Confederate telegraph dispatches were found, the other half have never been found. They were said to have been carried off by a woman on the day of our entry.

A report having come to me that Mrs. Robert E. Lee, who had left the city hurriedly, was very ill and wished to return to her home, I sent an ambulance to assist her; and after Appomattox and General Lee's home-coming I arranged to protect him as much as possible from the annoyance of the curious public which had begun to throng from the North to this famous stronghold of the Confederacy.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S VISIT.

As fast as possible the Confederate prisoners were paroled and urged to lay aside their gray uniforms, take to citizen's dress, and aid in the maintenance of order, which they very generally and in good spirit did. They were mostly men who on the abandonment of their capital saw that further fighting was useless and upon the retreat of Ewell's corps quietly stayed behind. One of these came to my quarters on the day of Mr. Lincoln's arrival on Admiral Porter's flag-ship, *Malvern*, April 4th, and begged an interview. The streets were crowded during the daytime with excited throngs of negroes and whites, and we were very uneasy at Mr. Lincoln's insistence upon visiting all interesting points. We tried to make him consent to an escort, but he would not allow it, and strolled through the city like a private citizen, followed by crowds of people, white and black. It was a very dangerous thing to do, and we were obliged, unknown to him, to surround him with a crowd of detectives in citizen's dress, heavily armed. His reception by the emancipated negroes was dramatic in the extreme. The War and Navy Departments were particularly anxious as to Mr. Lincoln's personal safety, as the following dispatches illustrate:

MR. LINCOLN CAUTIONED.

I.

CITY POINT, April 3, 8:30 A.M.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

General Grant reports Petersburg evacuated and he is confi-

dent Richmond is taken. He is pushing forward to cut off the retreating army. I start to join him in a few minutes.

A. LINCOLN.

II.

WAR DEPARTMENT, April 3, 10:30 A.M.

TO THE PRESIDENT:

I congratulate you and the nation on the glorious news in your telegram just received. Allow me respectfully to ask you to consider whether you ought to expose the nation to the consequences of any disaster to yourself in the pursuit of a treacherous and dangerous enemy like the rebel army. If it was a question concerning yourself only I should not presume to say a word. Commanding generals are in the line of their duty in running such risks; but is the political head of a nation in the same condition?

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

III.

CITY POINT, April 3, 5:00 P.M.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War:

Thanks for your caution, but I have already been to Petersburg, staid with General Grant an hour and a half, and returned here. It is certain that Richmond is in our hands and I think I will go there to-morrow. I will take care of myself.

A. LINCOLN.

"I will take care of myself." In those six words lay the fate of the great Emancipator.

Admiral Porter in his book writes:

The President was received by General Weitzel, whose headquarters were in the house of the fugitive President of the Confederacy. He took us to the state-house, the Libby prison, and the public offices which had escaped the terrible conflagration of the day before. Late in the afternoon we were greatly relieved to get the President safely back on board the *Malvern*. On Wednesday and Thursday of the following week I was completing my final dispositions for my departure from City Point for Washington, which was hastened by a feeling of nervous apprehension for the President, the result of reflecting upon the risks he ran.

The Confederate soldier alluded to above, who came to my headquarters and begged to have an interview with me on a very important subject, was a more than usually intelligent and fine-appearing man in uniform, by the name of Snyder.

He began by saying that he was an enlisted man in Raine's torpedo bureau, an organization of the Confederate secret service, which had among its duties such services as the blowing up of our magazines and our river steamers, raids on our rear like the St. Albans raid, firing of Northern cities, like the simultaneous attempts on the Fifth Avenue and many other New York hotels, the blowing up of the powder boats at City Point, the distribution of small-pox clothes, etc., etc., in fact all kinds of deviltry and irregular warfare, calculated to create panic or discontent in the rear of the Union armies. Their method was to plan an expedition and detail certain men who never knew what they were to do until they arrived at a designated rendezvous and received their orders.

A CONSPIRACY TO TAKE LINCOLN'S LIFE.

With the capture of Richmond and the abandonment of the Petersburg lines, he believed the war was hopeless and not another gun should be fired. Indeed his conscience told him every life taken now was in a way a wanton murder, and every right-minded man should strive to avert the shedding of another drop of blood. He had seen with the greatest anxiety President Lincoln expose himself to a fearful risk in walking so carelessly unattended and unprotected through the streets filled with people whose hearts in their defeat were bitter, and it would be but human nature for some one to take the opportunity to revenge the lost cause on the person of the man who represented the triumphant cause of the Union.

He then said that what he was particularly anxious to tell me was this:

He knew that a party had just been dispatched from Raine's torpedo bureau on a secret mission, which vaguely he understood

was aimed at the head of the Yankee government, and he wished to put Mr. Lincoln on his guard and have impressed upon him that just at this moment he believed him to be in great danger of violence and he should take the greater care of himself. He could not give names or facts, as the work of his department was secret, and no man knew what his comrade was sent to do, but of this he was convinced, that the President of the United States was in great danger.

Upon expressing willingness to make a statement and swear to it, I called in Captain Staniels, acting assistant adjutant-general, who took down his statement under oath. I then told him I should feel obliged to keep him in custody until I could arrange an interview with President Lincoln. I wrote the President a note and sent it at once aboard the *Malvern*, asking an interview at his earliest leisure on an important matter. It was then about 10 o'clock in the evening. In reply he wrote me a personal note, saying he would see me at 9 o'clock the next morning. I was promptly on hand, taking Snyder and his statement with me.

A MEMORABLE STATEMENT.

Admiral Porter's boat was waiting at the dock. The President received me most cordially in the Admiral's cabin, and then sat down on the long cushioned seat running along the side of the ship behind the dining table, I taking my seat opposite him. Little Tad, who was then a small and very restless boy, amused himself by running up and down the length of the sofa behind his father and jumping over his back in passing. As I progressed in the explanation of my errand, Mr. Lincoln let his head droop upon his hands as his elbows rested on the table, his hands supporting his chin and clasping either cheek in an expression of the most heart-breaking weariness, his great, melancholy eyes filling the cabin with the mournful light they emitted. I read the paper; I urged upon him the reasonableness of the warning, the good faith and apparent integrity of the man, and to make the impression deeper, if possible, I begged him to let me bring him in

and talk with him, but it was all to no purpose. Finally he lifted his head, and, casting upon me that face above all human faces that of a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," he said: "No, General Ripley, it is impossible for me to adopt and follow your suggestions. I deeply appreciate the feeling which has led you to urge them on me,—*but I must go on as I have begun in the course marked out for me, for I cannot bring myself to believe that any human being lives who would do me any harm.*" The interview then ended. He was so worn, emaciated, and pallid that he looked more like a disembodied spirit than the successful leader of a great nation in its hour of supreme triumph. I never saw him again; he left Richmond that afternoon, and City Point for Washington in a few days. My warning to him was on the morning of the 5th of April; on the night of the 15th—a short ten days after—he lay in his blood at Washington, a victim of the wolfish desire for revenge against which Snyder so honestly and prophetically warned him. I have so often thought of the web of fate I held in my impotent hands that morning, and what would have happened to the destinies of this great, new nation which has sprung up out of the blood and agony of that desperate conflict if I had been able to persuade the great President to let his friends protect him until the first rage of the enemy over defeat had expended itself and the realization had come in time to them that he, and his great and generous General Grant were the best and wisest friends they had. Would the miseries and crimes of the reconstruction period have been escaped under his patient, loving leadership, or would it have proved too great a task to bring the sections together and weld them into a sound, healthy body, and the great war President have lived to have been robbed of the lofty prestige in which he died?

No man can answer that question, but I have never had any doubt of his holding a higher place in the Pantheon of immortals because I failed, nor any doubt of the lengthened period of the healing of the wounds of the nation because he yielded to his conviction that he was following a path

marked out for him by a higher power. Still I would like to feel that I had been able to persuade and save him from his tragic fate.

By Wednesday much interest began to be felt in the opening of the churches on Sunday, and the question asked, "How will the ministers conduct service under the new order of things?" I therefore sent an invitation to all these gentlemen to meet me at my headquarters that afternoon to express their views. They all came, to the number of twenty or more, representing every creed. It was not difficult to come to an understanding with the pastors who had no established form of prayer, but the rectors of the Episcopal churches, Messrs. Minnigerode, Peterkin, and others, took the ground that as their form of prayer, established by the church of the South, required prayer for President Davis, no power could change it except that which created it. The controversy was warm and amusing to the onlooker, as I sat in the middle of the parlor of Mrs. Allen's house, a mere boy, with twenty or more reverend gentlemen laying down the ecclesiastical law to me. I cut it short by saying to Rev. Dr. Minnigerode, who did the most of the talking: "You forget, sir, that Richmond is again a part of the United States, and under martial law civil and ecclesiastical law is superseded. The churches will all be open on Sunday, will, no doubt, be thronged with an unusually large attendance, and the services will be conducted with regard to loyalty to the United States. Such of you as recognize this reasonable necessity will not be interfered with, but I have an abundant supply of clergymen to assign to such pulpits as may be needed to conduct loyal services." They then retired, and I crossed the hall to the opposite parlor, where the theatrical managers were assembled, to arrange for the opening of the theatres.

CONTROVERSY WITH THE RICHMOND MINISTERS.

In the morning I received from Dr. Minnigerode a long and warm protest against any interference by the state

with the church, vehemently denying my right to place any minister in his pulpit. This paper is in the *War Records*, where it is published to complete the history of the heated controversy between Secretary Stanton, Assistant Secretary Dana, General Weitzel, and myself, on the subject of the services to be held.

April 9th Dana telegraphed Stanton:

The churches have all been well filled to-day. The ladies, especially, have attended in great numbers. The regular clergy have prayed, almost without exception. The sermons were devout and not political. The city is perfectly quiet, and there is more security for persons and property than has existed here for many months.

This was Secretary Dana's tribute to the splendid work of the First Brigade.

On April 10th Dana telegraphed to Stanton:

Permission was given to open all churches yesterday on the general condition that no disloyal sentiments should be uttered. No especial authority was given to omit the prayer for the President, but it was distinctly understood that that prayer would not be said in Episcopal churches. As I have already reported, Weitzel is of the opinion that this prayer should be required of all those denominations of whose service it forms a regular part, but on the urgent advice of Shepley, military governor, and Brevet Brigadier-General Ripley, he did not give a positive order enforcing it.

This was a deliberate untruth. The reverse was the fact, as will be seen by Dr. Minnigerode's protest to me. The *War Records* contain long despatches on the subject, too long to copy here.

Secretary Stanton approved my position, but Weitzel, who had first revoked my order, when he found Stanton was angry with him, deliberately threw the responsibility and blame on me. Dana, detecting it, telegraphed Stanton, "I report the fact, confessing that it shakes a good deal my confidence in Weitzel."

AT THEATRE.

My conference with the theatre managers was followed by the following letter from R. D'Arcy Ogden of the New Richmond theater:

GENERAL EDWARD H. RIPLEY, Commander U. S. Forces.

SIR:—I have at last succeeded in subduing the somewhat chaotic condition of my *corps dramatique* and I desire, with your approval, on Monday, April 10th, to give a "Grand Entertainment," something I hope worthy of your and the other generals' appreciation. The company is somewhat augmented, and on Monday I present *Macbeth* in which for scenic and musical effects I have been told I have succeeded as well as any of the New York or European theatres. With your approval I desire to decorate the boxes you and the other generals will do me the honor to occupy with headquarters flags, etc., and arranging an overture entirely national, and would like to know the precise moment, as nearly as possible, you would enter the theatre.

The affair fully answered all D'Arcy Ogden's anticipations. Probably the New Richmond Theatre never saw so brilliant a scene. Our brigade and division headquarters supplied him with all the national colors he could use, and the audience, mostly in uniform, was large, brilliant, and enthusiastic.

LINCOLN'S DEATH.

On the 15th of April, order being completely restored, General Patrick, Provost-Marshal General of the Army of the Potomac, was assigned to the command of Richmond and my brigade was moved out into the inner line of works west of the city.

¹ By the sad coincidence of last week's terrible tragedy my mind is painfully swept back to that April morning forty-one years ago when a gallant young captain came to me from General Patrick to arrange the taking over of the

¹ Capt. Philip Schuyler was killed in a railroad accident on the Southern Railway Nov. 29, 1906, and his body consumed in the burning wreck.

command—until but yesterday a highly honored member of this Commandery, a brave soldier, a model citizen, an ideal American gentleman, who, whether fighting to preserve the nation his famous ancestor and namesake fought so well to establish, or in the everyday work of a useful citizenship, always through a well-spent life living up to the highest traditions of his honored name: Philip Schuyler, Captain on the staff of the Provost-Marshall General of the Army of the Potomac.

On Sunday, the 16th, I was in the saddle from early in the morning until noon, riding from regiment to regiment, following up the Sunday morning inspections. When these were finished I rode into the city to pay my formal respects to General Devens, our division commander, as was the custom on Sundays. He occupied the governor's mansion. While here we were stunned and panic-stricken by our first intelligence of the assassination of President Lincoln, and, as first reported, of the whole Cabinet. It had been withheld from the troops twenty-four hours. For the first few hours I felt that we were, like the Roman legions, holding the government in our hands; that in us, the armies of the Potomac, the James, and the Tennessee, were the Country and the Government, and that we, thank God, were yet complete and in the full pride of our power able to control the destiny of the Republic. I rode back in profound dejection, thinking of Snyder and my fateful interview with the President so quickly stricken.

On Saturday, the 15th, I had written to my friends in the north:

The war is over and we all feel as though we might be mustered out at any moment. I myself feel my occupation gone; do not expect to see an armed rebel or again hear a hostile shot fired. Lee's army is crowding in here, but we feel no more their presence than as though they were the Rutland Lightguard, and now it is all that left of that once grand and glorious Army of Northern Virginia. What a terrible fate has like a lightning stroke fallen upon it.

Shortly after this I took the brigade across the James to

the Broad Rock race-course, three miles south of Manchester, where we went into tents again.

From here it began to be scattered. On the 20th of May I wrote:

Weitzel's colored corps sailed last evening for Texas 25,000 strong. We are breaking up and floating apart like a weakened raft. I have but three of my regiments with me. The 19th Wisconsin is at Fredericksburg, the 81st New York at Williamsburg, and the 98th New York at Danville, but the brigade is not destroyed and they report yet to me.

I feel very strongly toward this approaching short and charming month of June, that is to cap and make complete my three years of war experience. Every day that passes and brings me nearer to a peace footing and citizenship teaches me how strongly—more strongly than I ever dreamed—I have become wedded to this stirring, heroic life; and yet it has become painfully monotonous, and when, day before yesterday, upon the arrival of Governor Pierrepont, a salute was fired, and the roar of the first gun broke the oppressive and stifling silence of the last two months, regiment after regiment sprang to its feet and gave cheer after cheer of gratified relief.

Those who argue that henceforth the 4th of July will be dull and stupid are wrong. The guns of the 4th will stir the blood of thousands of men who are pining for the excitement of their war days, and it will thrill through them like wine to a faint and thirsty man, or the blast of a bugle to a warhorse.

On the 9th of June I wrote:

To-morrow we have our farewell corps review, after which the gallant Twenty-fourth Army Corps will pass into history.

It will be a sad sight for all. I shall stay with my brigade until the last. My days and nights under Southern skies, under trees, under canvas, under ground, in trenches, on Southern verandas, are rapidly drawing to a close, and as I leave mine night after night, I heave many a sigh as I think that one more has gone never to return.

Within a few days the 9th Vermont regiment, which had won distinction in general orders after hot competition as the finest of the eighteen regiments of Devens's division, left for Vermont to hang its banners in the capitol at Mont-

pelier; lay aside its rifles, and sink away into our Green Mountain valleys to disappear from the sight of man forever, leaving but a dream of its heroic past. Life seemed collapsed in the dull routine of country business, like the explosion of a shell in the air, leaving but little smoke and few fragments behind to tell of the glorious days that had been.

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